

UNITED STATES
COLONIES
AND
DEPENDENCIES

IN RUSSIA

WILLIAM D. BOYCE





To Mr. Lewis Roesch.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
and BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR



W. D. Boyce



WILLIAM D. BOYCE.

United States
COLONIES
AND
DEPENDENCIES

ILLUSTRATED

The Travels and Investigations of a Chicago Publisher in the
Colonial Possessions and Dependencies of the United
States, with 600 Photographs of Interesting
People and Scenes.

By

WILLIAM D. BOYCE

PUBLISHER OF "THE SATURDAY BLADE," "CHICAGO LEDGER,"
"THE FARMING BUSINESS," AND THE "INDIANA
DAILY TIMES."

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BY
W D. BOYCE

INTRODUCTION

IN THE Story Book of our planet the white man's discovery of the grand range of country known as the American Continent, the planting of a free government in the United States, and the amazing expansion of that government, form one of the chapters to which thinkers and investigators are always turning. This is because men have found the history of the United States not only one of the most picturesque stories in the big Planet Book, but, what is better, the most encouraging. Had I not been sure of this latter fact, I would hardly have cared to publish this volume, the matter and photographs of which first appeared as Travel Stories in *The Saturday Blade* one of our papers. My journeys in recent years to every quarter of the globe, and to all our outlying possessions, have confirmed my belief that the United States is not only the world's best country to live in, but that colonies or territories coming under its ownership or protection are more justly treated and rapidly developed than are the similar possessions or dependencies of any other nation.

To show how beneficially we have treated and are treating our dependencies, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and the Republic of Panama, has been one of my objects. In a somewhat larger sense, because they are our own, I have wanted to show my readers Porto Rico and our good work there, also our improving and beneficial government of the Hawaiian Islands and, especially, the Philippines, and to protest against our impending desertion of the latter. At the same time, not the least of my purposes has been to show Alaska as it really is, and that our policy there is far from what it should be, also the Panama Canal Zone, our latest and most important and peculiar colony.

In my book, *Illustrated South America*, published two years

ago, the gathering of material for which took me to every republic from Panama to the Straits of Magellan, my object was, partly, to present interesting descriptions of countries with which we were little acquainted, or about which we had only vague and erroneous ideas, while mainly attempting to broaden our information relative to their commercial opportunities and needs, and the means by which we could get into closer and more profitable business relations with them. To a degree this is true of this book, but the reader will find, I believe, a larger element cropping out in its pages; that is, the question of our natural obligations relative to the present and future of our colonies and dependencies. The talk here is about ourselves, not regarding South Americans, and, being within the family circle, is plain.

Events march in procession and always forward, evolution flows in waves, generation after generation, and also always forward, and to understand the present and judge of the future we must turn to the past. To the little band of patriots who, on the Fourth Day of July, 1776, gathered in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the new nation which their action produced, conception of the present greatness of the nation they inaugurated must have been impossible. But looking back, their promptings and their purposes are clear to us—a fierce revulsion against injustice, and a determination to institute a governmental organization in which the people themselves should rule.

The impulse and intention were not wholly new, men through many centuries had dreamed of such a government, and more than one attempt had been made to organize the great idea into concrete working form. But the attempts had always finally failed, mainly because former republics necessarily admitted only a portion of the people to active voice in affairs of state, thus naturally producing ruling aristocracies and autocracies. The truth is that a real republic was never possible until education and enlightenment became general and a majority of the people were measurably capable

of understanding the meaning of equality and liberty and acting intelligently in matters of government.

Even in the day of the birth of our own Republic the time was hardly ripe, owing to much ignorance, but a basic idea not before employed was used in laying the foundation, and that was the Christian conception of the equality of all men before the Creator. Without much doubt this belief saved us, holding the structure together until enlightenment became more general. This brings us to a vital question. A movement at present is under way to give up the Philippine Islands, one of our most important colonies, and allow the inhabitants to attempt to form themselves into an independent republic. Have they the first requisite, a religious belief that all men are equal, or the second and perhaps greater requisite of knowing enough, as a whole people, intelligently to conduct affairs of state with liberty for all? My conviction, growing out of observation and investigation, is that they as yet have not good grounds for government as a republic.

Always in dealing with our history and position in the world, we instinctively go back to Columbus. For us the procession of events begins with him. His three little ships, Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, bobbing across the billows toward the American shores, in 1492, lead our procession.

All know the story. From Palos, Spain, to Madeira sail the three tiny ships, then westward across unknown waters to an unknown world, striking land at San Salvador and awakening a new Hemisphere into life. The nucleus of the procession gathers, the Old World stirs with excitement; hot on the trail of gold and glory and acquisitions of fresh soil sail the "spiritual buccaneers" of Spain, the West Indies are explored and colonized, white men tread the shores of South America, Pope Alexander draws an imaginary line north and south three hundred miles west of the Azores Islands, and pronounces all lands west of that a part of Spain, Balboa crosses the Isthmus of Panama and looks upon the Pacific, and hands its 70,000,000 square miles to the King of Spain; Ponce de León, rich from pilferings as Governor of Porto

Rico, is in the South searching for waters that would keep men forever young, and Florida, many times its present size, "goes Spanish"; Ferdinand de Soto, now in 1537, is Governor of Cuba and Florida, and, hunting for gold with his followers, is in the country that is now South Carolina and Georgia, and, pushing onward, is the first white man to look upon the Mississippi River, then the French are settling on the St. Lawrence, and presently Joliet and Marquette are floating down the Illinois River and the Mississippi, and giving a part of these great valleys to France; Britain is in Virginia and Pennsylvania and upon the New England coast, and the Dutch are on Manhattan Island, which they afterward trade for Dutch Guiana in South America. The procession, led by Columbus and his three little ships, is fully under way

Wars follow, the French and English and Spanish battle with one another, and all, little by little, beat back the Red Man, slaving and being slain; the grip of France relaxes, Spain's power dwindles, Britain rules, then Washington and Independence, and we cross the threshold of national life.

Spain secretly cedes the vast Louisiana Territory to France; Napoleon, in need of money, sells it to the United States, and, later, we divide the 600,000,000 acres into a dozen great States, again we are at war with England and are victors, then Mexico, and Texas and California fall into our hands; later we save the Northwest, and ere long North and South are grappling in a struggle that shakes our national structure to the foundation, but it stands; then we purchase Alaska, enter into war with Spain, take over Porto Rico, the Philippines, Cuba and Hawaii, present Cuba to itself as a gift, with a string to it, influence Panama to revolt and become a republic, buy the Canal Zone and make the world's long dream of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific a fact, and the grand procession is at our doors.

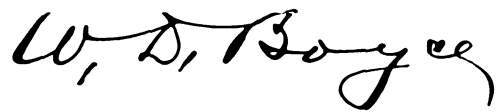
It seems a journey of Destiny, the discovery and preparation of a vast place into which human streams from all countries might flow and thrive, showing mankind the great, vital truth that if portions of all nations can here live and

work together in peace, the nations of the earth themselves would live and work together in peace if given the power of choice and freedom from despotic rulers and ambitious military dictators.

Remember that every square foot of the soil that now constitutes our country and its colonies once was owned or claimed by some foreign power. That it all finally became free and the home of self-governing people has been the largest and most hope-inspiring of all modern facts. From all parts of the earth the eyes of men have watched our progress with encouragement, we are still being observed and studied, in justice to ourselves and as an example to others, we can afford to follow but one course—*the path of right*. We can pursue but one just policy with our colonies, and that is to protect and hold and train them to become self-governing units of our great self-governing nation, finding strength in our unity, as we ourselves have grown from a nucleus of the first united thirteen colonies.

With apologies to none, but with thanks to my photographers and employés, who have assisted me in many ways in the production of this, the first complete work on our United States Colonies and Dependencies, I consign it to the reader, who will find contained within it more than one year's solid work of a busy life.

Very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. D. Boyce". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.

CONTENTS

OUR COLONIES

ALASKA

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	SITUATION AND RACE SOURCE	I
II.	DISCOVERY AND FUR TRADING	13
III.	UNCLE SAM IN ALASKA.	23
IV.	MINING IN ALASKA	31
V.	ALASKA'S RAILROADS	40
VI.	SEALS AND SALMON	48
VII.	FARMING IN ALASKA	60
VIII.	INTERIOR ALASKA	69
IX.	COAST TOWNS OF ALASKA	87
X.	TYPES AND SCENES	109

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

XI.	OCEAN AND ISLANDS	130
XII.	HAWAII OF TODAY	145
XIII.	A RACE MELTING-POT	157
XIV.	OUR MID-OCEAN PLAYGROUND	169
XV.	OUR OCEAN STRONGHOLD	179

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI. KING CANE AND HIS COURT .	188
XVII. SOME GREAT VOLCANOES . .	198
XVIII. THE LEPER COLONY .	205

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

XIX. SOME STRAY PACIFIC ISLES . . .	211
XX. DOCKING AT MANILA . . .	220
XXI. MANILA, THE LAYER CAKE. . .	229
XXII. OUR WORK IN MANILA .	238
XXIII. AMERICAN LIFE IN MANILA . .	249
XXIV. AROUND THE GREAT LAKE . .	258
XXV. DOWN IN BATANGAS . .	267
XXVI. THE TAIL END OF LUZON .	274
XXVII. HISTORIC CAVITE . .	284
XXVIII. OUR LITTLE NINE-MILLION-DOLLAR ROAD	293
XXIX. THE DOG-EATING IGOROTS .	301
XXX. THE CHAMPION TERRACE BUILDERS .	309
XXXI. THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LUZON	318
XXXII. WHERE EVERYBODY SMOKES . .	327
XXXIII. MAKING CONVICTS INTO MEN . .	336
XXXIV. COASTING THE VISAYAN ISLANDS .	344
XXXV. WHERE MAGELLAN WAS KILLED . . .	351
XXXVI. MINDANAO	361

CONTENTS

xv

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXXVII.	ACROSS MORO LAND	368
XXXVIII	THE DATOS OF MORO LAND	376
XXXIX.	BLOOD-SOAKED JOLO	383
XL.	THE SULTAN OF SULU	392
XLI.	WHAT WE SHOULD DO	401

PORTO RICO

XLII.	FIRST GLIMPSES	406
XLIII.	PORTO RICO'S PEOPLE	418
XLIV	HOOKWORM AND PLAGUE	431
XLV	PORTO RICO'S SCHOOLS	439
XLVI.	RESOURCES AND TRADE	448

THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE AND REPUBLIC OF

PANAMA

XLVII.	THE CANAL AND REPUBLIC	460
XLVIII	BUILDING AND OPERATION	472
XLIX.	TOLLS AND A FREE PORT	483

OUR DEPENDENCIES

CUBA

L.	HAVANA AND CIGARS	495
LI.	SPONGES AND THE ISLE OF PINES	519

CHAPTER	PAGE
LII. ACROSS CUBA . . .	530
LIII. SANTIAGO AND THE ORIENTE . . .	543
LIV CUBA OF TOMORROW . . .	554

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

LV. A FOSTER-CHILD	566
LVI ACROSS THE REPUBLIC	580
LVII. THE MECCA OF MECCAS	589

THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI

LVIII. THE BLACK REPUBLIC	595
LIX. PEOPLE, TOWNS AND RESOURCES	604
LX. THE REAL HAITIANS	614
CONCLUSION	626
INDEX	627

OUR COLONIES

ALASKA

Area in square miles, 590,884, about one-fifth the size of the entire United States—Population, census 1910, 64,356, nearly equally divided between whites and natives, about one person to every nine square miles, population slightly decreasing owing to cessation of railroad building and withdrawal of coal lands, capital, Juneau, population, 1914, about 4,000—Chief resources of Alaska, gold, silver, copper, coal, tin, fisheries, furs, timber, seals, agriculture (the latter to be developed)—Imports to Alaska from the United States in 1913, \$20,827,262, exports from Alaska to United States, \$24,634,987, exclusive of gold and other minerals estimated at \$22,000,000; fisheries and furs yield about \$18,000,000 annually, extent of forests, 156,250 square miles; extent of coal fields, estimated by United States survey, 12,667 square miles.

CHAPTER I.

SITUATION AND RACE SOURCE.

“YUKON CROSSING, July 2, 1913.

“TO EDITOR, *Dawson News*

“IN REPLY to your telegram for 100 words by wire on my first impression of Alaska, I send you the following:

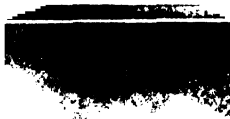
“After viewing the wonderful natural scenery of this portion of North America, there is no doubt in my mind that the first inhabitants of the American Continent crossed over from Asia, only a few miles distant, to Alaska, and were so charmed by the natural beauty of the valley of the Yukon that they never returned. Each year should double the number of tourists to a country where the camera, the artist's brush and

the writer's pen can only give to the world the faintest idea of the beauties of nature, the treasures of the mines, the rare fur animals, the countless fishes of the sea and streams, the richness of the soil and the big-heartedness of the splendid white men and women who have made this country their home.

“W. D. BOYCE.”

The above was written when I had reached the great valley of the Yukon. Afterward I traveled many thousands of miles through Alaska, visiting nearly every ocean port and island and mainland division, but I did not change my mind, nor could I have expressed myself more truthfully in 100 or 1,000 words. The story of the creation of the world was told in 600 words. It will take 25,000 words and numerous photographs to give the reader an adequate conception of past, present and future Alaska.

East Cape, Siberia, in Asia, is no doubt “the mother of America.” From the nearest sheltered harbor it is less than fifty miles from Siberia to Alaska by water. Midway there



THE DIOMEDE ISLANDS, BERING STRAITS,

are two islands, the Diomedes, which break the journey by small boat, so that the tiny canoe, or *kayak*, for one person, or the big skin boat carrying twenty or more men or women, could in perfect safety cross in the summer time, making daily round trips to Alaska. In the winter time it is always entirely frozen over, and without doubt the aborigines crossed from East Cape to Cape Prince of Wales, as people do now, using reindeer, dogs or traveling on snowshoes. For eight months each year, owing to Bering Straits being one solid field of ice, North America and Asia are as one. This is the all-land or ice route from the United States to Europe, through Asia, for the person who gets seasick or is afraid of water

While on board ship, a few miles north of the Diomed Islands, one clear morning, I could see very easily and distinctly both Asia (Siberia) and North America (Alaska). As I stood looking at both shores I was reminded of the wild scheme, put forward some years ago, by which it was proposed to connect the two continents with a railroad tunnel. Such a tunnel would certainly need really to "penetrate the bowels of



BETWEEN ALASKA AND SIBERIA.

the earth," as the water in the Bering Straits, the entrance to the Arctic Ocean, is very deep.

The current from Bering Sea runs north into the Arctic Ocean, not south out of that ocean, as many think. Therefore, there are never any icebergs in the Bering Sea or North Pacific Ocean, such as we find in the North Atlantic Ocean. The ice pack in Bering Sea must wait for the ice to move with the current northeast in the Arctic Ocean; hence the late opening of Bering Sea, about June 10th, each year. The well-known mining town of Nome, on the upper coast, has only four months of connection with the outside world, from middle June to middle October. Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, the most northerly place belonging to the United States, is open to navigation for less than sixty days each year, and in some years hardly at all, if the ice pack does not move out early.

Speculation as to the place and manner of mankind's origin



LANDING IN AN OOMIAK, A WALRUS-SKIN BOAT, BERING SEA.



EAST CAPE, SIBERIA, NATIVES.



ESQUIMAU TOM-TOM PLAYERS, CAPE PRINCE OF WALES.

has always been interesting, and to ascertain from whence came the original human stock of any country is of the greatest importance if one is to understand its conditions and history. Long before man had developed a reasoning mind and become "scientific," tradition and guessing gave us our only ancient history. However, the educated and thoughtful people of the world today, for the most part, agree that the first race of human beings to appear upon the earth was the yellow-skinned man, and that he came into life—how we know not—in Asia, where no doubt the first land showed itself above the prehistoric ocean. In Asia the world still has its highest mountain.

In Africa, and other countries where I have hunted big game, I always found the widest and plainest game paths led to the point or region from which came the game for which I was looking. So with hunting for the origin of the human race the investigator finds that every trail or path leads back to Asia. Clearly the first human inhabitants of the North American Continent came to Alaska from Asia, and spread south and east until they reached the furthestmost southern point of South America. The human family, white, black or yellow, live longer, grow bigger and stronger and develop better minds in the belt around the world between the parallels 20 degrees and 50 degrees north or south of the equator, unless in a locality affected by the hot or cold currents which flow through the ocean, much the same as rivers flow through the land. In these temperate zones north and south of the equator we find the greatest body of fertile land and the best timber and cattle, agricultural products, fruits, grains, minerals and climate—in short, everything that goes to develop and sustain the highest type of man. I bring this forward in order that the reader may intelligently follow the first inhabitants of the American Continent as they spread from the far northwest coast of Alaska southward until they peopled the island of Tierra del Fuego, south of the Straits of Magellan, the most southern point in South America.

The North, South and Central American Indians no doubt

sprang from the Esquimaux, who came from Siberia, in Asia. They lived underground in northern Alaska during the long, hard winters, in a country where firewood and "fire water" were scarce, letting into their habitations as little cold, fresh air as possible. The result was small men and women, with flat noses, and rather short of life as well as of stature. Economy in housekeeping forced many of them to live in one



THREE OF A KIND.

"igloo," or cave house, with only one opening in the ceiling to permit the smoke to pass out. As the nights are nearly twenty-four hours long for six months of the year, windows, had they been possible, would have been of little use. They lived almost wholly upon fresh and dried fish and seal or walrus oils, and clothed themselves with the skins of fur-bearing animals. Needless to say, during the long, dark winters they took few chances of "taking cold" by changing their clothes or bathing. As with the little boy whose mother wished to wash him, they preferred to be "dirty and warm rather than clean and cold." Only two

prime necessities confronted them, getting something to eat and keeping warm in the winter

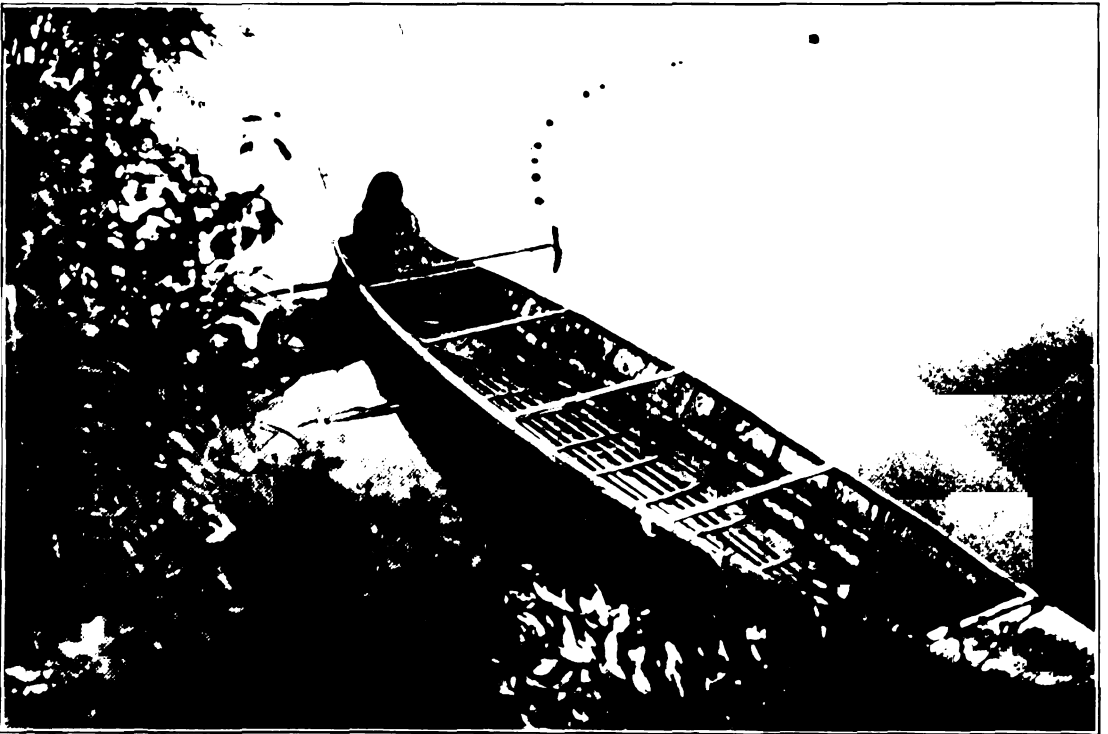
Evidently they were more prosperous in Alaska than in Siberia. Hence they kept working their way south and east and finding more pleasant lands, where food was more plentiful and the climate less severe; also, where the nights in winter and days in summer were not so long, and where they could live on the top of the ground and enjoy a greater amount of fresh air. These conditions produced stronger and larger-bodied, larger-lunged Esquimaux. This larger man the world came to call an Indian. His greater lung capacity necessitated larger nostrils, and he therefore grew a larger nose in order to take into his lungs more fresh air. He found wild game for food that had animal fat instead of fish fat, and that agreed with him better. He developed a stronger mind and body, learned to reason and concentrate his mental faculties upon the wild animals and wild game about him until he understood their habits, and was able to invent easier and surer methods of taking them.

In fact, it was not long until the Indian began the everlasting struggle that has since been and today is world-wide—trying to get what the other fellow has, with or without his consent, otherwise known as “war.” This wave of Indians continued spreading southward and eastward until the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico were reached. The fittest race of Indians seems to have developed along the North Mississippi River, especially in the territory once occupied by the Sioux tribes and buffalo herds. This portion of the country must have been the happy hunting grounds, or Heaven, of which every Indian dreamed when he had a very full or very empty stomach—and it was always one or the other with these primitive people.

After the Indian got south of 20 degrees north, or into what is now Old Mexico and the Central American States, he began to slip back again. The climate was too hot for him and life was too easy, as he learned to live on fruits and vegetables and it was not necessary to kill much of the game, which was small

and not so plentiful as farther north. The Indian tribes soon spread through what is now Central America and that part of South America which lies north of the equator. Conditions were easy, their lives not very long, and the small or undersized Indian appeared.

The Indian tribes continued spreading southward until they reached in South America a country much like southern Canada and the United States, then they grew big and strong and brave again, not little and weak and treacherous, as the investigator usually finds them in the low tropics. The type of Indian after you get 50 degrees south begins to dwindle in size and they are not so strong in character. It is hard for them to get anything to eat. Remember always that through all South America there is no evidence of there ever having been wild game, to any important extent, and that the South American Indians always were vegetarians, or at least only very small meat eaters, which fact accounts for their peaceful disposition. This, no doubt, is the reason why the Spaniards conquered



INDIAN SQUAW AND CHILD. TYPE OF CANOE USED ON THE YUKON RIVER.



TOTEM POLES AT SITKA.

them so easily, while the whites of North America have a very different tale to tell in regard to the North American Indians. The lowest and weakest race of Indians I have ever seen lived on the island of Tierra del Fuego, south of the Straits of Magellan.

The reader will, no doubt, wonder why I have thus taken him with the Indian from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean, it was to show him the effect of climate on mankind. This is one of the questions that must be seriously considered in connection with the development of Alaska, and the furnishing of a government for a country on the Arctic Ocean, so far from Washington and—Heaven. However, Alaska is a country of many contradictions, as hereafter will become obvious to the reader

The spreading of the Indians from the Arctic to the Antarctic waters no doubt occupied many thousands of years, indeed so long a period of time that no one even dares to guess its length. The white race, however, with superior mind and skill, in a few centuries took practically everything away from the Indians, an example of the law of "the survival of the fittest."

The Esquimaux and Indians always believed in the existence of a Supreme Being and, having a

vague belief in a hereafter, they reverently cared for their dead. For many years the Indians in southeastern Alaska erected monuments in the shape of carved poles, known as



AN ANCIENT TOTEM POLE. MR. BOYCE ON LEFT MR. SCOTT
C. BONE ON RIGHT

totem poles. These monuments, made of cedar trees, told the story of both the male and female sides of the families—they were real family trees. Each Indian family had as its original stock a name applied to a bird, fish or animal, and intermarriage between the various classes was regarded as extremely bad form. For instance, a Bear could not wed a Wolf, but a Bear might take an Eagle as her husband (the woman was the head of the family) and a Beaver might marry a Salmon.

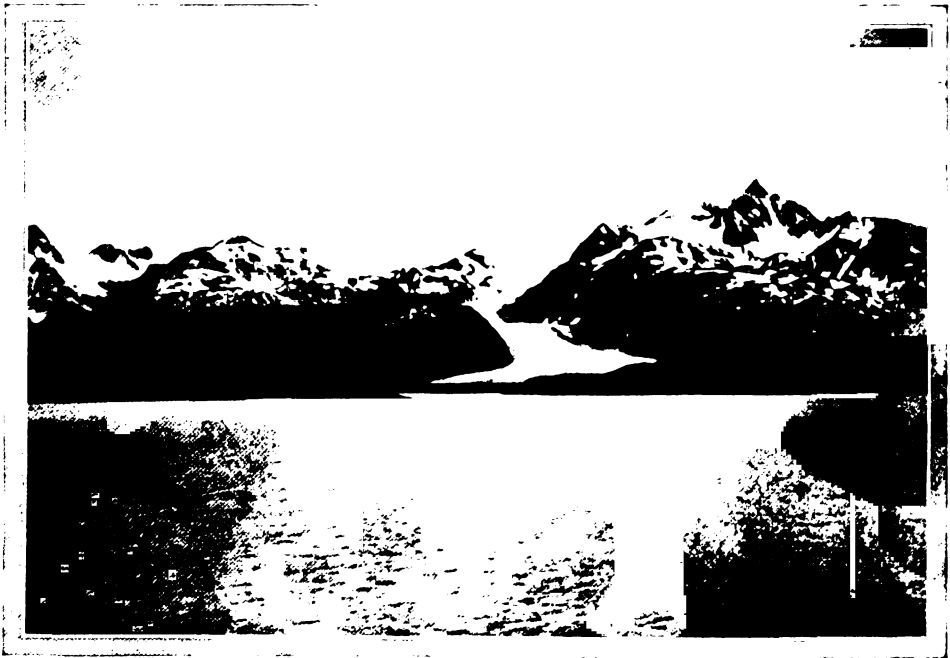
These totem poles related family history extending back six or seven generations, and, erected all over the country, they caused Alaska to be known as “the land of totem poles and ice.” They are still considered sacred by the natives, but on account of the ravages of time are becoming scarce. Accompanied by Scott C. Bone, publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, I was passing by an old Indian burying ground when we came upon a totem pole so decayed that it was impossible to take a photograph of it without lifting it up. We put the pole back in place after its picture had been taken, and hastily departed, for our guide assured us that the natives would shoot us if they saw us touching it. Some time ago certain enterprising residents of Seattle stole an Alaskan totem pole and set it up in a public square. The natives had seen nearly everything else pass into the possession of white men, but the theft of the tombstone was too much; they refused to acquiesce in the robbery and the matter was taken up by the Government when they protested, and settled only after a great deal of trouble. The pole still remains, however, in the public square at Seattle.

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERY AND FUR TRADING.

THERE is a record that as far back as 1648 Russia knew there was a country inhabited by people east of Siberia, but credit for finding the Island of St. Lawrence in Bering Sea—the very first Alaskan land the whites set foot upon—is given to Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator in the employ of the Russian navy. That was in 1728. He conducted a second expedition to Alaska in 1741, sighted Mount St. Elias, and landed near Controller Bay on Kayak Island. It was a sorry day indeed for the Alaskan Indians, but it had to come, as hardship and seeming disaster have come to many another group of inferior people in the evolution of the human race.

This same Controller Bay in 1911 was the scene of a second "Boston Tea Party," although this was an "Alaska coal party."



GLACIER ON CONTROLLER BAY, ALASKA.

It seems that the Government at Washington had withdrawn from settlement and possible use certain coal lands near this port, and coal, so necessary in Alaska, that could have been mined at their back door, was shipped from British Columbia. The settlers objected to this enforced condition, and they met on the dock and dumped the Canadian coal into the harbor, as their historic ancestors had done to the tea in Boston harbor nearly a hundred and fifty years before. It is not easy to understand a policy that bottled up a home product and forced people to import, especially when that product was so essential an article as coal and the country Alaska.

But to return to the main subject. Vitus Bering made a report for the Russian Government that the country was frozen up all of the time, which is about the sort of erroneous impression some of our Government people seem to have of Alaska today. But needing roots and herbs for medicine, Bering sent Dr. Stellar ashore, and Stellar made a different report to the Russian Government. Chirikoff, who accompanied Bering in a separate ship, sent two small boats ashore with sailors at another point, and all the sailors were murdered by the Indians. Remember, they were now operating on the southeast coast of Alaska, nearly 1,000 miles from the original Esquimaux settlement, and in a section affected by the warm Japan Current, and that the all-the-year-round above-ground outdoor life of the Esquimaux had produced by this time a warlike Indian. In fact, the Indians over all North America by 1741 had grown to be a physically strong people and were pretty warlike in character. Bering died of scurvy on his return journey and was buried on Bering Island. The cross erected over his grave was the first mark or display of ownership or discovery of Alaska by Russia. His ship had been wrecked and he expired before they reached land, but the sailors of his crew that survived constructed another boat from the material saved, and crossing Bering Sea to Russia, reported conditions and what they had found.

The Russians, having conquered Siberia and subdued the Esquimaux, had an easy time with them and the Indians in

Alaska, as the Russians had firearms and the natives only bows and arrows and spears. Alaska was rich in valuable furs, and the subdued races there were soon brought almost to a condition of slavery. Of course, they sometimes rebelled under the cruel treatment they received from the dishonest and murderous Russians, who forced them to deliver more and more furs or their own lives.

While the Russians were working farther east the British were working west through northern Canada, until they finally established trading posts on the Mackenzie River, flowing into the Arctic Ocean. Several other countries sent out expeditions to this portion of the New World. Spain had Mexico and



RELICS OF THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION.

California and claimed all the northwest Pacific Coast clear through to the Arctic Ocean. Russia claimed—weakly, however—the coast extending down to California. If Spain and Russia could have agreed upon a point on the Pacific Coast, giving Russia the land north and Spain the country south, it afterward would have placed the United States in a very awkward position. But as both claimed what is now the States of Oregon and Washington and also British Columbia, we slipped in between and put up a better claim by settling Oregon and Washington. It was a very great mistake that we did not at the same time settle what is now the Canadian Pacific Coast.

Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, Captain Cook, a famous English navigator, sailed from the Pacific Ocean to survey the Alaskan coast, and, if possible, find a northwest connection between the Hudson Bay and the Pacific Ocean. He stopped on his return at the Hawaiian Islands and was murdered there. He did more to furnish surveys and information about the northwest Pacific, Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean than all other explorers who had preceded him.

In 1783 the first permanent Russian settlement was made in Alaska on Kodiak Island. When there I saw some evidence of this settlement, a stone foundation that was said to have been a portion of a warehouse.

At about this time France, and even Italy, added their claims to a portion, if not all, of Alaska. With Russia in possession, and with England, France and Italy having claims already filed, it looked for some time as if Alaska might attract as much attention as she has since the discovery of gold at Dawson and Nome. A gigantic game was being played by the nations with large divisions of the earth's surface as the stakes. Naturally there was a great deal of anxiety and feeling. However, things settled down, Russia farming out the whole of Alaska to the Russian-American Trading Company, a Russian corporation, and England turning over nearly all of western and northwest Canada to the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The English company had put in a trading post by this time as far

west as Fort Yukon. This was in Russian Alaska, and it looked as if these two big fur monopoly corporations would precipitate their respective countries into serious trouble with each other. During the year 1793 two important events of lasting benefit to Alaska and the world occurred. George Vancouver, who had been an officer with Captain Cook, was commissioned by England to survey the Pacific Coast from 35 degrees to 60 degrees north, or from the southern coast of California to Skagway. This was the largest order ever given to a surveyor, and it was completed in one year and so well done that navigators today go by Vancouver's charts. If our Government had charted the bottom of the "inside" ship passage from Seattle to Skagway there would not have occurred the



wrecking of numerous vessels and the loss of many lives, as has been the case along this passage during recent years. This famous road for vessels lies, for a large part of the way, near the coast and sheltered from the open sea by a series of islands, and would be safe were the bottom of the course charted for the guidance of sailors. When the weather is favorable the scenery along this passage is very fine.

But to return. Another celebrated British subject, Alexander Mackenzie, a member of the Northwestern Fur Company, a competitor of the Hudson Bay Company, afterward taken over by the trust, crossed Canada to the Pacific Ocean in 1793 by dog team and small boats and came out in the region of Queen Charlotte Sound, about 500 miles north of Seattle. The only other crossing from ocean to ocean previously made was through Mexico, only a few hundred instead of thousands of miles.

It was evident at about the beginning of the year 1800 that England had made up her mind to push her frontier through to the Pacific Coast, based on the claims she inherited when she took over Canada from France. Russia that year established a fort and trading post at Sitka. The Indians massacred the Russians, but they returned and rebuilt Sitka at a point a few miles west of the original site, and put up a good block-house where Sitka stands today. This became the Russian capital of Alaska, and remained so until the country was turned over to the United States in 1867.

Several interesting characters represented Russia as Governors of Alaska, while in reality they were only general managers of the Russian-American Trading Company. The most brutal and able of these was Alexander Andrevich Baranof, who ruled for twenty-five years—from 1792 to 1817. His life was constantly in danger from the Russian renegades and criminals who were sent or came to Alaska, and who lived promiscuously with the Indians. We find very little pure Esquimau or Indian blood today in Alaska, these strains being largely intermingled with Russian.

Baranof, who had the reputation of being a very brave

man, wore a coat of chain mail under his outer clothing. He was absolutely opposed to anything except fur trading, and the first Indian who brought in gold was put to death. Fishing was only carried on to obtain food. There was one tribe of Indians, the Thlinkits, who made him a great deal of trouble. Their belief was "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life," and every time anything happened to an Indian they blamed it onto the Russians, and whenever they caught a Russian, guilty or not, they made him pay the debt. The result was that many lives were sacrificed.

Baranof's manner of disposing of criminals and his enemies was by shooting them, and it is said to have been his custom to execute ten Indians before breakfast. He would stand them up against a wall in the courtyard. By mistake one morning only nine were brought out and the officer was very much disturbed because he had to go back after breakfast and shoot the tenth. History gives us an account of several tragedies that would make good plots for fiction. Baranof's own daughter fell in love with a young Russian officer, or prince, who was sent out to Alaska. The old man, not favoring the match, sent the young prince on a mission which was reported to the daughter as resulting in the death of her lover. She took the matter so much to heart that she committed suicide, and it is said that in a certain room in the old palace the ghost appears twice a year. I was in this room at Sitka, but am sorry to say it was the wrong day on which to see the ghost walk.

Baranof, like many another hard-fisted dictator of the old days, fostered religion, and during his administration many Greek Catholic missionaries came to Alaska and churches were established. Even today a majority of the Esquimaux, Indians and half-breeds of Alaska are in the Greek Catholic Church.

The Russian-American Trading Company grew and prospered exceedingly under Baranof, agreeing to pay a certain percentage of its earnings to the Russian Government for the privilege of practically monopolizing the whole of Alaska. Of course, the Government was in doubt, and had good reason to



SOME GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCHES OF ALASKA.

be, as to whether or not it always received its just share, or percentage, and was constantly investigating or checking up the Trading Company. The Russian Government claims that it always operated Alaska at a loss, which I believe is true, and, except for the gold and fish the United States has received from Alaska, the same would be true of our occupancy of the same territory. Baranof finally started to return to Russia—a broken-down old man—but died at sea. His enemies say that he was poisoned, but it seems more probable, after the life he had led, that he died from natural causes.

The next Alaskan Governor of importance was Baron Rezanof, direct from the Russian court. He not only represented the Russian-American Trading Company, but he also represented Russia in a broad way. He had heard of the mythical "Isle of Gold," and instead of punishing the Indians for bringing in gold he rewarded them. He seemed to have had the faculty of recognizing a "good thing" when he encountered it, not unlike an American merchant who discovered that a man had been falsely representing himself as a collector for the firm, and taking in more money than any two of the firm's real collectors. The merchant hired a detective and said.

"I want that man caught as quickly as possible."

"All right," said the detective, "I'll have him in jail in less than a week."

"Great Scott!" said the merchant, "I don't want him put in jail, I want to hire him!"

Rezanof didn't kill the Indians who brought in gold; he hired them to go out after more.

This same astute Rezanof attempted to establish a Japanese colony in Alaska, but this was a failure. He did succeed, however, in establishing several manufacturing institutions. Among his successful undertakings was the building of ships and the establishing of a foundry where they made bronze church bells.

Alaska, up to that time, 1830, had produced no grains, fruits or vegetables, and as there were only a few months in the year in which they could receive supplies of this kind from

Russia, Rezanof concluded that he would take a shipload of church bells and furs to San Francisco—then owned by Spain and a port of Mexico—and trade them for grain and dried vegetables, such as beans, peas, etc. When he arrived at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, he found the Spanish Governor of Mexico had placed an embargo on trading with Russia, and he was officially refused an opportunity to exchange his bells and furs for the commodities of that country. However, he was in no hurry to return to Sitka, and as the local Governor had a beautiful daughter, Señorita Concepcione, he put in his time quite pleasantly and made love to the pretty Spanish girl—forgetting to tell her, however, that he had a large family at home. He succeeded also in impressing her father as a very desirable son-in-law, and while Rezanof made himself agreeable to the Governor and his daughter, the commander of his ship quietly got rid of the cargo of bells and furs and stored away a shipload of grain and provisions, with the natural but surprising result that one pleasant morning the Baron failed to call on the Governor and his daughter because he was far out at sea. It is said the matter resulted in another suicide—of a Spanish young lady this time.

In course of time Spain presented the matter to the Court of St. Petersburg, and Baron Rezanof was recalled and more “gum shoe” men were sent to Alaska—the same as we are sending them there today for the United States—and an investigation was instituted, a new Governor appointed, and history repeated itself until Russia at last realized how impossible it was for her to operate a territory so far away from the seat of Government, and wisely sold out to the United States.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE SAM IN ALASKA.

THE first white men to cross the United States territory between the Spanish possessions to the south and the British possessions to the north were the members of the expedition led by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark in 1804-06. This party was sent out by President Jefferson to ascertain how promising and valuable was the great territory we had acquired by the Louisiana Purchase from France. The expedition passed through the immense region which now forms the States of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, to the Pacific Ocean. The party consisted of twenty-nine men. They traveled 8,500 miles and were gone nearly three years. Great dangers and suffering and hardships were encountered, but they brought back a mass of information regarding the geography of the region, and reports on the flora and fauna and climate and the Indian tribes of the vast domain they had traversed. The journey was one of the notable exploration feats of history, and of immense value to the United States. Immigration to the Oregon and Washington territories actively began about 1832. Missions were founded by the Methodists and Presbyterians, and by 1845 the American population of this Northwest region had reached 3,000 people. Prominent among the pioneer missionaries was Marcus Whitman, whose party took the first wagon across the Rocky Mountains, reaching the Columbia River in 1836. After a varied career in that far-off country Whitman and twelve of his associate workers were massacred by the Cayuse Indians in 1847. Indian troubles were frequent from the beginning of settlement by whites,

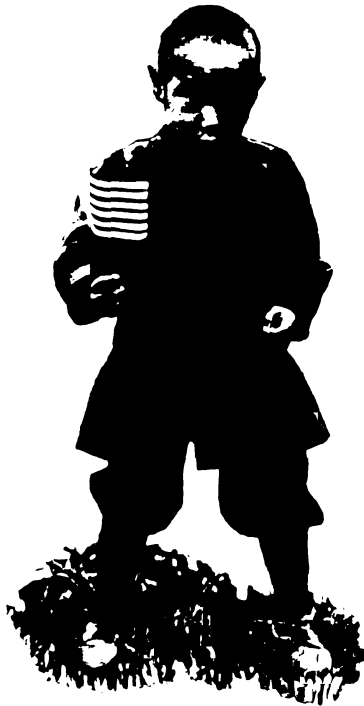
the Shoshone War of 1866-68 and the Modoc War of 1864-73 being widespread and serious.

The boundary lines were fixed with Russia in 1824-25 at 54 degrees 40 minutes, and finally settled between the United States and British Columbia at 49 degrees in 1846. The most important boundary line treaty affecting the United States was decided in our favor in October, 1903, when the commission appointed to settle the line between Canada and Alaska decided in our favor. This was rather hard on our neighbors, as it forever confines the Yukon Territory to the interior, giving the seacoast in front of it to the United States. Until the discovery of gold at Dawson, this isolated piece of British territory was of little concern, but its big yield of the yellow metal has put it conspicuously "on the map." Two of the American members of the commission were United States Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Elihu Root. Canada undoubtedly has always felt hurt for having been cut out from the Pacific Ocean by this treaty and showed its resentment by voting down reciprocity with the United States.

A good story is told of how the British nearly lost the remainder of the Pacific Coast, that portion lying between the State of Washington and Alaska. In 1840 England sent out a sportsman-statesman to look the country over to see if it was worth fighting for. The United States was putting up at least a good "bluff." This secret agent of the Crown viewed the disputed region, saw that the streams and rivers were full of salmon, the great English game fish, and putting his fishing rod together, carefully tried every fly. He was unable to get a "rise." Disgusted, so the story goes, he returned to England and solemnly reported to the King that the country was "not worth a 'bob'; the salmon would not



NATIVE CHILD,
NOME.



A PATRIOT, HOLY CROSS
MISSION.

rise to a fly " If we had only known of this report and "stood pat" it looks as if we might have won without a single battle.

The pioneers who followed the trail blazed by Lewis and Clark up the Missouri River, across the Rockies and Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound, and set up the battle cry of "54-40 or fight," knew what they were talking about. Had the United States boundary line been carried north to meet the then southern Russian Alaska boundary line, at 54 degrees 40 minutes north, Great Britain, or Canada, would have been cut out of ports on the Pacific Coast, and our coast line would have been continuous.

The Government at Washington at that time, however, knew about as much regarding the Pacific Coast, and especially the northwest Pacific, or Puget Sound country, as it does about certain portions of Alaska and the needs of the people of the whole of Alaska, today. Indeed, the great and wise Daniel Webster stated frankly in the United States Senate that he didn't know anything about the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and further, he "didn't give a d—n."

This parallels the position, through lack of information, taken by the last national administration with reference to Alaska. If each member of Congress could take six months or a year off and travel from 15,000 to 20,000 miles in Alaska, he would more intelligently understand that country's needs. But about the time he had fitted himself to legislate for the 32,000 white people—equal to about one-sixth of the population of the constituency of a member of Congress—he might fail of reelection, and the new Representative or Senator would have to do it all over again, or guess at it.

We now come to the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States for \$7,200,000. England and Russia were not friendly, and the great Hudson Bay Fur Company, with its powerful London influence and owning nearly one-half the land in western Canada, was eager to have the Crown secure Alaska. The United States and Russia were very friendly, and, besides, in 1867, the United States was under obligations to Russia and anxious to pay off its debt. Both countries were

desirous of keeping England from adding to her Canadian possessions. Neither Russia nor the United States considered Alaska worth anything commercially—gold had not yet been discovered—or the American Government would have paid far more for the possession of this territory, which is equal to one-fifth the size of our own country. We have—up to and including 1912—taken out of Alaska in gold, furs, fish, etc., \$510,753,251. Adding the expense of governing the country to the original cost of \$7,200,000, we are about \$490,000,000 ahead. Not a bad bargain.

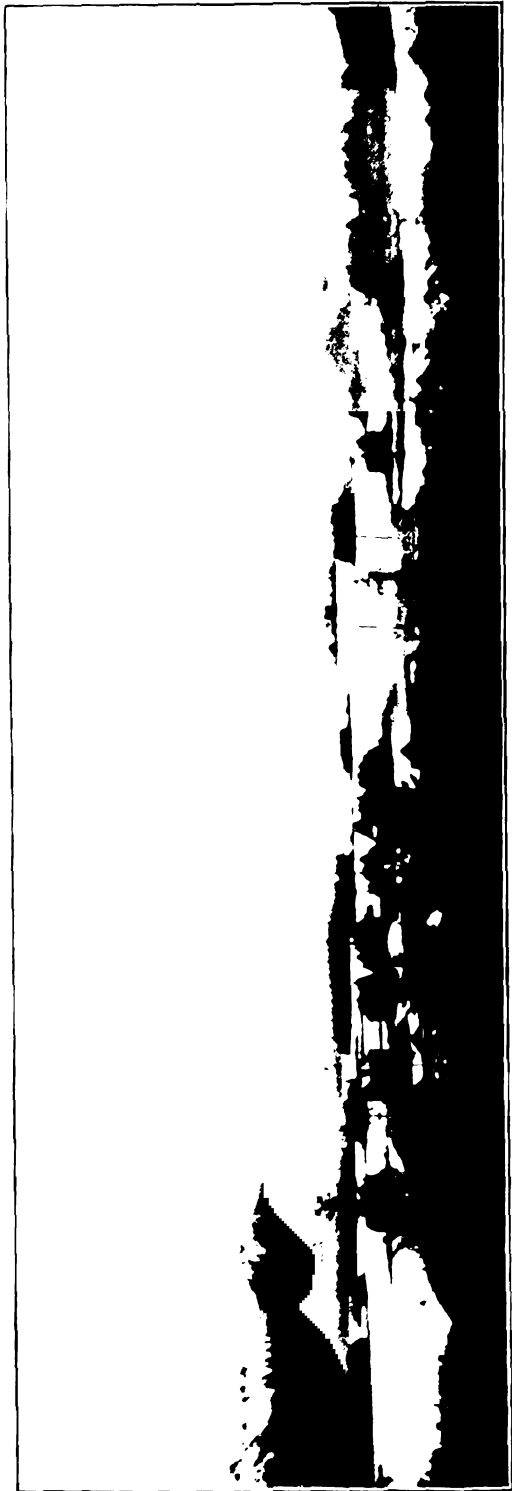
It is reported that on October 18, 1867, when the Russian flag was lowered at Sitka and the Stars and Stripes hoisted, there was little enthusiasm and considerable sadness on both sides. We were not celebrating any victory and Russia, our friend, was giving up part of her territory. We were assuming new responsibilities in taking over a vast country that we knew very little about, and facing possible trouble with England. We had no colonial experience and our political situation at the time was rotten. Corruption was everywhere. Secretary of State Seward, who had really forced the deal through Congress, was blamed on every side. We started



NATIVE ALASKAN PUPPIES, THREE MONTHS OLD.

wrong and, except for the finding of gold, would still be "in bad," as after forty-five years of ownership only 32,000 white people live in the whole of Alaska, and the total would be less, except that a lot of them cannot get away. Every steamer leaving an Alaskan port, when I was there, stationed two men at the gangway to keep out stowaways.

As soon as the Stars and Stripes went up at Sitka the United States army took possession, and located military posts not only at Sitka, but at Tongas and Wrangell, and complete military rule was established throughout the Territory. The Esquimaux, Indians and Russians occupying the country were all taken over, and while we made no agreement whatever with reference to how we would treat the Esquimaux and Indians, we did enter into an agreement with reference to the Russian subjects. The treaty of cession, signed May 28, 1867, between the United States and Russia provided as follows: "The inhabitants of the ceded territory . . . if they should prefer to remain in the ceded territory, they, with the exception of the uncivilized tribes, shall be admitted to the enjoyment of all



VIEW OF SITKA HARBOR AND ITS ISLANDS.

the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States, and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion. The uncivilized tribes will be subject to such laws and regulations as the United States may from time to time adopt in regard to aboriginal tribes of that country "

In practically making citizens out of the Russians in Alaska we took over a people who talked a different language and had a religion unlike our own. There are few pure-blooded Russians left today in Alaska, as I mentioned before, they have largely intermarried with the Indians, and quite a percentage of the half-breed Russian-Indian women are now living with white prospectors and trappers.

The United States customs revenue and navigation laws were at once extended to Alaska, and the army and navy ruled. In 1885, by an act of Congress, Alaska was attached to the State of Oregon for judicial purposes.

As early as 1869 the Alaska Commercial Company established steam navigation on the lower Yukon River to control the little fur trading posts. In 1870 a twenty years' lease of the Pribilof fur-seal islands was made to the same company. The Alaska Commercial Company was owned by a lot of American grafting politicians, mainly of the Eastern States, who had sufficient power at Washington to cause the army to look the other way while they did as they pleased in Alaska. The Russian-American Company did the same thing while Russia owned the territory.

In 1882 the Arctic explorer, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, an officer in the United States army, on leave of absence from his command, was engaged by the New York *Herald* to explore the Yukon River from its source to its mouth. He was the first white man to cross over the White Pass route from the point where Skagway is now located to the headwaters of the Yukon. He built a raft with the aid of some Indians and floated down the entire course of the river for 2,200 miles, making many interesting discoveries, and finally landed at St. Michael. He attempted to change the name of the river from

Yukon to Bennett in honor of Mr. Bennett, publisher of the New York *Herald*, but this change the Government wisely refused to recognize. He did, however, succeed in naming Lake Bennett, on the White Pass in Yukon Territory, in honor of his employer

Lieutenant Schwatka is an old friend of the writer, and contributor to *The Saturday Blade*. I thought of him frequently as I sailed down the Yukon River. We passed one steamboat bearing his name. He is endeared to the readers of my publications through the discovery of a race of people in Old Mexico, the cliff and cave dwellers, which was supposed to have been extinct for over 300 years, and aided the writer in bringing to the United States in 1890 thirteen Indians, men, women and children, who were pronounced by the professors at Harvard, Yale and Princeton as being genuine descendants of the original cave and cliff dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico; in fact, through him the very first expedition of *The Saturday Blade* was made successful.

From St. Michael, Schwatka coasted along the Seward Peninsula toward Bering Strait in the Arctic Ocean, and brought back to the writer



NATIVE IN KAYAK,
LOWER YUKON



placer-mined
gold from the
region in which
the city of
Nome now

KAYAKS, NATIVE CANOES, IN BERING SEA.

stands. Had I felt confidence in his discovery, Nome and the Alaska gold fields would have been opened up ten years earlier than they were.

In 1900 Alaska was granted civil government with judicial power and four judicial districts were created. The first man sent to Nome with judicial functions was Judge R. N. Stevens of Bismarck, North Dakota, who remained there about five years. He also is an old and close personal friend. Readers will therefore understand that for the last twenty-five years I have been in personal touch with the Alaskan situation, and that many of the present problems touching the territory are not new ones to me.

In 1900 the United States Government began building a system of trails, roads and telegraph and cable lines in Alaska. The work has been under the supervision of Colonel W. P. Richardson, who has spent millions of Government money with little or no benefit to the people who live in Alaska.

CHAPTER IV

MINING IN ALASKA.

“‘GOLD in the Shushana!’”

The same old thrilling cry that, beginning in 1897, with “Gold in the Klondike!” started the rush of gold seekers to the then unknown North. Like all gold stampedes, only a small percentage of those in the rush were ever favored by fortune with the richer strikes—strikes that would pay to work, with returns sufficient to justify the exorbitant cost of labor and supplies typical of all pioneer conditions in a frontier land. The great majority of the less favored, and those unfamiliar with mining and frontier conditions and hardships, turned their faces and “mushed” homeward. The statements made by many of them upon arriving at home were much the same in effect as the statement of the lady bargain hunter when she came home from a fire sale of dry goods.

“Well, wife, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?” inquired her husband.

“Why, my dear, I bought some of the loveliest silk stockings you ever saw for fourteen cents a pair. There isn’t a thing the matter with them, except that the feet are burned off ”

Many of the returned gold seekers had bought “perfectly lovely” claims, except that the claims contained no gold. The others, those with determination and grit, pushed on through the new, unknown North, and from their efforts came the discoveries of Fairbanks, Nome and the Seward Peninsula, Circle, Rampart, Koyukuk, Yakataga, Willow Creek, Nizina, Chisna, Chistochina, Bremner, Kobuk, Valdez Creek, Yentna, Bonnifield, Kantishna, Innoko, Kuskokwim, Squirrel Creek, Mulchatna, Tacotna, Iditarod, Good News Bay, Ruby, Anvik, Fox, and the Shushana. Each time the same thrilling cry “Gold!”

The hardier of those who failed to strike it in the former stampedes, supplemented each time with new recruits, shouldered their pack of beans, bacon, shovel, pick and gold pan, and hastened to the newer camp, lured on by the cry of gold—the magnet that has opened up and made known to the civilized world the great mineral resources of Alaska, a land in area ten times as large as the State of Illinois, a land unequaled by any like area in the world for its general distribution of gold placers. Sixteen years after we first heard the magic cry “Gold in the Klondike,” we heard the cry repeated with “Gold in the Shushana,” one hundred and fifty miles southwest of the Klondike and in the eastern part of central interior Alaska.

Each new strike during the last sixteen years has made known large deposits of low-grade gravels that would not pay to work under the primitive and costly methods of the individual. In later years areas of sufficient extent have been obtained to warrant the installation of costly hydraulic and dredging machinery, and the richer portions have been operated, but, even with the most improved methods of handling, there remain great areas that, owing to the excessive cost of labor and supplies, would not pay. These areas of low-grade ground, which it will take years to work out, will have to await improved transportation facilities, as the only means of reducing the prohibitive costs.

In the Shushana district a recent quoted price of such commodities as beans, bacon, sugar, etc., was \$1 per pound, the price of one sack of flour being \$50. Thus it has been during all of the gold stampedes, with costs greater or less, governed by the distance from rail or steamboat terminals. As soon as trails and roads are cut out and streams bridged, these costs are reduced, but never have they reached the basis where it is possible to work the gravels of lower value, except in a few favored sections close to water transportation, where large hydraulic or dredging plants could be maintained. The result has been that the “cream” has been skimmed from the richer deposits and the others left until the country shall be generally opened up and it will pay to build railroads.

Attracted to Alaska by the lure of gold were many miners of long experience who turned their attention to quartz prospecting, with the result that Alaska has proved to be a land not only of great and widely scattered placer-gold deposits, but with some deposits of gold quartz, also with copper, coal, iron, tin, marble, gypsum and many other valuable minerals, fortunately near the coast and easily reached by short railroads that private capital will surely build when our Government sees fit to lift the baneful conservation and reservation ban placed on everything. Of course, if the United States Government should ever build a railroad, or take over and operate the roads already built in Alaska, which do not pay, the laws would have to be changed to make it possible to open

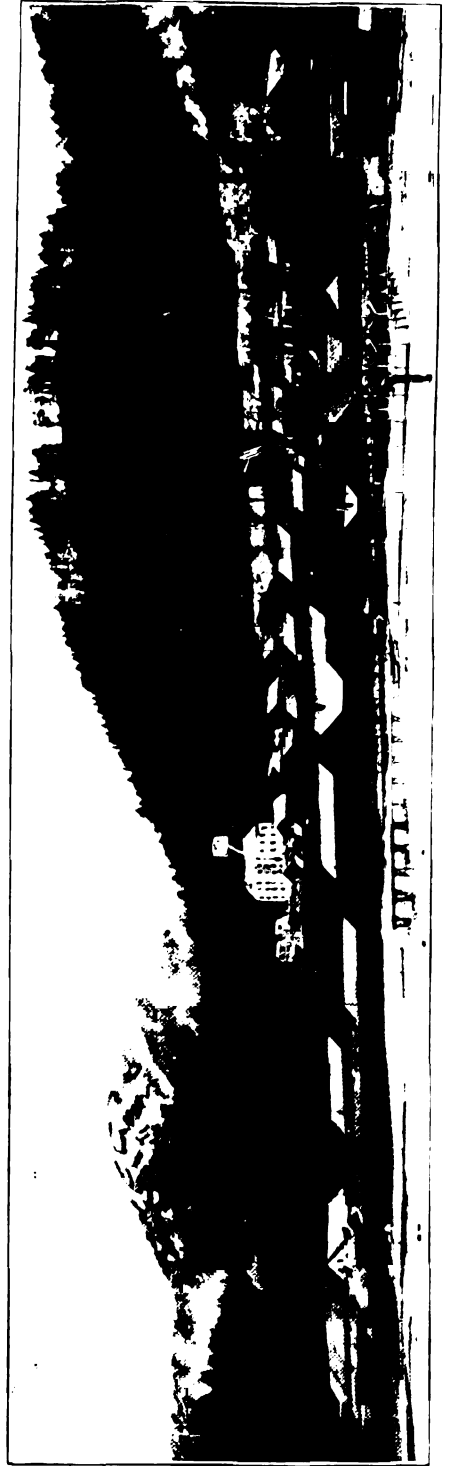


up the country No railroad will pay in a "bottled up" country

Gold quartz has been found in many sections of Alaska, but only where situated on tidewater have these properties proved profitable to work. The world-famous Treadwell in southeastern Alaska is now operating to a depth of 1,800 feet, and is crushing and handling at a handsome profit ore averaging only \$2.35 gold per ton. On this property, most favorably situated on the shore of Douglas Island, with a splendid harbor, the cost of mining has been reduced to a minimum. About 4,000 tons of ore are handled each day The Treadwell ore body has been developed for a distance of about three-fourths of a mile and in places has a width of 200 feet.

Across Gastineau Channel on the mainland, and within two miles of the Treadwell, are two properties now being opened for development—one by the Treadwell Company and the other by the Alaska Gastineau Mining Company In the opening up of the latter property \$4,500,000 will be expended before the beginning of operations. A plant is being installed with a capacity of 6,000 tons per day, and it promises to cut even the low cost of production attained at Treadwell.

Near Seward, Mr S. O Morbard has just erected a ten-stamp mill working rich ore, but here the unjust and ridiculous United States



BUILDINGS OF THE GREAT TREADWELL MINE, ALASKA.

Government tax of \$100 per mile has put the railroad out of business and there is little being done. The successful operation of the Cliff mine, in the Valdez district, has given an impetus to mining that has resulted in the discovery and development of a number of promising properties. In the Kenai Peninsula and Willow Creek regions there are now in operation six small mills. The properties on which these are located, not being on tidewater, are subject to heavy costs of transportation, and only the richer properties are being developed. Southwestern Alaska has only one small stamp mill, on Unga Island. The Seward Peninsula has two small mills.

With the decline of the rich placer mines in the Fairbanks region attention was directed to the quartz discoveries which were first made in 1903. In 1909 the first stamp mill was erected. This was home-built and consisted of three stamps. The results were so satisfactory that in 1912 there were in this district fifteen small mills with a total of fifty-eight stamps. The ore being crushed probably averages about \$50 per ton.



GOLD CONCENTRATORS AT THE TREADWELL MINE.



SINKING A PROSPECT HOLE ON ESTHER CREEK, NEAR FAIRBANKS.

Operations in this section extend over a distance of twenty-five miles. As to the extent of the district, no estimate can be made. The field being in the Tanana interior, about 380 miles from the coast, the cost of development and operations is so excessive that only the higher grade ore can be mined.

Gold quartz discoveries have been made in many other widely separated sections of Alaska. In many instances these are so remote from rail or water transportation that very little work has been done on them and their value and extent are not known with any degree of accuracy, but from the profitable results already obtained it can be conservatively predicted that Alaska has many rich undeveloped quartz deposits.

The existence of copper in Alaska was known to the Rus-

sians in early days, but it is evident that their information was secondary and through the Indians. It was not until 1899 that any of the richer deposits were pointed out by the natives to the whites. In that year prospectors were guided to the Latouche Bonanza copper deposit on Latouche Island, Prince William Sound, and to the Nikolai deposit in the Copper River region. It was in the latter, named after Chief Nikolai, that prospectors, searching the surrounding country in the following year, discovered the famous Kennecott Bonanza deposit, said to run 60 per cent copper, the mine that caused the Guggenheims and Morgans to spend \$20,000,000 in building a railroad 196 miles long at a cost of over \$100,000 a mile in order to transport the ore to the coast.



SLUICING FOR GOLD ON ESTHER CREEK, NEAR FAIRBANKS.

This mine during the last two years of operation paid \$3,000,000 in dividends. The railroad has been run at a big loss, and, it is said, they are more than willing that Uncle Sam should step in and spend some of his money.

Copper deposits have been discovered on the northeast slope of this range of mountains, extending from the White to the Nabesna River, a distance of about sixty miles. In southwestern Alaska and in southern Alaska are a number of producing copper mines on tidewater. The Kennecott Bonanza is the only interior copper mine now being worked.

Coal is found in several explored sections of Alaska, ranging in quality from lignite to anthracite. As only one-fourth of Alaska is geologically known, and only a very small part of this area by detailed surveys, any estimate of the enormous quantity of coal available is purely speculative. The United States Geological Survey in a recent publication states that it is probably safe to say that the minimum estimate of Alaska's coal resources should be placed at 150,000,000,000 tons, and that the actual tonnage may be many times that amount. This estimate, stated to be a minimum one, would provide for an output of 10,000 tons daily—the present output of all the coal mines in British Columbia—for over 40,000 years. This being



COAL FIELDS ON THE NENANA RIVER. THE DARK STREAKS ARE ENORMOUS LAYERS OF COAL.

true, I can see no good reason for reserving, conserving or "bottling" it up. The coal today being used by the United States Government for the supply of our naval and revenue vessels in Alaskan waters, and as fuel for the Northern army posts, is brought from Australia in Norwegian vessels at a cost of about \$15 per ton, while the billions of tons of Alaskan coal remain undeveloped and tied up by our Government's policy.*

Tin promises to become one of the valuable mineral resources of Alaska. It is found in the Seward Peninsula and in the region between the Tanana and Yukon Rivers. It is only during the last four years that there has been any intelligent effort made in the mining of tin in Alaska. In 1910 the value of tin ore exported from Alaska was \$6,750. In 1912 the value was \$90,831. In 1913 there was also a substantial increase. These are the only known tin deposits of any extent on the North American Continent, and a large amount of tin plate is used in the Alaskan fishing industry. With the tin industry sufficiently developed to warrant the construction of smelting works in the North, it would result in a great saving, as all tin ores now have to be shipped to Europe for reduction.

Gypsum for the manufacture of plaster of paris and land plaster, or fertilizer, has likewise been found and is being mined on tidewater in southeastern Alaska. The value of this industry in 1912 was \$129,375.

Petroleum has been discovered in the Controller Bay and Cook Inlet regions of Alaska, and in the former locality a small refinery has been erected, from the products of which the local markets are supplied with gasoline. The Alaskan oils in both of these fields are of a paraffin base, the type that is daily becoming more valuable, owing to the heavy demand for gasoline.

*Note — Since the above was written and first published our Government naval experts on fuel have condemned this coal, stating that it is not fit for navy use.

CHAPTER V

ALASKA'S RAILROADS.

ALASKA, like all new countries, has her share of successful men, also of windy boomers and human failures. The human failures and Government employés all want the Government to spend a lot of money in Alaska in building railroads, wagon roads, bridges and winter trails, dredging harbors and other cash-distributing projects. In fact, I heard it suggested that if Canada would permit, it would be a good scheme to pump the Japan Current into the source of the Yukon River, and from thence let it flow west down that stream, making a perpetual warm country out of the Valley of the Yukon. This, of course, would be objected to by the Alaskans living on the Pacific waters, as it would favor the Yukon Valley and Bering Sea, and leave their part of the country frozen eight months out of the twelve. So you see how impossible it is to please or serve more than 3,000 or 4,000 people in Alaska at less than a cost of several billions of dollars without disappointing the other 28,000.

Seriously speaking, it must not be forgotten that the 32,000 white people in Alaska are scattered over a territory one-fifth the size of the United States. The winters, except for a small strip of country along the southeast coast—affected by the warm Japan Current—extend over eight months of the year. This meager and widely scattered population and the long Arctic winters unquestionably make the shaping and handling of most projects unusually risky and difficult. Nevertheless, Alaska is a wonderful country in many ways, and I have never met with a braver, stronger lot of men—two-thirds of the population are men—in any other part of the world. They come from everywhere, but especially from the

Pacific Coast and gold-producing States; some from Australia, Canada and the cold countries of Europe.

Keep in mind all the time, however, that it is over 1,500 miles from Ketchikan, the southeast corner of Alaska, to Cape Prince of Wales, on Bering Strait, northwest of Nome. And again, it is over 1,500 miles from Unalaska and Dutch Harbor, in the southwest corner of Alaska, to the Arctic Ocean north of Fort Yukon. While Alaska is not equal to a country 1,500 miles square, it is just as difficult to serve from a transportation standpoint, and nearly all of its service must be by rail, as compared with water, except a few fishing towns and ports on the south and southwest coasts, as the rivers, as well as Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, are frozen for eight months, and sometimes more, each year.

I traveled over 8,000 miles in Alaska, and found the population of 32,000 whites pretty evenly divided between the inland and coast, and was impressed with the impossibility of our Government acting fairly toward the whole of Alaska in undertaking to supply them with transportation, to say nothing of the enormous expense and inevitable loss when it shall be attempted. As nearly as I can calculate, it would cost \$200,000,000 to serve 20,000 of the 32,000 Alaskans with railroads at an annual loss of \$30,000,000 a year, or equal to \$1,500 a year pension for each man, woman and child brought within the transportation belt.

Of course, for \$50,000,000 five thousand people can be served, but the rates and percentage will remain the same, and the rest of the people, entitled to equally as good treatment, will be disappointed, and with a just cause for complaint.

Now, as to traffic or tonnage to be developed by the Government in spending millions of dollars for railroads. It seems doubtful if any great amount of freight can be secured, aside from coal, and the cost of mining the coal—with labor in Alaska from \$4 to \$6 a day—the quality of the coal, and the long water haul after the railroad has brought it to the Alaskan coast—Alaska's coal is in the interior—must all be considered. Always remember, that steam coal at Seattle, the nearest

market, 1,200 miles distant by water, is selling at about \$3 a ton; that the only thing Alaska timber is really good for is to be used as firewood, and that the whole northwest Pacific Coast has an abundance of such fuel, and, furthermore, that the Panama Canal, from a commercial standpoint, is expected to supply California with cheap coal, in order that vessels may have a cargo both ways, and reduce the carrying charges on American bottoms using the canal and loaded with Pacific Coast fruits, grains and lumber for Eastern and European ports.

If the Alaskan coal fields are fully opened up, and are as extensive and as cheap to mine as claimed, and the rail and water haul as cheap as on the Atlantic Coast, then less coal will go through the Panama Canal and there will be empty bottoms going west and double charges for cargoes coming east.

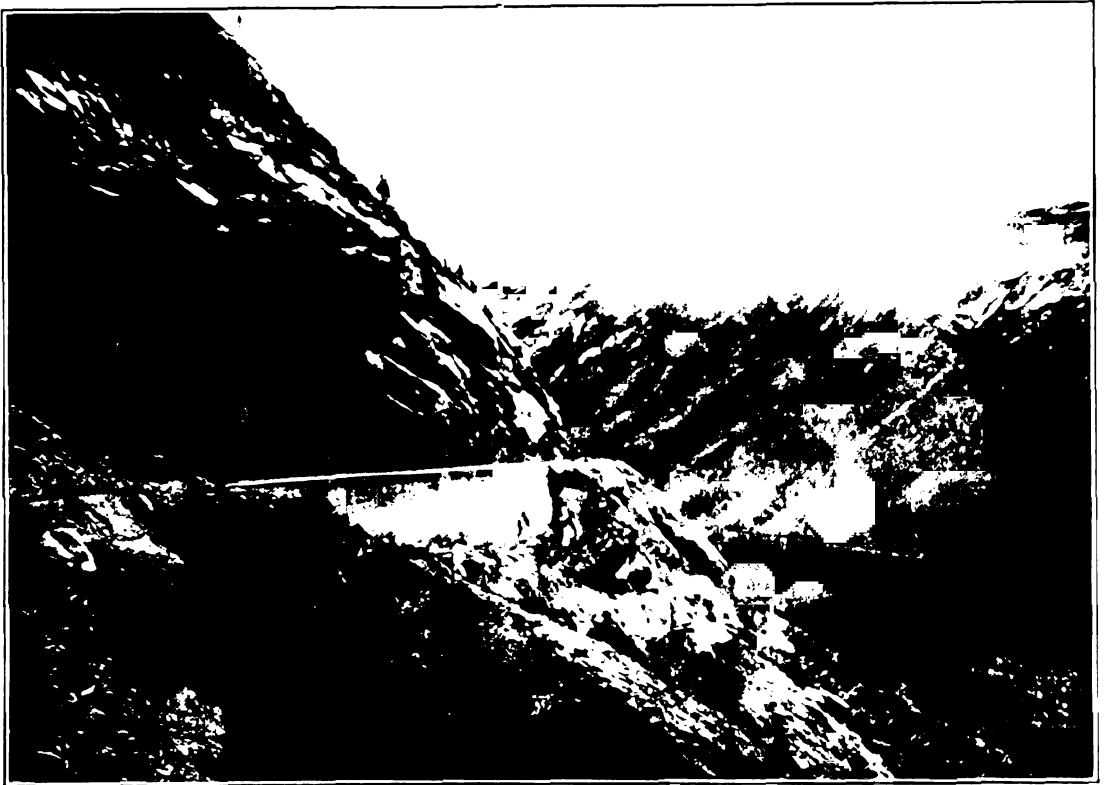
However, I am getting away from Alaska, though not from what affects Alaska. Cut off as it is from the United States, with Canada in between, but with a splendid navigable ocean and an inside course, back of islands, which enables vessels to sail from Seattle to Skagway on waters equal to a big river that widens out to lakes here and there, the coast town transportation by water from the southeastern port of Ketchikan to Seward, 800 miles to the northwest, is ideal and open the year around. On this coast line of 800 miles we find more or less prosperous towns, with 50 per cent of the total population of Alaska.

Almost every coast town that has a port open the year around is claiming to be the only point from which to reach the interior of Alaska. It is perfectly natural that each of these points should wish to benefit from the building of a railroad, although I am only trying to be frank and truthful when I say that the deadest towns I was in, like Skagway, Cordova and Seward, had railroads. Apparently, it was only while money was being spent in building these roads that the towns showed great activity

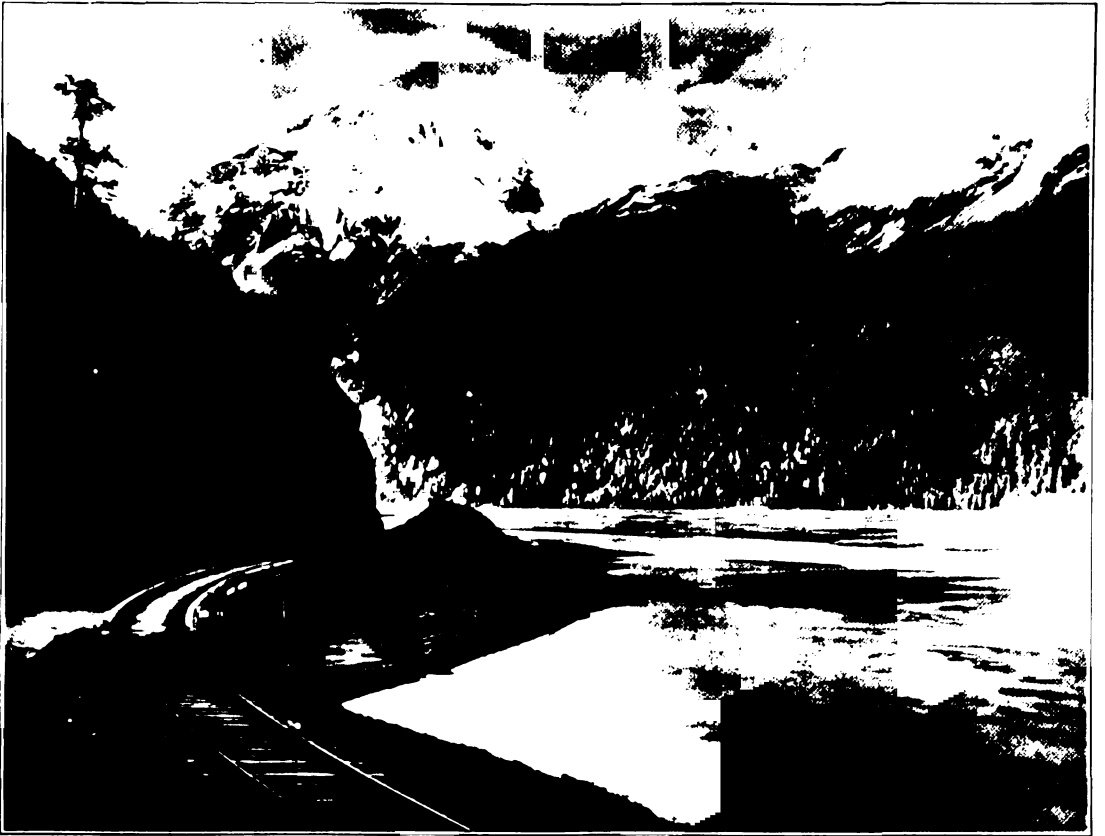
There are eight railroads in Alaska. Six have failed, and only four are being operated at all, and but a portion of the

year I will tell you about the only two that have never gone into the hands of a receiver, although these two have never paid the stockholders any dividends.

The White Pass & Yukon Route, from Skagway, Alaska, to White Horse, in the Yukon Territory, Canada, is 110 miles in length. Twenty miles of the line is in the United States. In 1897, when the Dawson placer deposits were discovered, thousands of men sailed from all over the world to Skagway, winter and summer alike, and hundreds lost their lives on the White Pass through snowslides and exposure. Then this railroad was quickly and well built by English capital, and the trail destroyed by blasting for rail construction. There followed a rate of twenty cents a mile per passenger, with "any old rate" for freight. The same rates are still in effect, and as the company owns the boats on the Yukon River for some 1,200 miles, passengers and shippers are up against the same monopoly of internal traffic, both in the Yukon Territory and Alaska proper



INSPIRATION POINT, ON WHITE PASS RAILROAD.



ALONG THE LINE OF THE COPPER RIVER AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

Yet, even at the prices named, the company is unable to pay a dividend. The trains and boats are good, the best to be found anywhere in Alaska, and passengers are treated like human beings, but there is simply not enough business.

The Copper River & Northwestern, the only other road in Alaska not in the hands of a receiver, is owned and operated by the Guggenheims and Morgans, and runs from Cordova to Kennecott, 196 miles, to reach a number of rich copper properties, especially the Bonanza group of mines, owned by the same interests. The Copper River & Northwestern Road is well kept up, and is the only standard-gauge road in Alaska. All the others are narrow-gauge.

Next, we have the many times failed and confiscated Alaska Northern. It starts at Seward, and is built north seventy-

two miles to Nowhere. This is known as the Frost Road, not because it was such a "frost," or is located in Alaska, but on account of the promoter's name being Frost. It was constructed by Canadian capital, and broke the bank in Canada that backed it. Frost, himself, has recently been tried criminally by the United States courts. However, he was acquitted, and although his reputation as a promoter is not good, it is generally believed that he was so handicapped by United States Government



SEWARD HARBOR AND U. S. BATTLESHIP MARYLAND.

regulations, and the conservation of coal lands he hoped to open in Alaska, that he never had a chance to win, even acting on the square.

Owing to the inability of this road to pay the United States Government tax of \$100 a mile each year, it has been closed down, and something like 1,000 people in Seward and along the line completely put out of business. The road could not earn the tax. The receivers for the railroad company offer to let the people living in Seward and along the line operate it free of rent for tracks and equipment, but the United States Government said, "No taxes, no run," and there you are! No

wonder they have been singing all over Alaska the song, "Bottled-up Alaska!" The Nome & Seward Peninsula Railroad, the most northerly railway in the world, 104 miles long, is not operated by the receivers; they cannot pay the Government tax. Again, "Bottled-up Alaska!"

The Tanana Valley Railroad, forty-five miles in length, operates from the Tanana River to Fairbanks, and from Fairbanks out to some of the placer creeks. The last receiver has paid the Government tax and is trying to put the road in successful shape. Its equipment and tracks when I was there were in rather bad condition, and most of the mining camps on the line were still largely depending on teams and dogs for their freight. The Yakutat Road of twelve miles to the salmon cannery is little more than a tramway, while the Cook



VIEW OF A SECTION OF THE "BUSTED" ALASKA NORTHERN RAILROAD.

Inlet Road, eight miles in length, and Katalla Road, six miles long, have been abandoned.

The reader now has the history and condition of the 465 miles of railroads already constructed in Alaska. These railroads were evidently constructed long before there was really anything worth while for them to haul, unless, like the Guggenheims and Morgans, they created their own tonnage by an investment many times the cost of building the railroad.

My theory is, that if Alaska really contains the ore and coal to warrant building railroads, and our Government will take the "lid off" so that capital can invest with reasonable hope of returns, the railroads will follow as a natural result. Otherwise, it is my conviction that they should never be constructed just to accommodate and enrich a few people or boom a town, at the expense of the people of the entire United States.*

*Note.—Since this chapter on Alaskan railroads was published as an article in *The Saturday Blade*, the United States Congress has passed a bill appropriating \$35,000,000 to construct a railroad in Alaska. What route it will take will depend upon the report of engineers now making surveys. Of course the report of the engineers upon the several routes will depend upon political promises and change in Government, etc., and is an old political scheme to evade keeping a political promise. Only \$1,000,000 of the \$35,000,000 has thus far been made available and it is probable that this is all the Government will attempt or intends to do.

CHAPTER VI.

SEALS AND SALMON.

A THICK fog. One could see less than 1,000 feet ahead. Captain Johnny O'Brien was on the bridge of the *S S Victoria*, known as the "*Holy Roller*" on account of her continuous rolling. We were taking soundings. I stood beside the sailor who was letting out the line. He called "Forty-two fathoms," then "Nineteen fathoms," and the engine of the ship was reversed so suddenly we were nearly thrown off our balance. One more ship length—and there would have been another "Alaskan shipwreck" to report.

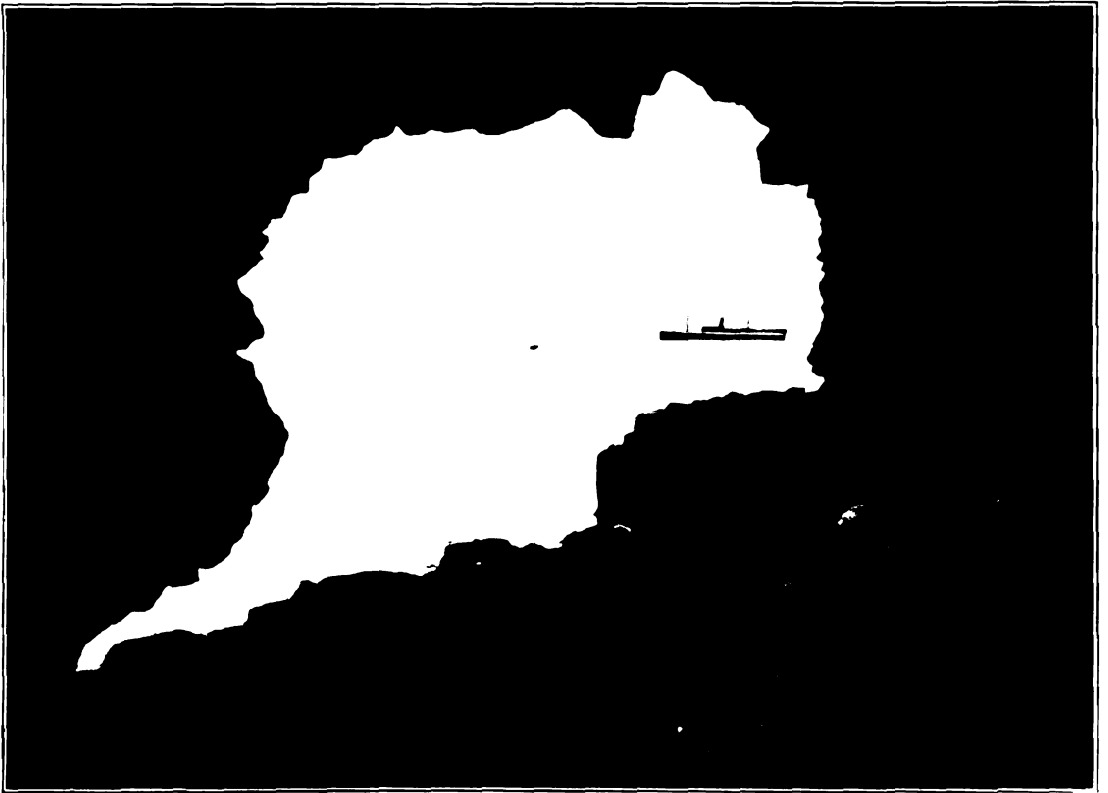
Captain O'Brien was cautiously sailing a course unknown to him. We were off St. Paul Island, the largest of the Great Seal Island group, and about 400 miles from the mainland. We dropped anchor and remained where we were all night. The next morning was clear, and the first day during two weeks a landing was possible. We were only a half-mile from shore and were rowed in small boats to a rough beach.

Did you ever own or pay for a sealskin? Possibly you are like the old German to whom a friend said "Hans, did you ever buy a gold brick?" and Hans replied "No, but I bought what I thought was a gold brick." Every skin that looks like a sealskin is not genuine.

The Pribilof Islands, owned by the United States since we bought Alaska from Russia, have furnished enough fur-seal skins to make several million jackets, coats, muffs, hats and gloves. Sealskin is the finest and softest fur that grows on any animal, in the water or upon the shore, and is about the most expensive. Ninety per cent of all fur-seal skins in the world have been taken on a group of four islands in Bering Sea, called the Pribilof Islands because they were discovered

by a Russian of that name, in 1786. I was eager to visit the rookery of the fur-seals on St. Paul Island, as it is the chief breeding place of the seal herds.

If we had full knowledge of the inner history of the United States Government's purchase of Alaska, we would find that the same Senators who engineered the deal at once busied themselves in organizing the Alaskan Commercial Company, which was given a monopoly of taking the fur-seals on the Pribilof Islands, and anywhere, in fact, that these valuable creatures could be found in Alaska. The company was to pay to the Government a nominal sum of about one dollar per skin and take care of the natives on these islands, but all it did was to "skin" the natives, as well as the seals, and bribe and fool the poor clerk sent out by the United States to count the number of seals killed. The company reported having taken and settled with the Government for about 3,500,000 skins in forty years. It was estimated that there were 5,000,000 seals



in Alaskan waters when this political "skin corporation" got the monopoly from an administration it controlled. Add the natural increase in forty years, and there is little doubt that 15,000,000 male seals, under four years of age, would be more nearly the real total number killed than 3,500,000.

Today there are hardly enough seals left "for seed"—only about 100,000 of all sexes, mostly old bulls and females. Quite recently the United States Government began suit against the heirs of the men who controlled this skin corporation. In order to throw dust in the eyes of the Government, the corporation claimed that Canada and Japan were killing many seals in the open sea. By international agreement every country controls and owns the fishing rights within three



A NATIVE FAMILY, ST. PAUL ISLAND.

miles of its shore, both mainland and island, but beyond that the water is open to the world. Inside and outside the three-mile zone it was claimed Canada and Japan took seals, but even this right was given up by Great Britain for Canada, doubtless because all the sealskins are dyed in London by a process controlled by a rich monopoly, and this business is worth more to Great Britain than a few seals taken by poor Canadian fishermen. It is also true that the Japanese fleet that operates in these waters often violates the law and takes the risk of being captured. Occasionally the Japs are arrested by a United States revenue boat crew and are sent to jail for a few months. That is all.

The United States Government has for the past three years



A RUSSIAN SWEAT-BATH HOUSE, ST PAUL ISLAND.



MR. BOYCE VISITING THE SEAL ROOKERIES, ST PAUL ISLAND.

refused to farm out these islands and has gone into the seal business on its own account. In 1911 we took only 12,000 seals and realized on them \$385,892, or over \$32 per skin. During the years 1912 and 1913 the Government has killed only enough to provide seal meat for the natives who live on the islands. The herds are now increasing rapidly, and this industry should net the Government over \$1,000,000 a year when we really begin killing again.

So much for the history and business side. We will now turn to the habits of the seals, for they are peculiarly interesting creatures. The seals on the Pribilof Islands are all fur-seals. Every seal, wherever found, has hair, but this seal has a thick fur under the hair. It is the fur that makes the skin valuable, the hair being removed in tanning. The hair on the adult seals is usually a dark gray. They are known as "sea-bear." The males are called "bulls," the females "cows" and the young ones "pups." The females live in a harem bossed by an old bull, and the other adult males live to themselves and are called "bachelors." The place inhabited by seals on the shore is called a "rookery," and where they are taken, killed and skinned a "fishery."

The large old bulls have harems of different sizes. I saw them with from six to sixty cows. The bulls fight among themselves and their greatest concern appears to be in keeping their cows from leaving them. During the breeding season, and while the offspring are young—June, July and August on the Pribilof Islands—the bull never leaves the rookery or his harem. He goes without food for three months at a time or, as it were, hibernates during the summer as the bear does in the winter. It would be a great scheme to cross the seal and the bear, and produce an animal that would not need to eat during either winter or summer.

The cow seal gives birth to one pup every year and nurses it. She goes to the ocean for food and will remain as long as seven days. If she is killed the pup starves to death. Hence the killing of a cow always results in two deaths. A big bull weighs about 400 pounds and is from six to seven feet in



VIEW OF SEAL ROOKERIES, ST PAUL ISLAND.

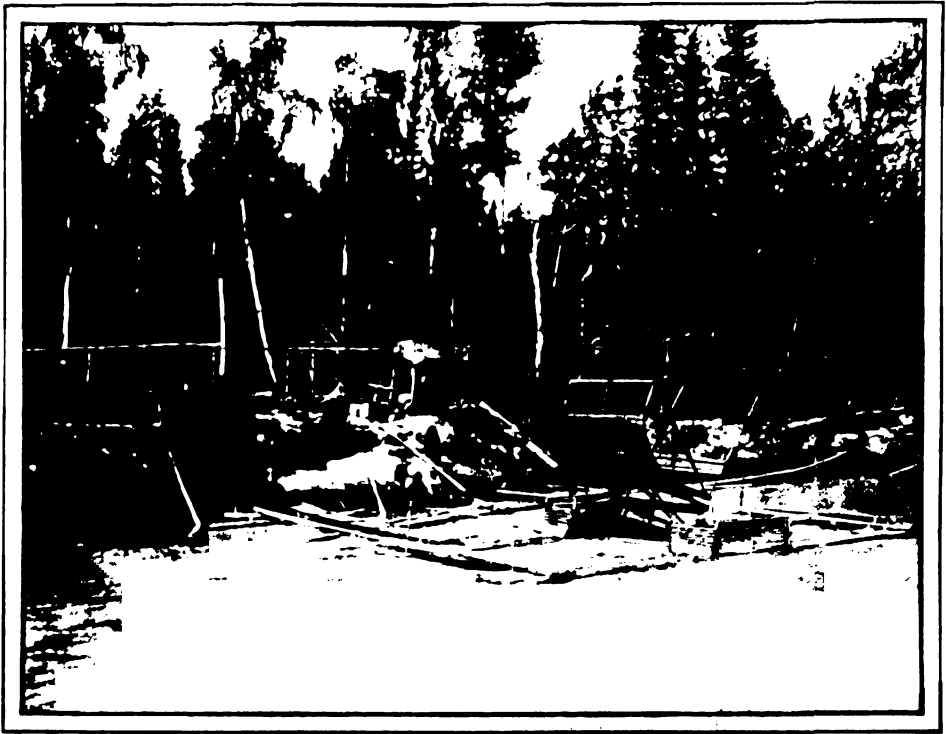
length. The weight of a cow seal usually approximates eighty pounds and it measures about four feet in length.

All seals live on fish and squid found in the ocean. The correct practice is to kill off all "bachelors" at three years of age. Their fur is then in prime condition, and, as they have no harem, they live useless lives. The custom on the Pribilof Islands has been to drive the bachelors across the island like so many sheep to the slaughtering point, where they are simply clubbed to death and skinned. The natives, half-breed Russians or Indians, are given all they want to eat and the remnants of the carcasses are buried. It is necessary to drive the seals very slowly, as they move in what appears to be short jumps, and if the ground is rough or stony they injure the skins and the fur.

One attractive feature of female seal life is the absence of old maids, widows, grass widows and unmarried maidens. As they are not killed for their skins, they always belong to some harem. The seals have their secret. No one knows where they go in the winter, or between September and June. They disappear from the Pribilofs and return the following summer. The educated seals that the public sees in circuses and shows are not the fur-seals. They have only hair on their bodies. They are the more intelligent.

Fur-sealing is an industry that should always be conducted by the Government or under the strictest Government control if that is possible so far away. The world's next largest "rookery" to that on the Pribilof Islands, where fur-seals are taken, is off the coast of Uruguay, South America, and is handled by the Uruguayan Government very successfully.

The total market value of the raw fur-seals taken in Alaska since the United States bought the country in 1867 is \$52,257,135. The total from the salmon and other fishing, up to the close of 1912, is given as \$167,420,000, or a grand total from Alaskan waters since the United States took over the country of \$219,672,135, while the total value of the gold mined since 1867 is \$213,018,719, leaving a balance in favor of salmon and



AN ALASKAN FISH-WHEEL, ON THE YUKON

seals, or fishing, of \$6,000,000. Yet, almost every one thinks of Alaska as only a cold, gold-producing country

Salmon fishing in the North Pacific Ocean has been much more profitable and certain of success than gold mining on the shore. Few people understand the peculiarities of the salmon. They hatch in a fresh-water stream, go to the ocean and remain about three years, then come back to the stream in which they were born, deposit there their eggs or spawn, and die. They do not return to the ocean. No other fish is like the salmon in this respect.

I was much interested in what I was told by Bishop Rowe of the Episcopal Church, who is known and loved all over Alaska. He considered fishing the chief necessary and permanent industry of Alaska, especially for the poor people and natives. He told me that unless the new Territorial Legislature passed adequate protective laws, fishing in Alaska had



A CANNING FACTORY AT PETERSBURG, ALASKA.

seen its best days. He related to me how the first Legislature, that of the spring of 1913, had refused to pass a law prohibiting fishing by setting nets at the mouths of rivers up which the salmon go to spawn. He hoped that the next Legislature would not be so shortsighted.

The fishing industry of Alaska is assuming immense proportions. As an illustration, it may be mentioned that twenty-six new salmon-packing establishments were built in 1912, while large additions have been made to the fleets engaged in the deep sea and whaling industries.

The salmon industry now extends from Ketchikan in southeast Alaska, for a distance of 2,000 miles, following the general course of the shore line, to Bristol Bay in Bering Sea,

and at this time an unknown distance beyond, but not less than 800 miles, both on the mainland and northwest of Nome and the larger islands. Five species of salmon are used commercially, known respectively as, first, Coho or Silver; second, Dog or Cum; third, Humpback or Pink, fourth, King or Spring; fifth, Red or Sockeye. Of these the King is especially valuable on account of its large size, as it attains a length of four feet and a weight of more than thirty pounds, and the Sockeye on account of the deep red color of the flesh, which many people fancy is essential as indicating good salmon.

The halibut fishing is carried on chiefly off the shores of the islands of southeast Alaska, the headquarters of the industry being Ketchikan and Petersburg. I saw Mr Forbes, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, catch a halibut off the Island of St. Paul, while waiting for the fog to rise, that weighed over 120 pounds. The cod banks are located along both the north and south shores of the Alaska Peninsula, fourteen curing stations being on the Shumagin and neighboring islands. These are said to be the most extensive codfishing grounds in the world and the catch is only limited by the demand.

Herring abound in number beyond conception in the waters of the southeastern Archipelago, those in the northern waters equaling in size and flavor the far-famed Yarmouth bloaters of England. They are prepared as food, oil and fertilizer, and are the chief bait used in the cod and halibut fisheries. Four factories for commercial products are located at Killisnoo and other points west and south of Juneau. The Japanese do most of the herring fishing, and take their catch to Japan.

While the several species of fish life which I have mentioned furnish the bulk of commercial products, reliable authorities state that not less than 250 kinds of edible fish are found in Alaskan waters. Trout and grayling abound in almost all the lakes and streams and make the territory an angler's paradise.

A gradual diminishing of the number of Arctic whales, those producing whalebone, has followed the radical change to modern methods. It is now customary to have a home shore station from which small, powerful steamers cruise, killing the



DRYING SALMON ON LOWER YUKON

whales with explosive bombs, inflating them to prevent sinking, and towing them to the rendering works on shore. Three such stations were under operation in 1912.

The value of fish taken and marketed for 1912 was \$17,391,000, or only \$6,000 less than all the gold mined in Alaska for the same year. The investment of all kinds in the fishing industry in 1911 was. . . . In vessels of all kinds, \$5,559,534, sea fishing apparatus, \$27,782, shore fishing apparatus, \$724,383, shore property, \$7,564,023; cash capital, \$8,795,387, the total being \$22,671,109. Of this sum \$19,931,215 was invested in the salmon-canning industry. In 1912 the product was 4,060,189 cases, valued at \$15,551,794, canned salmon alone.

So, you see, Alaska's waters produce both food and (skin) clothing in abundance. Nature always takes care of those who trust her and do not violate her laws.

CHAPTER VII.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

“**G**OLD is where it is found,” is an old and true saying. Finding it does not, however, depend on climate, soil, elevation or favorable natural conditions. This is not true of farming. Agricultural products require congenial surroundings, although through the development of seeds and the intelligent handling of soils and crops we are now growing grains, fruits and vegetables in many regions of the world unthought of heretofore. Man cannot eat gold, timber or coal. He must have foodstuff, and if he is to be strong and effective, he must have it in abundance and reasonably cheap.

Before I went to Alaska I was pretty well informed regarding the gold and fishing and furs and game of that country, but was ignorant as to the agricultural possibilities and products. After covering thousands of miles and seeing nearly every developed spot where anything that grows to be eaten was at its best, I am convinced that it is a poor country for farmers and always will be. Should you succeed in getting a small patch cleared up at a place where there was a “boom on,” you could get fancy prices for one or two years, or until the boom was over. Except for the long summers and nightless days in Alaska, it would be impossible to grow anything. No warmth comes from the soil or from beneath the surface. As far down as a shaft has ever been sunk—over 2,000 feet—ice is found. This ice was not made by freezing from the top downward. For millions of years the country has been built up from the bottom, ice upon ice that never thawed out in the summer. The thick moss that grows nearly everywhere is a complete protection from the sun, and when you sink a pick through it you think you have struck rock. Clear off

this moss, or other vegetation, and scrub timber, and you have the frozen earth. The sun will draw out the ice and frost from about one foot of soil the first year. Break this up and the next year it will thaw out deeper, until after a number of years the frost, on account of the long days, will disappear from the soil by June 1st to a depth of two or three feet.

Where alfalfa has been tried it turns yellow as soon as the roots strike the ice. Of course, with the frost always coming out of the ground, you can raise crops where you have only a few inches of rainfall in the summer. Interior and north-west Alaska is very dry in the summer. Only where the Japan Current comes close to the southeast coast and the islands do they have much rain.

In Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russian Siberia, farming has been fairly successful in a latitude as far north as most of Alaska, and this has given hope to the wish that we might make an agricultural country out of our own far Northern possession. For many centuries the above-mentioned countries have been thickly settled and labor has been very cheap. An acre could be cleared at little cost, but that is not the case in Alaska, where common labor, employed only a few months in the year, receives from \$3 to \$6 per day of eight hours. It costs from \$125 to \$150 to prepare an acre for the plow. The investor expends an amount equal to the total cost per acre of first-class farm land near a good market in an old country before he begins to raise anything to sell in this region of dayless night and nightless day.

Again, the Government land laws are all against the settler, it being practically impossible to secure title to a homestead. Little or no land has been surveyed. The investor must make a private survey at his own expense, costing from \$300 to \$700 for each claim, and take the chances then of the Government issuing him a deed. I heard little beside complaints from the people who had been led to believe Uncle Sam was willing to give them farms in Alaska. Agricultural enterprise in that country suggests the reply of a student when asked what were the different kinds of farming. He answered, "Extensive,



CANTALOUPE ON THE GOVERNMENT FARM AT FAIRBANKS.



GROWING STRAWBERRIES, U S. GOVERNMENT FARM, SITKA.

intensive, expensive and pretensive." The two latter definitions apply particularly to farming in Alaska.

It is possible, however, that the industrious, plodding foreigner from the far North countries of Europe and Asia can work out something, in the next century, in this land. I will quote the United States homestead law on proving up. Each homesteader may take 320 acres. Here is how he can prove it up.

"That at least one-eighth of the area embraced in the entry was continuously cultivated to agricultural crops, other than native grasses, beginning with the second year of entry; and that at least one-fourth of the area embraced in the whole entry was so continuously cultivated with the third year of entry "

Under this law not a whole claim of 320 acres has yet been lawfully proved up in Alaska. One-fourth of 320 acres is 80 acres; at a cost of \$125 an acre to put in the first crop, the farmer would have invested \$10,000 in clearing the land—the price of a good Iowa farm. As I previously stated, it is impossible for Washington, D. C., to legislate for Alaska. Congress cannot enact wise legislation for a country so far away

Agriculture in Alaska, at its best, should follow as an adjunct to other occupations. Methods suitable in one part of the country may be unsuitable in others. Bottom lands producing a rank growth of grass may be too cold and sour for root crops, until thoroughly broken up and cultivated so as to let in the air and assist decomposition of the dead vegetation, which takes place but slowly in ground saturated with water. Where drainage is absent or very imperfect the result is swampy ground, known in the North as *tundra*, or *muskeg*, in which the dead vegetation, instead of being transformed into soil through the process of decay, is slowly converted into peat, or turf, as it is called in Ireland, to become in time an imperfect coal. The best lands are the gently sloping hills composed of silt and fine gravel, which are also those on which the birch makes its best growth, these lands

having been enriched by the leaves of the deciduous trees and drained of standing water

It should be clearly understood that for the present, at least, farming must partake more or less of the character of market gardening around the mining centers, gradually expanding as these industries grow, remembering also that on those things which can be grown in Alaska, but if not grown in Alaska must be imported, the cost of transportation will be added to the price the farmer receives.

Northwestern Canada is giving free land, free seeds and financial assistance during the first year, where such aid is wanted. In contrast with these inducements, it seems to be our policy to burden the settlers with conditions almost prohibitive in some respects, shutting out many who might otherwise become good and valuable citizens. Certainly our policy has sent many hundreds to countries with more liberal ideas and a better understanding of the early years of pioneer life.

C. C. Georgeson, superintendent of the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, is a six-foot-two native of Denmark, big of body and big of mind. He came from a cold country. Previous to his employment in Alaska he was connected with agricultural colleges in the States of Kansas, Minnesota and Washington. The Japanese Government also employed him to put its agricultural schools on a scientific basis, and Japan never engages any but the best experts. If anything can be made out of farming in Alaska, Superintendent Georgeson will bring it about. He established the first experimental station at Sitka twelve years ago. He now has stations at Rampart and Fairbanks. He was successful in raising cattle on Kodiak Island until a volcanic eruption covered the island with ash and destroyed the grass. He had about one hundred head of pure Galloway cattle, and this hardy Scotch breed was doing well until he was compelled to ship them to the State of Washington, as he found it was cheaper to ship cattle to the hay than the hay to the cattle. The grass is growing again on Kodiak Island and ere long the herd will be returned. When I was there he was planning the bring-



A DAIRY AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

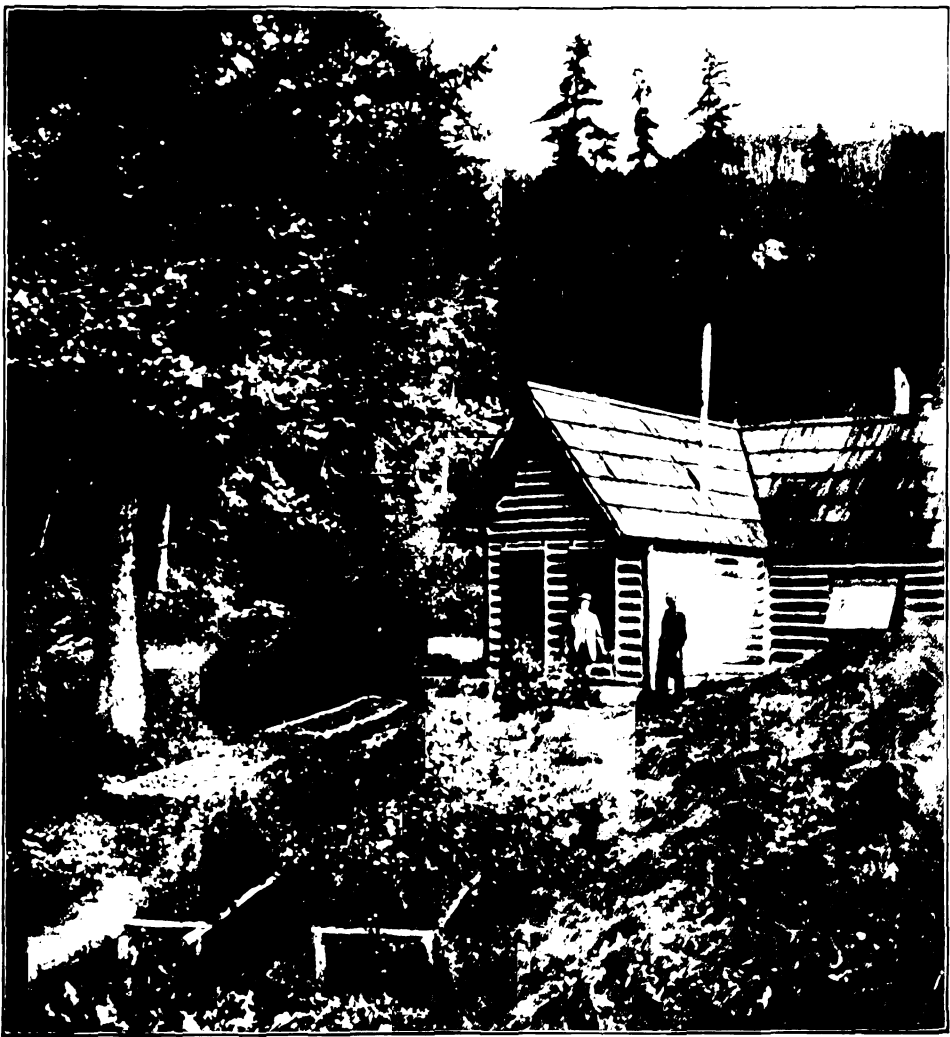
ing in of a bull yak from Tibet, in northern China, and crossing with very hardy breeds of cattle, with the hope of producing stock that will live outdoors all winter in Alaska without hay or feed being furnished.

Superintendent Georgeson told me that the only thing that interfered with successful sheep raising was the big brown bears, so plentiful on the island. Nevertheless, he had a rather large flock of sheep and had imported two rams, a Lincoln and Cotswold. The volcanic ash, however, weighed down their wool so heavily they could not get up and they died. The sheep of his flock preferred to feed on the mountain sides and only needed hay in January, February and March.

His horses were doing well. You must remember, however, that Kodiak Island is quite a favored spot and the climate there is tempered by the warm Japan Current. All over Alaska one finds an abundance of wild grass, "red top," suitable for wild hay, and there is no doubt but that, in time, a breed of

cattle, sheep and horses will be developed sufficiently hardy to take care of themselves and supply the home market, and sufficient oats and hay will be raised to feed them through the long winter months

The Government has agricultural farms at Rampart and Fairbanks as well as at Sitka. The two first-named points are in the interior—near the Arctic Circle—where from the first, or middle, of May until the first of August there is practically no night. The sun does not disappear below the horizon on an average of over one and a half hours per day during these three months. This is equal to an average of nearly five months of sunshine and daylight during a period of three



THE SPOTLESS CABIN OF C. H. ANWAY, HAINES, ALASKA. MR. ANWAY IS A BACHELOR AND ALSO A STRAWBERRY KING.

months. I observed very little difference between the experimental crops of these three widely separated stations. If there was any superiority it seemed in favor of the interior farms, although they have only about twelve inches of rainfall in a season. The frost coming out of the ground continuously during the summer season, of course, furnishes moisture. The grains raised are oats, barley, wheat and rye. The wheat

and rye should be put in during the autumn, and, if there is a good fall of snow, they are sure to do well and mature. Sometimes the oats and barley sown in May are caught by the early frosts, but are worth almost as



much for forage as if matured. Potatoes do well all over Alaska, and the market, in the interior, at least, is supplied by home-grown tubers. It is estimated that every acre planted to potatoes, in the right kind of ground and



RHUBARB GROWING ON THE CLARK VEGETABLE FARM, NEAR SKAGWAY

properly cared for, produces a crop that sells for \$600. As farming this, in a sense, is specializing. What I have said derogatory to the chances of successful agriculture in Alaska, of course, is meant to imply that the chances are not large and sure as with the extensive farming that prevails in the United States.

Strawberries grow everywhere in Alaska. Usually a hardy tame variety is crossed with the wild strawberry and does very well. If the growers would do as J W Banbury, publisher of the *Indiana Daily Times* (a friend of mine), who owns a ranch in Idaho, claims to do, cross them again with the milkweed, they might get strawberries and cream from the same plant. Gooseberries thrive and blueberries are very plentiful. I was eager to try the salmon berries, but did not like them. Wild currants grow in every part of the country. Raspberries are also plentiful. An attempt is being made to grow apples, cherries and plums at Sitka, with indifferent success. Rhubarb is grown successfully, in some regions reaching a height of six feet. The cabbage is one of Alaska's most important vegetables.

In addition to potatoes and cabbage, cauliflower, peas, lettuce and radishes are raised in quantities sufficient to supply home consumption. Our steamer on leaving Fairbanks took on board for our use during the trip to St. Michael \$500 worth of vegetables from one farm. I was curious to know what the chickens of Alaska would do about "going to bed," when there was no night in the summer, and about their "getting up" in the winter, when there is no day. I observed, however, that at about the usual hour, 7 p. m., the old rooster flapped his wings and flew up on the roost, the hens following, and at about five in the morning he crowed and all flew down again. I was informed they repeated this in the winter time at approximately the same hours, all of which are good examples of the influence of heredity and the force of habit.

CHAPTER VIII

INTERIOR ALASKA.

WHEN I say Interior Alaska, I mean that portion made accessible by navigating the great rivers and their tributaries. It is possible, during four or five months of each year, to navigate with shallow-draft steamers some 3,000 miles of Alaska's rivers, and, by pushing and pulling boats up or around the rapids and shallows of side streams, approximately 2,000 miles more. These water courses furnish the only practical means of transportation for heavy goods or machinery to the interior, because they are open as long as people can work comfortably out of doors.

"The Klondike and Dawson!" Because involuntarily almost every one mentally associates these with Alaska, it seems proper to give them a place here. "The Klondike!" These were magic words in 1897, and the excitement and results they produced will go down in history with the famous gold rush to California in 1849. In the minds of many the Klondike is thought to be a part of Alaska. It is not. It is the name applied to the gold-mining section of the Yukon Territory, which belongs to Canada. The dividing line is at the mountain summit called White Pass. This point also is the watershed; the waters flowing north and east go into the Yukon River, and those flowing south and west enter the Pacific Ocean.

Here one finds at the international boundary line an American and a Canadian customhouse. Here also we find Canadian Northwest mounted police—known the world over for their bravery and honesty. It is said that no criminal ever escapes them and justice is quickly dealt, as well as assistance given to the poor unfortunate wayfarer.

The rails of the White Pass & Yukon Railway end at



VIEW OF WHITE HORSE, ON THE

White Horse, just below the White Horse Rapids. Many lives were lost in running these rapids before there was a railroad here. The waters are very swift and many dangerous boulders and rocks project from the bottom of the river. White Horse is the head of navigation on what is practically the Yukon River. Above the rapids another line of steamers will carry you 600 or 700 miles southeast in the Yukon Territory for a few months in the summer. From White Horse to Dawson, a distance of 300 miles, the Yukon River is much more picturesque than from Dawson to the point where it empties into the Bering Sea.

We stopped at a coal mine on the Yukon, where we picked up a barge loaded with 300 tons of coal. This barge was pushed ahead of us down the river to Dawson, a distance of some 300 miles, the boat company charging \$2 a ton for the service. The coal was rather a poor quality.

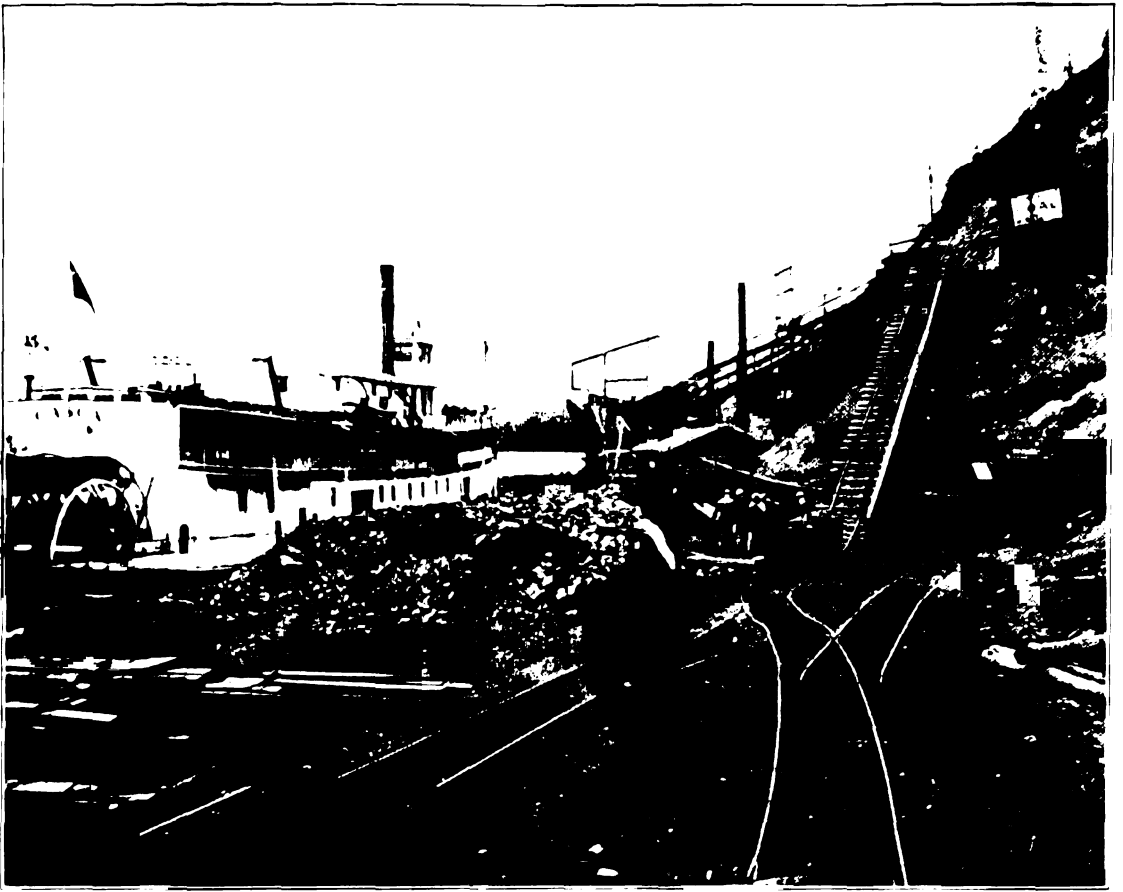
Dawson, the seat of the original rush to Alaska and the Klondike, has today a population of about 3,000, while at one



YUKON RIVER, IN THE KLONDIKE.

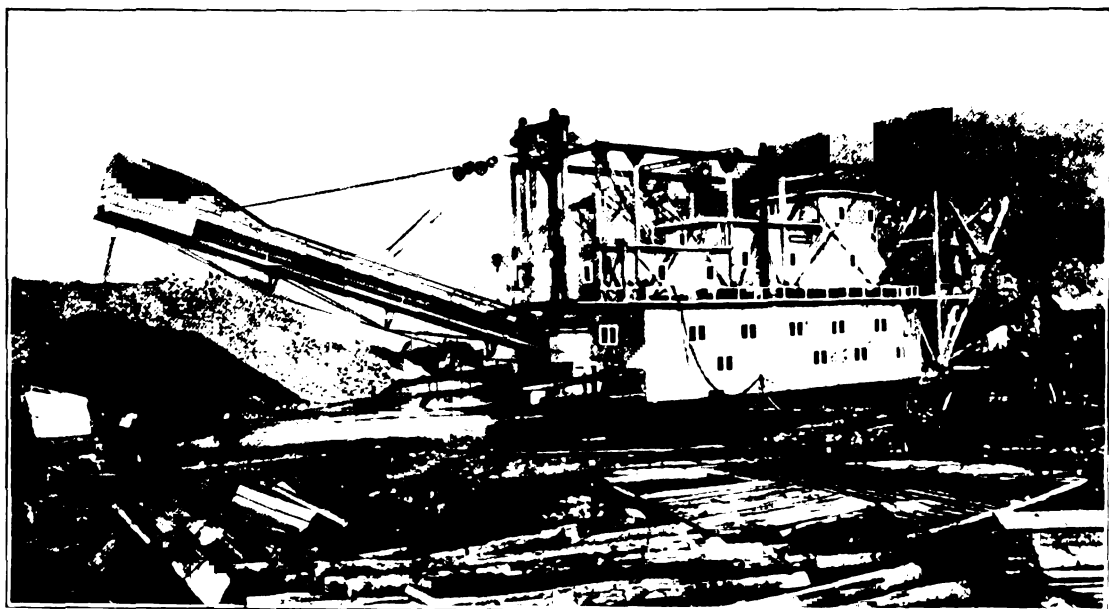
time it had 15,000. The day has gone by when the sporty placer miner "sands" the floor with gold dust for the dancing girl, which was not an uncommon practice at a time when placer miners were taking out over \$1,000 a day from a single claim. However, the day for high prices has not gone by, the smallest coin in circulation being a 25-cent piece. Even at the postoffice when you buy one stamp they will give you twelve 2-cent stamps or no change. The newspapers sell for 25 cents a copy. Still, as a contradiction to this, good beef was selling at 25 cents per pound, live cattle being brought in from western Canada and slaughtered at Dawson.

As for the gravel deposits from which came the stores of gold which made the Klondike famous, they were first discovered in the creek bottoms where the seasoned prospector always conducts his first explorations. It was not until the work in the creek bottoms was well under way, and the creek claims were producing their millions, that the discovery was made that high upon the hills a deposit of gravel existed which,

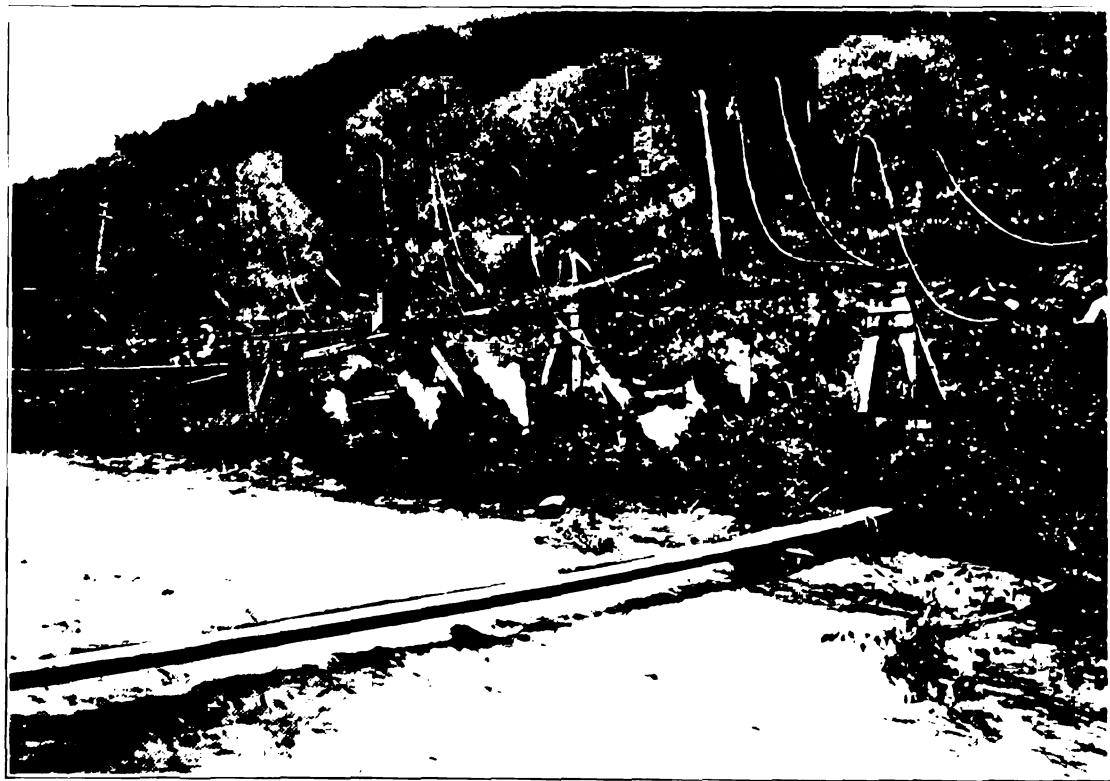


COAL MINE ON THE YUKON RIVER, ABOVE DAWSON

in a great many places, was as rich in gold as the creek beds themselves. The discovery of these higher-level deposits, now known as the "White Channel," is generally attributed to a novice who knew no better than to climb a hill to locate a placer claim. As the discoveries followed one after another on the various hills, it was soon found that a large channel of gravel existed, following the general course of the present streams but high above them, at elevations ranging from 150 feet at the upper end of the hill deposits to 300 feet and over at the lower end. Thousands of miners were soon swarming upon the hills, sinking shafts, driving tunnels and taking out the gold-bearing materials as rapidly as their co-laborers were in the creek bottoms.



A DREDGE ON LOWER BONANZA, DAWSON DISTRICT



THAWING OUT GROUND WITH STEAM BEFORE DREDGING.

But these high elevations were waterless, and the placer miner can do nothing without water. The small quantity of snow melting in the springtime enabled him to wash but a very limited yardage of gravel and sand that he took out in the winter.

Then the great Yukon Gold Company, organized by the Guggenheims, brought a pipe-line five feet in diameter from a lake sixty-five miles distant, at a cost of \$4,000,000, to supply water for hydraulic purposes in washing down the hills and leaving the gold in the sluice-boxes. The amount of gold that this company takes out annually is somewhat of an unknown quantity, although it is estimated by practical miners to be about \$2,000,000 per annum, and there are millions of cubic yards of sand and gravel yet to be washed down. Although this section of the Yukon Territory is almost inside the Arctic Circle they are able to work dredges and hydraulic placer claims over 200 days in the year.

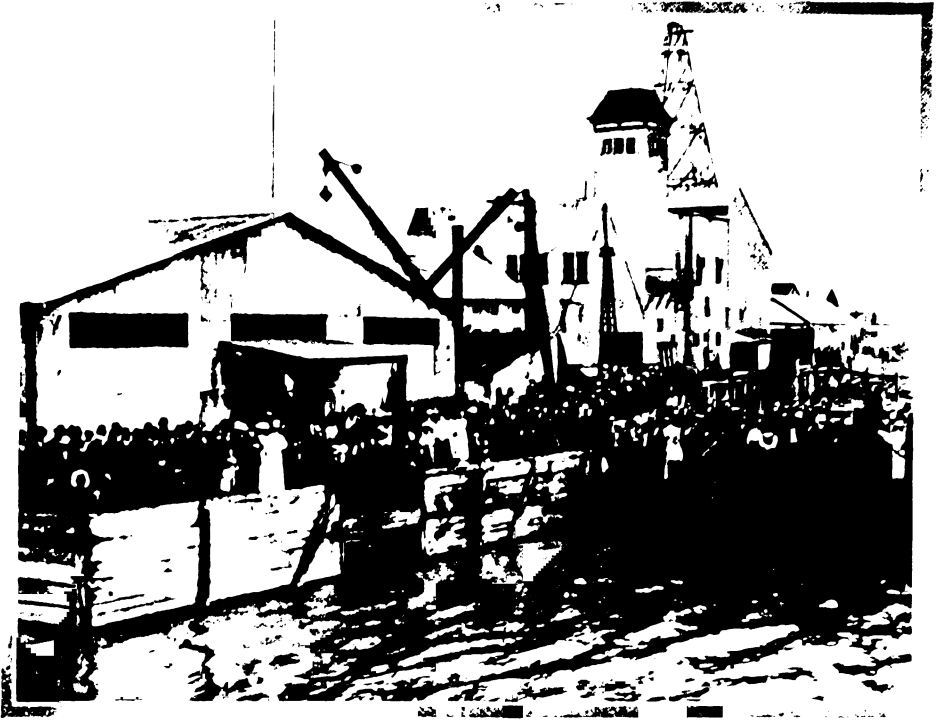
When the creek bottoms ceased to pay the hand placer miner the great dredges stepped in, and today the Canadian Gold Mining Company has five dredges. Three of these dredges have a capacity of 14,000 yards of gravel and sand a day, and average 10,000 cubic yards, including the daily stop to clean up. It requires only eleven men to operate one of the dredges, three men on each shift and two foremen, one night and one day. Everything is operated by electricity. The sand and gravel they wash runs about thirty cents to the cubic yard.

One of the interesting processes in mining I found at Dawson is that of thawing out the frozen ground. They drive steam pipes down into the ground and then turn on the live steam. The ground never thaws out more than a foot or so in the summer time and it would be impossible to do placer mining without the aid of steam in preparing the sand and gravel for the miner.

When our boat arrived at the dock at Dawson we were met by Commissioner George Black, Mrs. Black, and some of their friends. The Commissioner of Yukon Territory holds a similar



HYDRAULIC MINING, LOVETT GULCH, DAWSON DISTRICT



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF TOURIST STEAMER AT DAWSON,
ON THE YUKON

position to that occupied by the Governor of one of the United States Territories. Mrs. Boyce and I were invited to remain at Commissioner Black's residence as their guests, especially for the reason that Mrs. Black was from Chicago and glad to see some one from home. So were we. That night Commissioner Black celebrated the coming in of the Fourth of July, which was the following day, with the same demonstration that would have attended a similar function in the United States. Many firecrackers were exploded, sounding natural, although the skyrockets did not show up well in the all-night daylight, but we fired them off just the same. We could hardly realize that we were under the Canadian Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes.

After leaving the Yukon Territory and spending some time in Alaska, the difference in the character of government furnished the people was very marked, and in talking with many

Alaskans the unanimous expression was in favor of the enforcement of our laws with the same rapidity and fairness that prevails in the Yukon Territory. Dawson should remain the best interior town in either the Yukon Territory or Alaska.

In 1898, one of my newspapers, *The Saturday Blade*, financed an expedition to dredge for gold on the Yukon River and its side streams. The Dawson boom was then at fever heat. Ildo Ramsdell, for years in charge of the art department of *The Saturday Blade*, was made captain of the expedition. A specially constructed boat and dredging outfit was shipped, in the knock-down, to St. Michael, where it was put together, and proudly steamed for the mouth of the Yukon River. As this river has probably one hundred mouths, it apparently took the expedition all summer to decide which one



FRONT STREET, DAWSON

to go through. By that time the prunes and rice had been consumed and the river was frozen up, and all but three of the fourteen in the party deserted and "cold-footed it" back across the country to St. Michael. Captain Ramsdell and two others, however, stuck to the ship, or rather, the ship froze to them, and they remained until the next summer, when they traded the machinery of the ship for moose meat and also walked out. Two years later I heard from Captain Ramsdell in Montana. While in Alaska his feet had been frozen. My newspaper had promised its readers many thrilling stories and wonderful photographs of the gold fields. The "fall down" was so distinct we still hear echoes of it. This is the first time the story has ever been told, and, I have to confess, not a photograph or even a camera ever reached us from Alaska. Captain Ramsdell said it was so cold that when he shot the 50-100 Winchester rifle I gave him, so much ice congealed inside the gun that he could not shoot it again until he had melted the ice out.

Fifteen years passed before I concluded to investigate Alaska personally. Then I decided to begin at the source of the Yukon, as I might thus be able to get down the river before it froze up and bring home photographs and a description of the country. So I started in on Alaska Territory from Eagle, the northeastern port of entry, which is 1,700 miles from the mouth of the Yukon. Except for a customhouse and wireless station, and the caretaker of a million-dollar abandoned fort, Eagle would not be on the map. It is on the boundary line between Canada and Alaska. The United States Government finished the million-dollar fort in 1900 and occupied it only one year. This is an example of the way the Government has squandered money in Alaska, and will, while it continues to be extravagantly and inefficiently represented in this distant Territory. Had the million dollars been spent on the natural transportation routes—the rivers—it would have been of practical benefit to miner and settler.

The next point of importance one reaches in descending the Yukon River is Fort Yukon, northwest 300 miles from Eagle,

This town is within the Arctic Circle, being 67 degrees north latitude. For one month of the year the sun never sets. I took splendid photographs at midnight. Fort Yukon is a very old trading point, and was once in the hands of the British Hudson Bay Company. At one time it almost caused a war between Russia and Great Britain. Historically, and in many other respects, Fort Yukon was the most interesting point, to me, in Alaska. The Wells Fargo Express Company has an office there, in fact, this company does all the express business



A BIG MOOSE HEAD AT MINER'S CABIN, FORT YUKON

of Alaska, as well as operating 77,000 miles of railway in the United States. At Fort Yukon I interviewed an old Indian trapper. He had recently sold a silver-fox skin for \$600. He had bought two sewing machines and eight clocks and had them all in his one-room cabin, and was debating what to do with the balance of the money.

From Fort Yukon we passed on down the river 243 miles to

Rampart, an abandoned mining camp. Some mining is done in the interior and the supplies are still taken in from this river port. Two interesting characters lived at Rampart in 1897. One was ex-Sheriff McGraw of Seattle, who had practically "skipped" the State of Washington on account of the defalcation of one of his employes. He found a paying placer mine near Rampart, sold it for \$27,000, then returned to Seattle, paid his debts and was afterward elected Governor of Washington. He was always considered an honest man. The other character referred to is Rex Beach, the author. I took a photograph of a deserted cabin, said to have been occupied by him. I asked an old timer if Mr. Beach had once lived in that cabin. His answer was, "Possibly so, or in some cabin around here." I asked what Beach had "worked at" when in Rampart, and he replied: "Mostly at carpenter work."

They tell a story characteristic of justice in the early days of Rampart. A tough youth, charged with firing his revolver in the crowded street, was brought into court.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate.

"But, your honor, I did not hit any one," protested the young man, "I fired into the air."

"Twenty dollars and costs," firmly repeated the justice. "You might have hit an angel. Besides, this court needs the money."

Across the river from Rampart an experimental agricultural station has been established and is quite a success. At this station supplies are received once a year. It was in midsummer that I was there, and packages containing presents for the following, or possibly the past, Christmas were delivered from the boat on which I arrived.

Three hundred and twenty-five miles down the river from Rampart we docked at Tanana, where a river of the same name flows into the Yukon. Here the Government has built Fort Gibbon, costing another million dollars, and keeps some soldiers. This fort, being located at a more central point, is a place of shelter for stranded prospectors and miners. There is no possible actual use for any soldiers, as the Alaskan Indian

is as harmless as a dog and never did make any trouble for us. The chief business of the inhabitants of Tanana seemed to be that of running saloons and supplying "booze" to the United States soldiers.

One of the tributaries of the Yukon River is the Tanana River. Fairbanks, the most important town in Alaska except Juneau, the capital, is at the head of navigation for large boats on the Tanana River. It took us over two days to go 350 miles upstream, owing to the many sandbars. Fairbanks is the center of a placer-mining district and in the past has been quite prosperous. At present it has about 2,500 population, having had at one time about 5,000. Several rich quartz properties have been discovered in the region, though the extent of the ledges so far is unknown, but the prospects for Fairbanks being a permanent town are undoubtedly good. In order to supply transportation to this town all the year around





A WELLS FARGO STAGE STARTING FROM CHITINA TO FAIRBANKS.

and open up some coal fields, the United States Government proposes spending some fifty million dollars in the construction of a railroad. I suggested to the people at Fairbanks that it would be better for them to persuade the Government to take the interest on the investment, together with the wear and tear and loss in operating a fifty-million-dollar railroad to serve a few thousand people, and give a pension of \$1,500 a year to each man, woman and child, instead of building them a railroad.

In the vicinity of Fairbanks some farming has been developed which pays, owing to the very high price of agricultural products and green stuff. The Government agricultural experiment station at Fairbanks, however, did not seem to be doing so well as those at Sitka and Rampart. It was said the rainfall had been only eight inches for the season in which I was there. When our boat left Fairbanks over one thousand idle men came down to see us off. I was informed that there

is employment only two or three months of the year for men in this section of Alaska. Wages approximate six dollars a day, but the cost of living is in proportion. It was near Fairbanks that a celebrated bishop of Alaska was held up by a highwayman. The bishop tells the story on himself. After he had been relieved of his purse he informed the highwayman that he was the bishop of a certain denomination. The highwayman handed back his purse, exclaiming, "My God, bishop, I belong to that church myself!"

We returned down the Tanana River to Fort Gibbon, where we were transferred from the steamer *Yukon* to the old river steamer *Sarah*, the most uncomfortable, dirtiest and poorest boat I have ever been aboard on any water or in any country in the world. In addition to everything else she was a perfect firetrap, and it is said that the company that owns



THE TOWN OF RUBY, THE NEWEST CAMP ON THE YUKON.

this line got \$250,000 out of the United States Government for river tonnage tax in eight years, while Colonel Richardson, who represented Uncle Sam, was in authority. We dropped down the river 175 miles from Fort Gibbon to Ruby, one of the newest boom towns in Alaska. There never has been any mining in the immediate vicinity of Ruby; it has only been a distributing center for some placer mines in the interior. The town, only a few years old, had apparently seen its best days and seemed on the decline. In looking over the place I was reminded of the story of the traveling man in an Arkansas village who asked a local merchant what they did to pass the time. The answer was, "We skin strangers." The traveling man then asked, "What do you do when there are no strangers?" The merchant replied, "We skin each other." That was the chief occupation of the inhabitants of Ruby, as near as I could ascertain. However, there were a number of very enterprising trappers, some of the ex-prospectors, who

lived in the deserted cabins in the summer and out with the Indians in the winter, buying and trading with



them for their furs.

Leaving Ruby, we steamed down the river to Anvik, an old mission town, where a tributary enters the Yukon. Upon one side of the river running into



INDIAN VILLAGES ON YUKON RIVER.



NATIVE CHILDREN AT HOLY CROSS MISSION



HOLY CROSS MISSION, ON THE YUKON.

the Yukon lived the Christian Indians, belonging to the church, and on the other side were the Siwash Indians, who were still heathen. I observed that the Indians who were not cared for by the missionaries had great quantities of dried salmon, while the Indians who were with the church did not feel the necessity of providing themselves with a winter's supply of fish. Apparently they were satisfied that "the Lord would provide."

From Anvik to the mouth of the Yukon we made a number of stops, but the places we visited hardly justify separate descriptions, since they were really only repetitions of nearly all towns on the river, which, for the most part, consisted of one log store with a big cloth sign, another general store and saloon combined, some fish being smoked on racks, dogs tied to stakes, white trappers sitting by themselves, a number of Indian women with half-breed babies, and several lonely graves.



COLONEL W. P. RICHARDSON, WHO
HAS HAD CHARGE OF GOVERN-
MENT WORK IN ALASKA.

CHAPTER IX.

COAST TOWNS OF ALASKA.

THE natural port from which to sail for Alaska, and from which to supply the Alaskan trade, is Seattle. A number of boats sail every week in the year as far north as Skagway and Seward. Often these are vessels that have seen better days on the Atlantic Ocean, and have deteriorated to a point where the insurance companies will no longer insure them for the rough waters of the Atlantic, and are sent around to the smooth waters of the Pacific, where the companies will again take the risk of insuring them. During the year in which I sailed to, and returned from, Alaska, five of these old ships were wrecked, with considerable loss of life. At no place in

the world have I seen so many wrecked vessels as were beached on the shores of Alaska. It is impracticable to apply our marine laws to the boats making Alaskan ports on account of the conditions being so entirely different. It would save many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars if our Government would chart the bottom of the inland sea that leads to Alaska, instead of wasting big sums of money in surveying routes for impossible railroads that will never be constructed.

Metlakatla, a thousand miles up the coast from Seattle and the first point one touches in Alaska, is one of the most interesting places I



FATHER DUNCAN, THE GRAND
OLD MAN

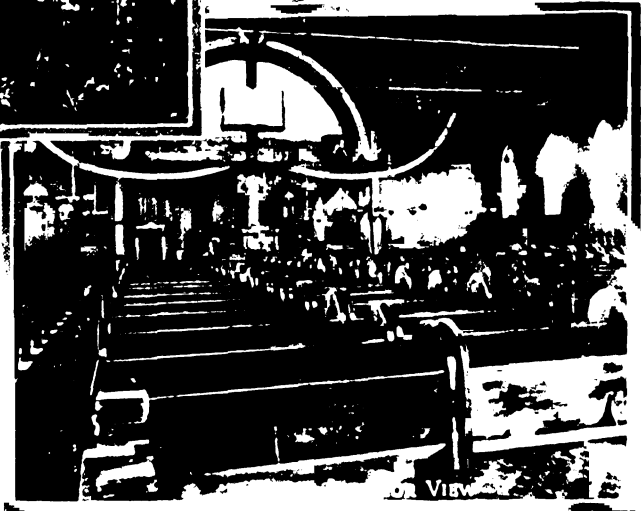
visited while in our Northern possession. It is a one-white-man-and-1,500-Indian island. The white man is Father Duncan, and he is both the spiritual and temporal ruler of the town and island. He came out as a missionary from England over sixty years ago and began work with the Indians in British Columbia. He did not like the laws or conditions in British Columbia, so he petitioned Uncle Sam to let him use this island, to which he moved his Indian followers and where he has conducted his work and lived his life in his own way. He was formerly a tanner by trade, had good Scottish commercial ideas, and has demonstrated what really can be done with the Indian when in honest, competent hands. The chief industry of the island is fishing. All business is carried on in Father Duncan's name for the benefit of the community, and the cost of maintaining the schools and church, local government, fire department and local improvements is paid by him. Father Duncan is now over eighty-five years of age,



EXCURSION PARTY ON STEPS OF FATHER DUNCAN'S CHURCH AT
METLAKATLA.



CHURCH OF METLAKATLA
Built By The Natives

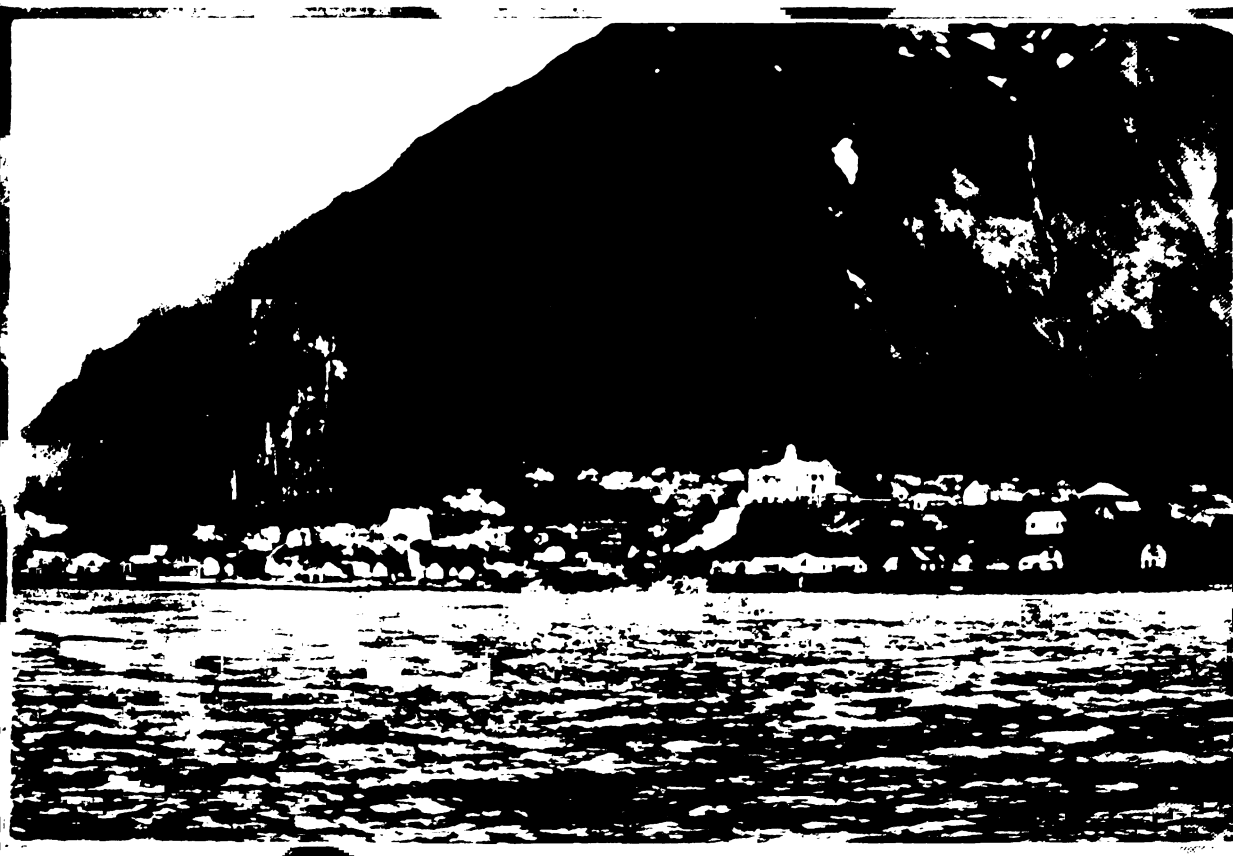


and it is a serious question as to what will become of the Indians when he dies, as there seems to be no strong character in sight to take his place.

I asked an Indian what denomination or creed they belonged to. He said the only creed they had was the Bible. He did not know what the word creed or denomination meant. That is typical of Father Duncan. He has taught the life of Christ without partiality. A few years ago some politicians wished to reorganize the island and place it exclusively under United States laws as to schools, government, etc. Father Duncan stated that he had \$80,000 in the bank at Seattle, and owned all the industries, but was willing to turn over legally everything he had in the world to his Indian followers, if the



A GENERAL VIEW OF



GENERAL VIEW OF JUNEAU,



KETCHIKAN AND ITS HARBOR.



THE CAPITAL OF ALASKA.

meddlers would not disturb him in his school or church work as long as he lived. He is a strange, genuine, wonderful old man, and everything he does rings true.

The real commercial metropolis of southeastern Alaska is Ketchikan, a bustling town of over 2,000 population. Again, salmon fishing is the chief source of revenue, although some quartz mines have been developed near this point. The local newspaper was doing well—which is the best evidence of a live community.

The next port north at which we stopped was Wrangell, which has a population of 800. We arrived after 10 p. m. and here I had my first experience in taking photographs that late in the evening. At one time it was quite an important point where miners left for the Klondike or the northern Canadian interior. Many good stories were told by old miners of what Wrangell had been when it was a "wide-open" town. Here, also, I was introduced to my first totem pole. They hope to develop a good water power here and establish a pulp and paper mill, if the conservation



WRANGELL, ALASKA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 10:30 P. M.

regulations of the United States Government will permit them to develop their local resources. There is a large quantity of spruce and pine in the vicinity suitable for pulp wood. When I was there the tide was out and the beach was covered with crabs and the smell of dead fish and refuse from the canneries was everywhere. There are many nice people living in Wrangell for whom one cannot help feeling sorry. The Stikine River comes in at this point, furnishing splendid salmon fishing during the season.

Petersburg, our next stop north, is headquarters for halibut fishing. Large canneries have been established there. They also have a sawmill which runs the year around. The best time for halibut fishing is during the winter months. Much of the halibut served in Chicago and New York hotels comes from Alaskan waters. In a single day over 1,000,000 pounds of halibut has been landed on the docks at Seattle from Alaska. The population of Petersburg is about 1,000.

The next port north is Juneau, the new capital of Alaska.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION AT JUNEAU



MR. BOYCE AND PARTY PICKING ROSES AT HAINES, ALASKA.

The old capital was Sitka. Juneau was the only town I visited in Alaska that was really booming; it has a population of about 4,000. The first Legislature of Alaska met at Juneau in the winter of 1912-13. While in conversation with a prominent lawyer here, Judge Jennings, I remarked that he bore the same name as a friend of mine, Charlie Jennings, who was a good poker player, and I hinted that perhaps he was also skilled in the game. His laconic reply was "Yes, what I make playing poker I lose practicing law."

After the port of the great Treadwell mine, which I described in the chapter on mining, the next town of importance up this coast is Haines. Fort William H. Seward is located here, with a detachment of soldiers. Chilkat River enters the sea at this point, and the Indian reservation of the same name is located up the river. Here the Government erected good buildings for the Indians, who promptly abandoned them, and the buildings are now falling into ruin. This is a fairly good agricultural country for some miles around. The cleanest cabin I was in while in Alaska, spotlessly clean in this instance, was owned and occupied by C. H. Anway. (See picture on page 66.) He is growing rich selling strawberries. The only thing he seemed to lack was a wife. I covered the country around Haines in an automobile, finding the region level and the roads good. The snow-capped mountain scenery is truly magnificent. The officers and their families at the fort afford considerable society for the community.

Skagway is no doubt remembered by readers as the point from which miners in 1897-98 worked their way, through almost indescribable hardships and difficulties, across White Pass into Yukon Territory during the Dawson placer-mining boom, with this town as the base of supplies. Near this place I saw a lonely grave at the foot of a tree, on which had been carved a cross marking the grave of a prospector, who committed suicide after he had lost for the third time his complete outfit in trying to get across the Pass. He left a note in which he had written: "H—I cannot be worse than this; I'll take a chance."

Skagway at one time had a population of 5,000 or 6,000. It now has possibly 2,000. It is the head of navigation, and the terminus of the White Pass & Yukon Railroad. Many stories, both dramatic and humorous, are told about this town, when every other building was a saloon and dance house and gambling joint. One narrative, I remember, was that of a certain tenderfoot who one day came rushing in headlong flight around the corner of a building and bumped into the sheriff. The sheriff grabbed the frightened fellow and yelled angrily.

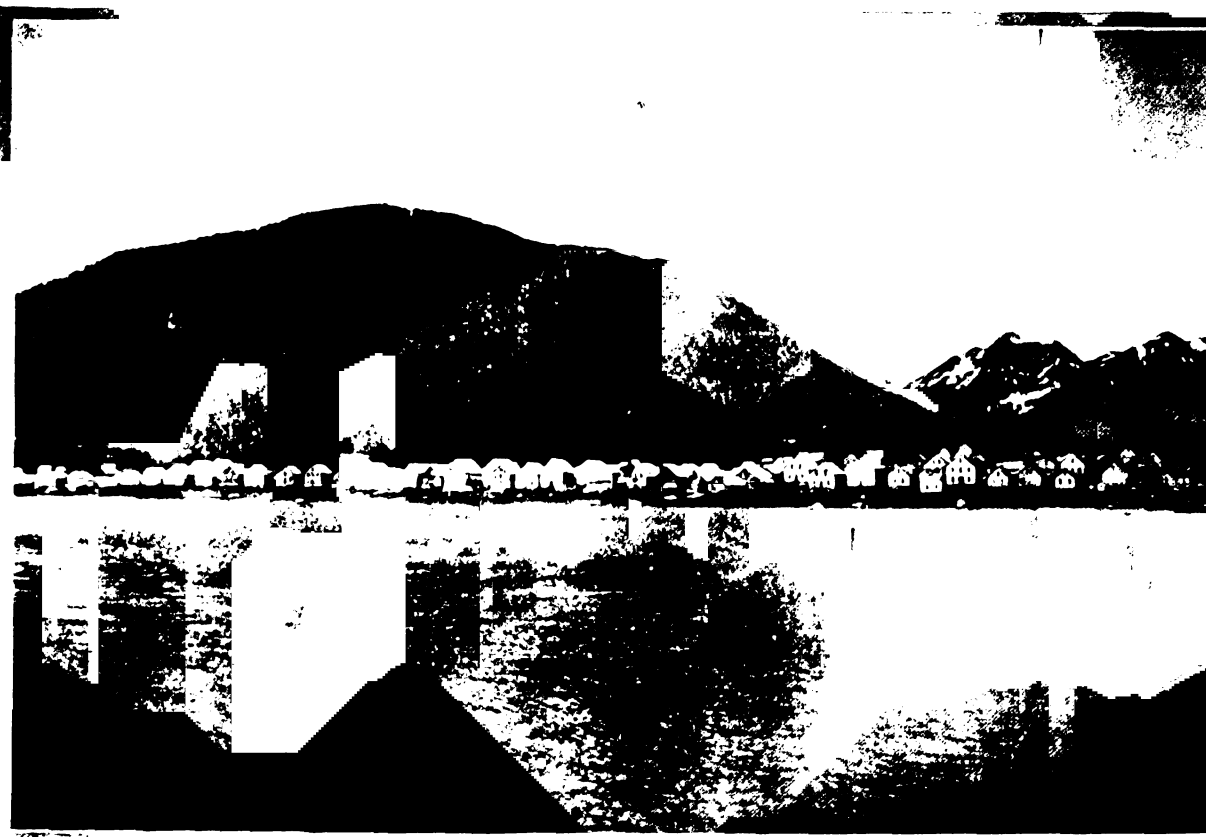
"Where are you running to and what's the matter?"

"I am trying to keep two men from getting into a fight," panted the tenderfoot.

"Who are the men?" demanded the sheriff.

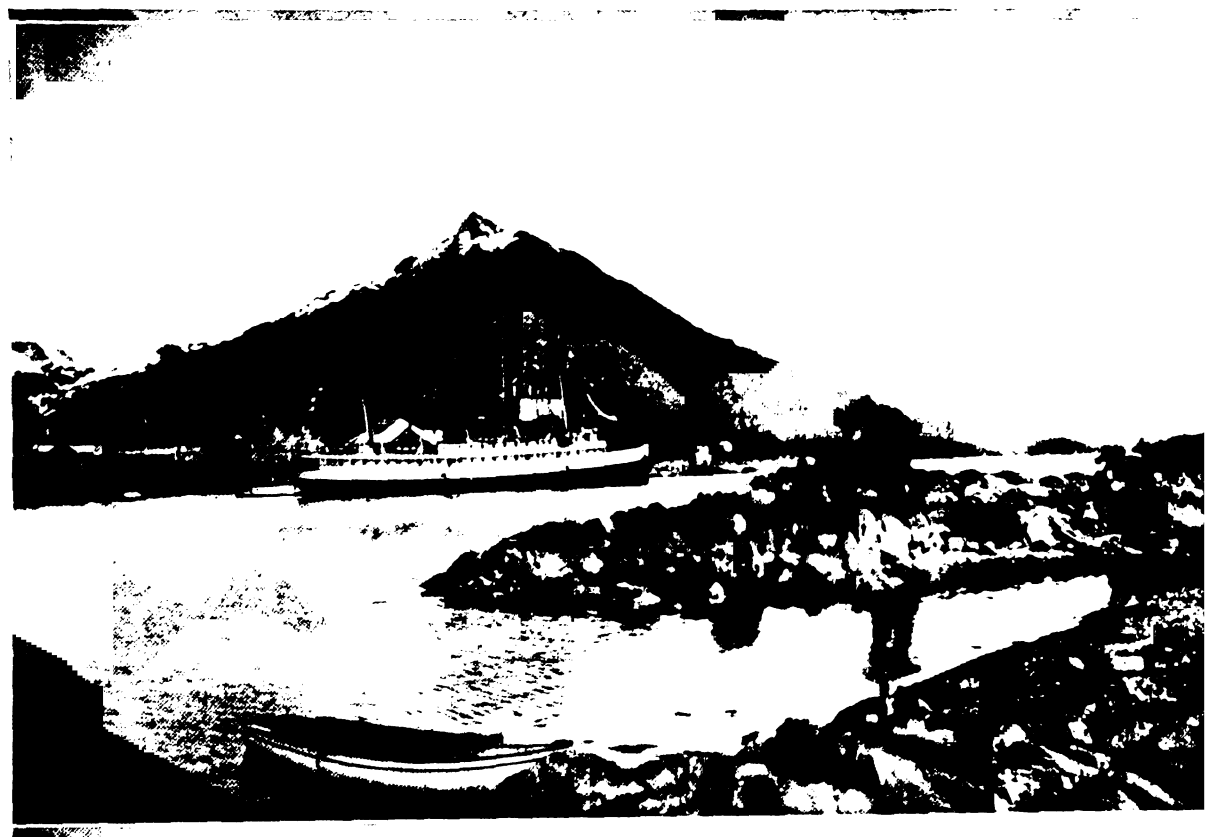
"I am one of them!" gasped the tenderfoot and fainted.

Coming back southwest from Skagway we reached Sitka, the old Russian and American capital of Alaska, which I

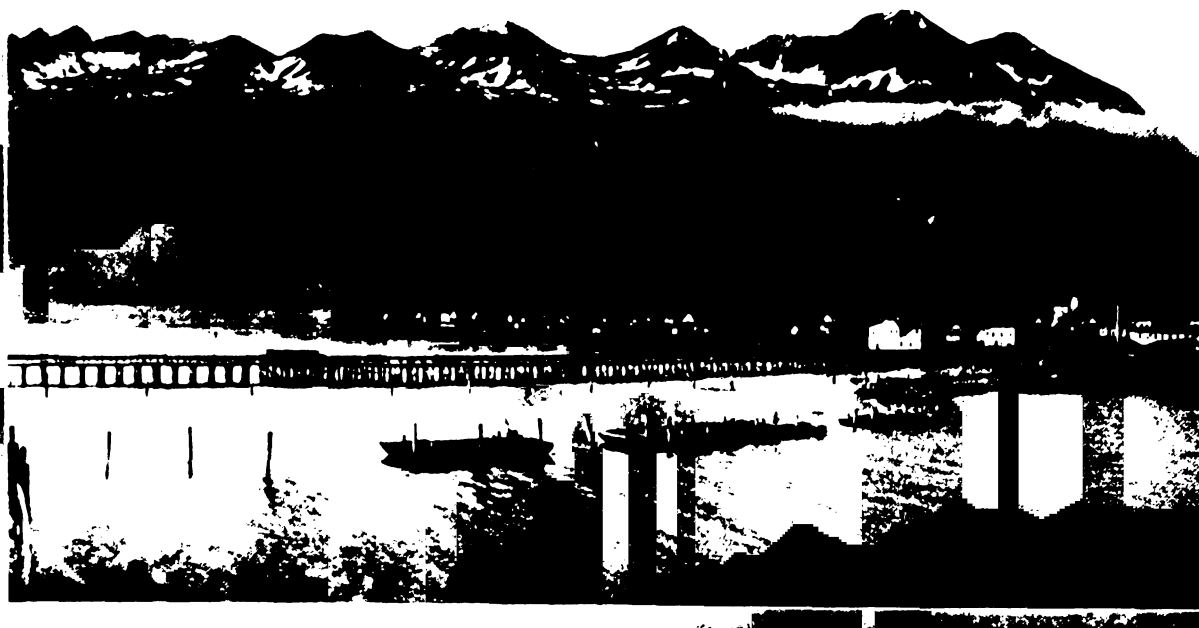


VIEW OF THE TOWN OF

described in a previous chapter. Here we left the "inside passage," and sailed for Cordova, 350 miles northwest of Sitka. This town, situated on a good harbor, impresses one as having a future of considerable importance, owing especially to the great copper and gold mines possible to reach through the only real railroad in Alaska, the Copper River & Northwestern, which starts here, running 196 miles northeast. It is owned and operated by the Guggenheims and the Morgans, as I have previously mentioned, to get out the ore from their great Bonanza copper mine at Kennecott. A branch of this road is the most natural outlet for the great coal fields located about 200 miles from the coast. When I was in Cordova there were but few men left in the region, owing to the latest placer-mining strike at Shushana, accessible from the terminus of the Copper River & Northwestern Railway. Cordova, built on the side of a mountain, is very picturesque. Two vast



8 SITKA AND ITS HARBOR.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



TOWN OF VALDEZ, ALASKA.



OF SEWARD, ALASKA.

glaciers, the Childs and the Miles, are located forty miles up the Copper River from here.

Prince William Sound, on Alaska's central southern coast, affords a great and well-protected harbor. Cordova is on the southeast shore of the Sound and Valdez is on the northeast, only about forty miles as the crow flies, but 100 miles by water and almost impossible to reach by land, owing to the many glaciers. Valdez is at the end of the Government trail from Fairbanks. People here told me that Colonel Richardson, at the head of the Government Improvement Department in Alaska, has spent \$2,000,000 on a trail between Valdez and Fairbanks, less than 400 miles away, and except in winter, when you can go any place in Alaska on ice and snow, it is a mighty poor trail. It is the same old condition of politics and favoritism under which poor pioneer settlers are imposed upon. A part of Valdez is wet during several months in the summer as the result of the seepage of water from a glacier. The United States Government made an appropriation of \$50,000 to protect the town. The "protection," which I saw and photographed, consisted of some brush placed on the ground and boulders piled on top to keep it there. It is a signal example of where the people's money goes in Alaska. Valdez has a population of approximately 2,000.

Latouche is on an island of the same name, 100 miles from Valdez on the northwest corner of Prince William Sound.



DUTCH HARBOR ON

There is nothing there but a copper mine of very low-grade ore, running from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. I was informed that this ore is carried for practically nothing, as ballast for ships, to the smelters in the State of Washington.

There was a time when it looked as if Seward, seventy miles west of Latouche, and the most westerly open-the-year-round port on the mainland coast of Alaska, would become a town of importance, and, except for the conservation and reservation policy of the United States Government in tying up the natural resources of Alaska, there would doubtless be several thousand prosperous people at the present time in this town. At one period the population of Seward numbered some 2,000, today it is about 700. The Alaska Northern Railway, constructed northward from Seward for nearly 100 miles, has been practically confiscated by the United States because it could not pay the annual Government tax of \$100 per mile. Why railroads in Alaska should pay the Government \$100 per mile per year for the privilege of opening up new country is one of the strangest of the many puzzles presented by American statesmanship.

One hundred and seventy-five miles southwest of Seward we came to the great island of Kodiak, which I described in the chapter on Alaskan farming. Dutch Harbor is on Unalaska Island, at the passage between the Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea. It is a well-protected harbor, where the weather is never



UNALASKA ISLAND.



NATIVE CHILDREN AND MIXED RACES, UNALASKA MISSION

very cold, and it is nearer to Japan than to the United States. It was an important base of supplies when Russia owned Alaska and is now used by the United States Government in connection with the revenue cutter service.

Seven hundred and fifty miles north we came to St. Michael, a very old Russian trading post near the mouth of the Yukon. In the summer time river boats on the Yukon meet the ocean-going steamers at this point, transferring passengers and freight. St. Michael has a rather shallow harbor and will, in my opinion, never be a port of very great importance. One of the chief attractions on shore seems to be bears trained to drink beer, the bears being chained to posts in front of saloons. Tourists, through curiosity, are induced to buy bottles of beer for each thirsty Bruin, a source of considerable

revenue for the drinking places. I made a photograph of a bear "caught in the act." There is a law against giving or selling liquors to Indians in Alaska. Why not also apply it to bears? It would seem that drunken bears might be as dangerous as drunken Indians only that they keep the bears chained up while the Indians run loose.

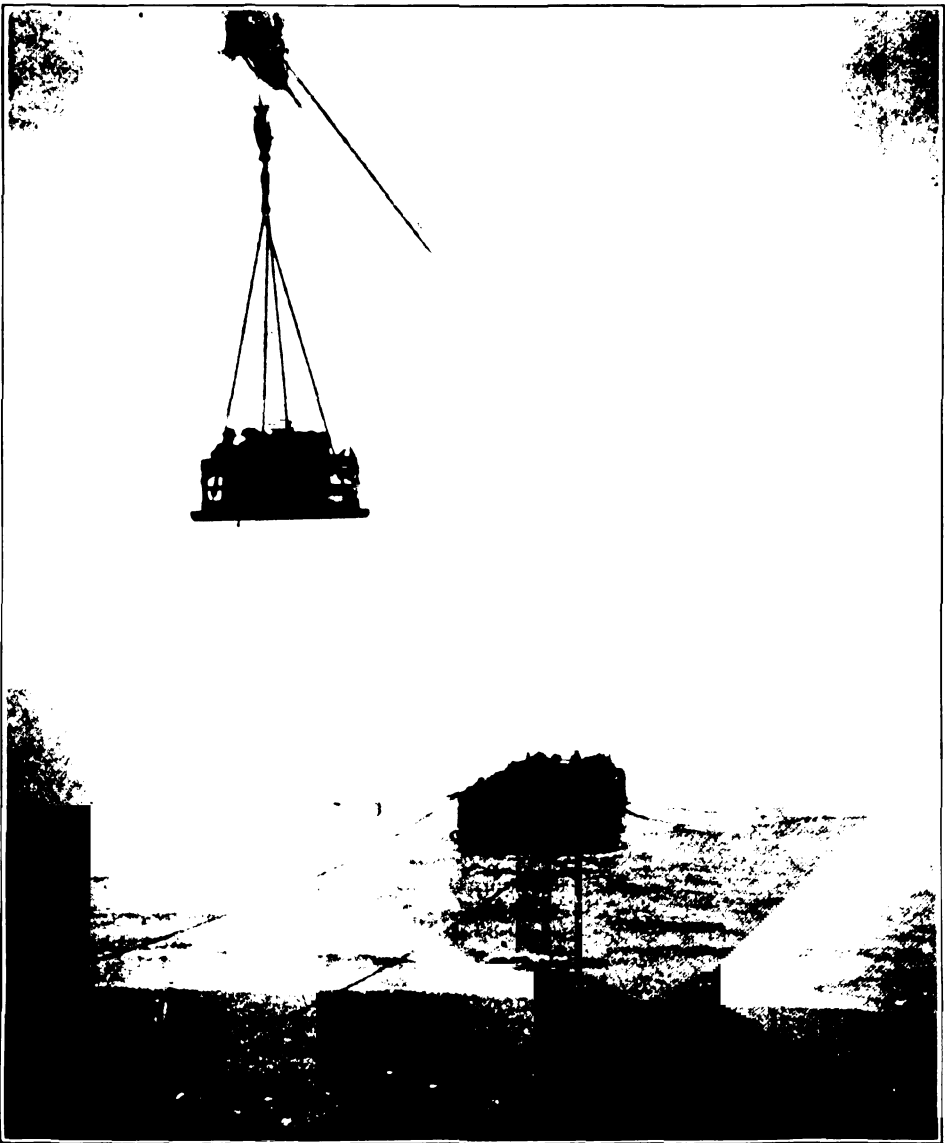


We now come to the "jumping off place" in Alaska, the last town of any importance in the far northwest corner of the Territory—Nome, 105 miles from St. Michael. Early in October, 1913, a large part of this poor town was destroyed by a terrific storm which swept in from Bering Sea. Fire added to the havoc wrought by the waves, and more than 500 persons were left homeless. In 1899 very rich placer deposits were discovered at Nome, and since that year many millions of dollars' worth of gold has been removed. The placer mines



SLUICING FOR GOLD IN THE STREETS OF NOME.

are now practically exhausted. The buildings of Nome are of temporary construction, even the Government structures being made out of flimsy material, and the population, at one period over 12,000, when I was there was less than 1,000. There is no harbor at Nome. Ships drawing more water than a row-boat or shallow barge anchor out in the open, two or three miles from the rough shore, which is constantly being beaten by waves. Every person who attempts to land on shore from a boat gets soaking wet from the flying spray. A pier has



LANDING PASSENGERS BY AERIAL TROLLEY AT NOME.
PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A FOG.



A RACING DOG-TEAM, PRIZE-WINNERS, NOME.



PICTURE OF THE SUN'S CYCLE, TAKEN EVERY HALF-HOUR IN NOME, JANUARY 2D. SUNRISE AT 10 A. M.
SUNSET AT 2 P. M.



been constructed a half-mile from the shore, where passengers and freight are landed from lighters plying between the ocean-going vessels and the pier. From this pier one is carried by an aerial tramway to a high dock on the shore. When I went ashore some of my fellow passengers refused to risk their lives by this method of transportation, although I think they were needlessly alarmed.

Dog racing on the ice in the winter furnishes the residents of Nome their most absorbing sport. The Kennel Club of Nome occupies much the same position as do the jockey clubs of big cities. One of the rules of the club is that all dogs must



ESQUIMAUX IVORY CARVER, NOME.

be registered when they start and be brought back dead or alive, to prevent substitution. Racing dogs have been sold in Nome from \$250 to \$1,200 each. From six to twelve dogs are hitched to a sled. The Derby is run late in the winter to Candle Creek and return to Nome, a course of over 400 miles. "First money" ranges from \$2,500 to \$10,000. Every person in Nome talks "dog" the same as they talk "horse" in Kentucky. It is a striking example of man's ability to extract thrills and excitement from almost any environment.

CHAPTER X.

TYPES AND SCENES.

WHEN one makes a long journey through a great, strange country like Alaska, certain striking objects are encountered and scenes witnessed which do not readily fit into the regular narrative, yet that are important and remain vivid in one's memory. I shall mention a few such items here.

Dropping down the deadly quiet Yukon River late one summer evening, we came to Nulato, where there was an Indian missionary school, church and cemetery. In the purple half-light and mysterious loneliness of the mountain region, the scene was weird and different in many aspects from any other place I had ever visited. I took a photograph which shows a portion of the cemetery, a number of Indian tombs crowning a hill, all constructed on top of the ground. What the camera does not convey to the reader is the fact that each small house for the dead, marked by a cross, was painted a distinctly different color. The sun, burning low on the horizon line, reflected from these uncanny dwellings of the dead all the hues of the rainbow. This glow of vivid colors about the crude tombs where the forms of men lay lifeless produced a strange effect upon the mind. It was much like bedecking a corpse with many-hued ribbons, and you can fancy how strange a sight that would be. If it were the intention of these Indians to make their last resting place so conspicuous that Gabriel could not miss them on the morning of the resurrection, they have certainly succeeded. When the Great Angel finally arrives and proceeds to "page" the sleepers of Alaska he can hardly miss them.

The ice glaciers of Alaska are among the most impressive and curious natural formations that I have seen anywhere.



INDIAN GRAVES ON HILL ABOVE NULATO.

One of the largest of these is the great Childs Glacier on the Copper River. Many of the glaciers abut upon the ocean, and it is rarely that one finds in the interior upon a river forty miles from the sea a "live" glacier, traveling at the rate of four feet every hour, as does the Childs Glacier. It is impossible for any photograph to show more than a small portion of this tremendous formation. It is over 300 feet high, and has a face wall abutting on the river several miles in width, and extends sixty miles back into the valley and high up a mountain side. Quite a "block of ice," you see. Every few minutes thousands of tons of ice break loose from the wall or face of the glacier and rush down into the water with a noise like thunder or the booming of cannon. The plunge of these gigantic masses into the river raises the water until it washes across the 1,500 feet of distance between the wall of ice and the opposite rocky shore and sends waves hundreds of feet up the river bank. In fact, it is dangerous to stand close to the river unless one is a good "sprinter." The play of nature's forces here is so grand that the spectacle becomes fascinating. People stand by the hour waiting and watching for the pale blue masses of creeping ice to break loose, fall and plunge roaring into the river. The boom and shock are fairly stunning.

As I stood there looking at the towering glacier an old story that I had read somewhere came to my mind. It was the tale of a young married couple who on their bridal journey visited a "live" glacier, that is, a moving glacier as distinguished from a glacier that becomes obstructed and remains motionless. As the bridal pair were "honeymooning" about upon the glacier, the husband slipped and fell into a deep crevasse from which his body could not be recovered. The bride, naturally, was heartbroken. However, her grief was slightly assuaged when a wise old professor informed her that the body of her young husband would be frozen and preserved, much as if he had been placed in cold-storage, and that in forty years that portion of the glacier containing the body would reach the sea and the remains could be recovered. The professor added that prob-

ably the physical life of the young man would be locked and held in a state of suspended animation, and it was barely possible that he would regain consciousness when he was "thawed out." So, sustained by hope, the bride remained true to his memory for forty years. Just as the long period of waiting was ended the crevasse in the glacier reached the seashore, precisely as the professor had figured, and the cold-storage husband came to light. Also, as the great man had predicted, the frozen man awoke to life when they thawed him out. The wife was an old woman while the husband was, naturally, still a young man. It looked like tragedy, but the writer of the story was resourceful. The wife by practicing mental suggestion, New Thought, and a species of Christian Science, had kept herself young and beautiful, and the strangely reunited pair finished the wedding journey that had been interrupted forty years before, came home and went to keeping house, and lived happily ever after. Of course, the story was perfectly easy to believe. However, standing there and looking up at the cold and frowning face of the Childs Glacier, it



TOURIST PARTY AND A PORTION

occurred to me that if the young cold-storage husband had been released from the sort of grinding and crashing crevasses that were yawning above the Copper River, he would hardly have been worth thawing out.

But to be serious. The moving glaciers of Alaska are not only beautiful and amazing, they are sometimes a menace. An instance is that of the railroad bridge over the Copper River. This is the largest and most expensive bridge in Alaska. It is 1,500 feet long and cost \$1,500,000. It is located between the Childs and Miles glaciers, and was erected in the winter, the work being carried forward upon the ice. The contractors narrowly escaped failure, as they succeeded in getting the last span of the bridge in position only an hour before the ice went out of the river. When the bridge was located at this point the Childs Glacier was nearly three-quarters of a mile distant. Now it is only 1,200 feet away and is creeping nearer with the passing of each year. I stood upon the bridge with the railroad superintendent, and I asked him what they would do in two or three years, when the gigantic moving wall of ice



OF THE GREAT CHILDS GLACIER.



COLUMBIA GLACIER, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND.

reached the abutments of the bridge. For answer he only shook his head and walked away

On Prince William Sound, near Valdez, our steamer took on ice for the ship's use directly from a glacier. It is called the Columbia, and is one of the most beautiful in Alaska. This glacier is four miles long and 300 feet in height, and continually huge masses are breaking from its face and falling with thunderous crashes into the sound. It is a common practice for ships to take on ice from a certain part of this glacier. The Columbia is a "live" glacier. Where a "live" glacier forms, the land beneath it is always sloping, and the glacier keeps pushing forward by reason of more ice continually forming behind it. A "dead" glacier is a river of ice dammed in a pocket, or where the land beneath it slopes downward toward a mountain or some high point. In southeastern Alaska alone there are 170 glaciers of sufficient importance to have received names. The glacier crop never fails.

I was surprised at the tameness of the reindeer of Alaska.



A HERD OF REINDEER ON THE BANK OF THE YUKON



A SAMPLE OF ALASKAN REINDEER TRANSPORTATION

When we were going down the Yukon, several herders went up into the hills and drove four or five hundred down to the river bank for us to inspect. Ten years ago the United States Government imported from Siberia 1,280 head of reindeer, which is practically a domesticated caribou. When the last reindeer census was taken there were forty-six herds in Alaska, containing 33,000 animals. The natives own 60 per cent of the herds and the missions and the Government own most of the remainder. The reindeer was imported because the enormous destruction of game, seals and walrus had reduced the natives to the verge of starvation. These hardy animals, in addition to furnishing the natives with food and clothing, are largely used for transportation, having taken the place of dogs in drawing sleds in many districts. One of the contradictions found in Alaska is that the reindeer thrive better on dried moss found under the snow than on green foodstuffs.

It is estimated that Alaska has grazing ground sufficient to support 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 head of reindeer, and indications are that the industry will extend over the entire Alaskan Peninsula and many Northern localities not yet occupied. The export of reindeer meat, with its by-products, is expected to form an important item in Alaska's undeveloped resources. In Norway and Sweden smoked reindeer tongues are sold at markets everywhere, and reindeer skins are marketed all over Europe, being worth in their raw condition from \$1 50 to \$1 75 each. The skins are used for gloves, riding trousers and

the binding of books. The hair is utilized in many ways and from the horns is made the best variety of glue.

Alaska has had in the past and has today men of unusual character, some brave as lions, some tenacious as bulldogs, some unscrupulous as Satan, and some as unselfish and kind as the Man of Galilee. Among this latter



BISHOP PETER TRIMBLE ROWE.

class is the best loved man in Alaska, Bishop Peter Trimble Rowe of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is the most trusted man in all this land of distrust. The shy Indian child, or abused, hungry, outlawed dog, comes to him in confidence. The "busted" miner or down-and-out "bum" almost feels the touch and presence of his childhood's mother when near him. God was good to Alaska when He sent Bishop Rowe to represent Him. He was there before gold was discovered, before he was a bishop. He has pulled his own sled with only a poor Indian to help him over thousands of miles of unbroken, snowy trail. He has frozen and starved with the poor, been the honored guest of the rich and the host to everybody—white man, Indian or half-breed. He has not been particular about creeds, nor has he favored, as many missionaries do, only the "members of the church." He first considers the temporary or worldly need of those with whom he comes in contact, and afterward explains that this was what Christ taught "Feed My Lambs."

If Alaska were made into a United States colony, as it should be, he would no doubt, if he would accept, be the first Governor elected by the whole people. He understands the whole country's commercial needs better than all the political officers and officials sent from Washington. If the "Great White Father" would ask the advice of Peter Trimble Rowe, Alaska would get what every honest man wishes it may have—a square deal.

Another able and popular man is Hon. J F A. Strong, first Governor of Alaska since full territorial government went into effect, who was appointed in the spring of 1913 by President Wilson. He is a pioneer Alaskan settler. He started a newspaper at Skagway before the rush into Dawson in 1897. Realizing the great opportunities for making a quick fortune at Dawson, he started over the White Pass, packing his outfit and trying to get through a small printing plant with the first rush in 1897. After encountering hardships which none but a thoroughbred frontiersman could have overcome, he succeeded in getting to Dawson and there established his newspaper.

Like everybody else, he went into mining and did placer mining with his own hands. From Dawson, Canada, he went down the Yukon and up the Tanana. He ran another newspaper at another point in interior Alaska—the name of the town I have



HON JOHN F. A. STRONG, GOVERNOR OF ALASKA.

forgotten. From that point he went to Nome and was there during the boom, conducting the most influential newspaper in such a broad-gauged way that he accomplished a great deal of good in that camp, which was torn and rent by factional

fight for many years. No doubt his wise counsel prevented much bloodshed. Although always a Democrat and true to his party at a time when the Republican administration fully controlled the Alaskan situation, he retained the respect and confidence of every one. From Nome he went to Juneau, the present capital of Alaska, and started another daily paper, and with the change of national administration was the most logical man in all Alaska for the position of first political Governor. He lives in a beautiful home in Juneau erected by the United States Government as the residence of the Governor, and he and his charming wife occupy the first position in social life as well as government. He is a real pioneer, understanding the needs of the country, and, unless overruled at Washington, will be able to do a great deal for Alaska. Although he is only about fifty years of age the hardships of this new country have turned his hair snowy white, he has the military carriage of an officer in the regular army and all the diplomacy of a statesman. He



INDIAN GIRLS SEWING AT SITKA MISSION SCHOOL.

is an honest man and, irrespective of party, was the choice of the people of Alaska for Governor. President Wilson never made a more popular appointment.

If the good intentions of our Government and the missionaries produced such results in Alaska as they do at home, the native Alaskan child would have a good start in the world. But when you consider the "world" they start in, their blood and surroundings, they have precious little chance of success after the only happy days they ever know—their school days—during which they are guarded and cared for mentally and physically and get a start that would be promising anywhere.

The Greek Catholic Church, which first took Christianity to Alaska, in the early days of Russian occupation, maintains missions at a dozen localities, and now nearly every Christian denomination is represented by one or more missions. More than a score of native schools are maintained under the control of a commissioner of education, most of them being at the mission stations, but despite all efforts of the missionaries, a great many native children are still out of reach of educational facilities. However, the attempt at industrial education of the natives has met with considerable success at some missions. The United States Government also spends a large amount of money on the native Alaskans for food, clothing and schools. My observations led me to believe, however, that as usual only a relatively small percentage of this money reaches its intended purpose.

Having shot big game in nearly all parts of the world, the opportunities for this sort of sport in Alaska interested me. Investigation convinced me that Alaska is one of the finest natural hunting grounds in the world, as bull moose, brown, black and grizzly bears, mountain sheep and goats, caribou, deer and other big game, as well as many varieties of smaller game, are so numerous in many parts of the Territory that sportsmen rarely fail in getting good results. Under the game laws, nonresidents must obtain hunting licenses from the Governor, and on the Kenai Peninsula they must employ registered guides. The big game hunting season opens on

August 1st and lasts four months. During the closed season bears, moose, mountain sheep and other game may be killed by miners and explorers in search of food, but cannot be shipped from the Territory.

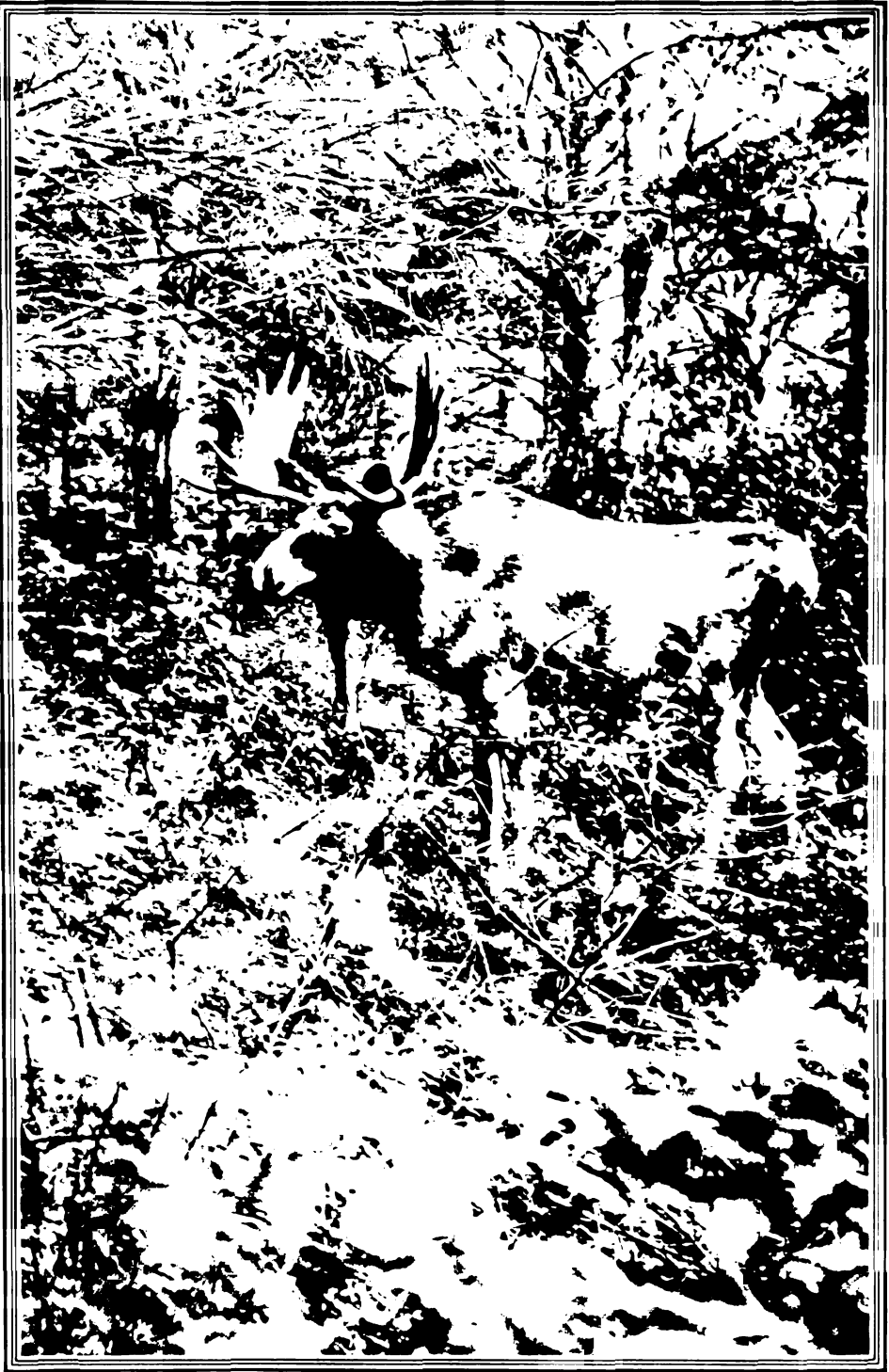
In the number and variety of its bears, Alaska is without a rival. Scientists report that there are thirteen varieties, but these are classified into four general types—brown, black, grizzly and polar bears. Brown bears, which are noted for their size and ferocity, are most numerous in southeastern Alaska. A variety of the brown bear, called Kodiak, is found on the island of that name. Black bears roam in many parts of the Territory, but are especially common in the southeastern region. Grizzly bears are found along the coasts and in the interior. Polar bears, the largest of all, confine themselves chiefly to the ice floes of the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean. The polar bear does not hibernate in winter, but remains on the

ice and lives on seals and fish. In Nome there are a number of noted polar bear hunters.

The moose is the largest hoofed wild animal in North America, and ranges throughout the timbered portion of Alaska, with the exception of the southeastern coast region. Because of the fact that few men will kill a cow moose, these animals have not diminished like the caribou. The caribou of the plains roam the barren North in the summer and return southward in the winter. For years great herds have been killed off at the southern feeding grounds, but there are said to be millions more in the far North. The caribou are not so wary as the moose, but



AN ALASKAN BROWN BEAR.



SNAPSHOT OF AN ALASKAN BULL MOOSE.



MOUNTAIN GOATS FROM SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS, ALASKA.

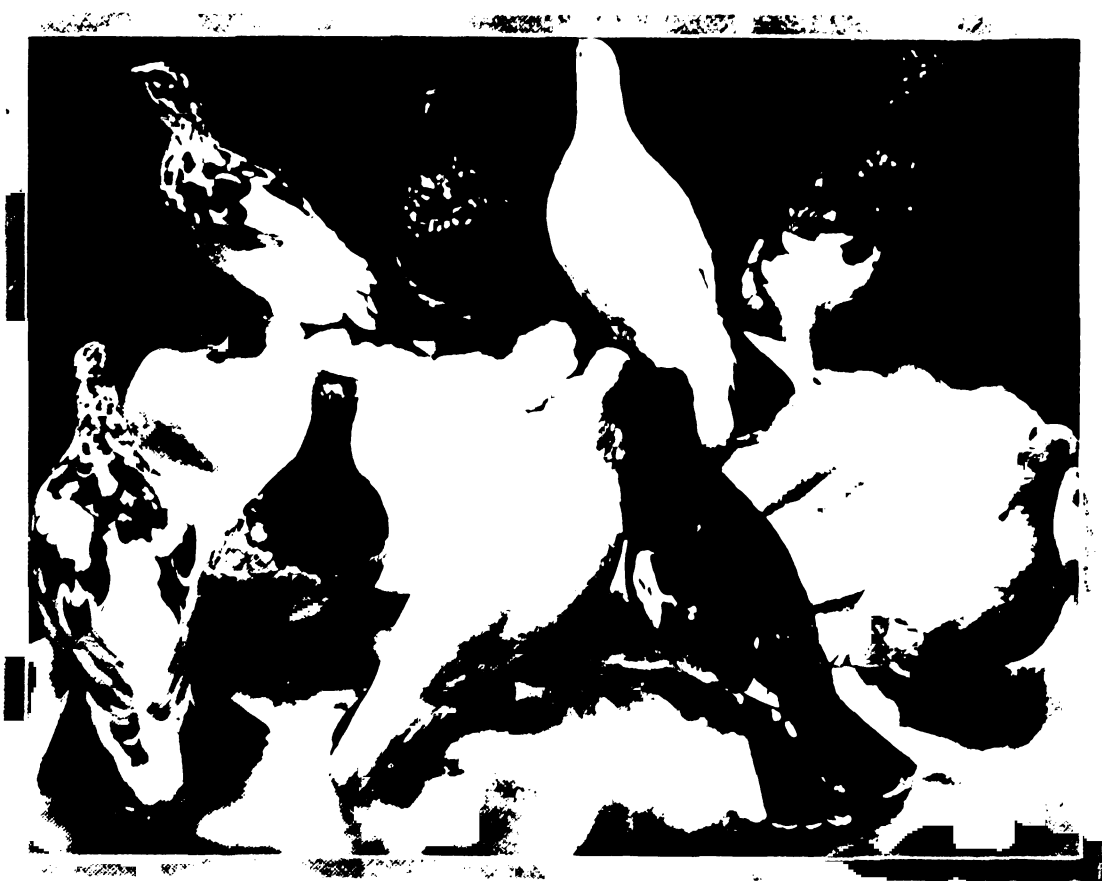
the species found in the woodlands is more difficult to hunt than the plains variety, being wilder and also having the protection of the foliage. In the southeastern coast region there are many deer of the blacktail variety. The blacktail ranges farther north than any other American deer.

The mountain sheep of Alaska are nearly pure white, more graceful, somewhat smaller and with more slender horns than the Big Horn or Rocky Mountain sheep. They are most numerous about the main divides and the higher peaks, and hunting them is one of the most exciting sports. Mountain goats are abundant in regions where there are few mountain sheep. The mountain goat of Alaska resembles the chamois of Europe.

There are four varieties of fox in Alaska, one being the red

fox; the others are the silver-gray, the cross and the black. The selling of fox skins has become a most profitable industry. Large shipments, increasing in quantity with each year, are made from Alaska. There are many fox farms and the development of the industry is giving employment to many people. Fox farming is principally confined to the black and silver-gray varieties. Other valuable fur-bearing animals which are plentiful in the Territory are the lynx, mink, otter, and marten, or American sable. The stoat, or ermine, is found in some parts of Alaska. There is a bounty on wolves, which have practically exterminated the small deer in southeastern Alaska. The wolverine is encountered in many parts of the country, where it lives chiefly as a scavenger.

Of all the birds of Alaska the ptarmigan are the most interesting. They have served as food for many a prospector and explorer in the far North. The color of their feathers



STUFFED ALASKAN PTARMIGAN, SHOWING THE PLUMAGE OF THE DIFFERENT SEASONS.

changes from a tortoise-shell in the summer to a beautiful white in the winter. While it is difficult to see them when they are on the snow, they are easy to kill except in the mating season, as they do not flee when one approaches them, and it is often possible to knock them over with rocks and sticks. The mother birds are cunning when protecting their nests, however, endeavoring to lead visitors as far away as possible. Nature has provided these birds with a covering for their legs of hairlike feathers, to protect them from the severe cold. There are five varieties of grouse in Alaska, one of the best known being the blue grouse.

Ducks, geese, plover, snipe, brant and many other species of birds are found upon almost all of the lakes and streams. Near St. Michael a tract of country equal in extent to fifty by one hundred miles square, and particularly fitted for the purpose by reason of its swamps and waterways, has wisely been set apart as breeding ground for the above species of feathered creatures. Hence, you see, duck shooting and kindred sports promise to continue good.

Apropos of duck shooting, an Alaskan friend of mine related to me how an official tenderfoot from Washington, D. C., came out to his town on a Government mission. My friend took the official out duck shooting. The official had never before in his life fired a gun at a flying bird, but the first duck he shot at fell dead to the ground.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed my friend in surprise.

"Yes," replied the tenderfoot, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition, the fall would have killed the duck anyhow!"

His mental processes were about on a plane with the reasoning of persons who believe that, as in the case of Alaska, a country can be wisely governed and provided for by statesmen who never saw it and live 5,000 miles away. I am glad to note that Franklin K. Lane, United States Secretary of the Interior, now openly admits this view of the case.

A strictly constructive program of development should be adopted for Alaska, a scheme that will release and bring the

energies of Alaska herself into action. So far as possible the resources of Alaska should be set free from Government restrictions, and the development of the country left to Alaskans. If the Government should build railroads in Alaska, let us be sure that it goes no further than that, giving every one an equal opportunity in the matter of rates and business rights, and keeping political favoritism out of the situation. Individuals prompted by individual interests will always develop a new country more rapidly than Government agencies, if the individuals are not overtaxed or hampered by unjust and restricting laws. Remember that Alaska is the largest body of unused and neglected land now belonging to the United States. The demand

for homes in the "States" is greater than the supply. Alaska should be opened up rapidly and upon a liberal and perfectly fair basis of opportunity to all. Many brave and energetic people are already there, many more of like character will follow when the Government's policy becomes sane and liberal instead of hurtful and restrictive. Above all, Alaska's need is to be constructed into a colony, with very limited connection with Washington, D. C., that the Alaskans themselves may develop and control their country according to their ambitions and needs. It is quite true that Alaska on August 24, 1912, was created a Territory, with a Legislature of its own, but the act creating it a Territory states that "it shall be a Territory, under the laws of the United States, the government of which shall be organized and administered as provided by law." Hence the United States Government holds the whip hand. However, the first Legislature that convened at Juneau, in the spring of 1913,



ALASKAN BALD EAGLE.

did well, though Congress has the right to annul any of its acts.

Twenty-three members attended the meeting of the first Legislature. The election was held in November, 1912, and complete returns did not reach Juneau until February 12, 1913, as the ballots and registers had to be transmitted through the mails overland in winter. If the vote had been close in any district there would have been trouble, for it was impossible to issue election certificates until the members apparently elected had arrived at the capital. Senators and Representatives from the Northwestern (Nome) District traveled with dog teams to the head of the sleigh-stage line at Fairbanks, a distance of from 700 to 900 miles, then followed the stage trip of 360 miles to Valdez and a voyage by steamer from Valdez to Juneau, about 700 miles. One Senator walked over the frozen trail several hundred miles, stopping at road houses on the way. His official mileage allowance was 15 cents a mile. The distance traveled by the members, to Juneau and returning to their homes, averaged 2,451 miles, or an average allowance for traveling expenses of \$367.65. On account of the time consumed this would hardly pay their board bill *en route*.

There is no strong political party in Alaska—the residents of a Territory do not vote in national elections—and so the main question in the mind of each Legislator was “What is best for Alaska?” instead of “How can I serve my party?” A lawyer was President of the Senate and a miner was Speaker of the House. The Legislature enacted eighty laws. The first law, No. 1, granted women in Alaska the same right to vote as the men. This Legislature also furnished Alaska with long-needed public health statutes, laws for bank regulation and for relief of the poor, created a territorial treasury, made important amendments to the mining laws, which had been imposed without regard to conditions in the Territory, enacted an employers’ liability law and revised licenses and taxes. The Legislature was confronted with the difficulty of raising revenues in a Territory whose population is small and whose developed resources are already taxed heavily under United

States laws for the benefit of our rich National Government, but the new revenue law is not regarded as being vicious and is expected to yield \$240,000 a year. The Legislature authorized appropriations amounting to \$60,000 a year for two years. One of its most important acts was the passing of a poll tax law for the construction of highways. The new tax of \$4 per capita is being collected with little trouble, so universal is the demand for real roads in Alaska. Even with the drawback of a Government 5,000 miles distant the Alaskans are hopeful.

And now reluctantly my pen and Alaska part, but not forever. How can I forget this big, poor, rich Territory? So long as I can secure the public ear through my pen and voice will I try to help Alaska to her own, so long will I advocate the making of Alaska a colony of the United States instead of a Territory. This country of contradictions, with the Arctic Ocean on one side and warm Japan Current on the other; this far North country of perpetual spring and winter; this country of glaciers and strawberries; this land of the midnight sun and sunless midday, this country of highest mountains and deepest sea; this country of longest rivers and fairest flowers, this country of wildest animals and tamest seals; this country where the reindeer gets fatter in the winter than in the summer; this country of richest mines and poorest transportation, this country of bravest men and lowest outcasts—may you some day be intrusted to work out your own salvation, as you alone can do it, with Uncle Sam lending you a helping, not a hindering, hand.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Area in square miles 6,446, population 1914, estimated, 200,000; of this number 25,000 are natives and about 45,000 of Caucasian extraction; the balance are half-breeds, with about 100,000 Japanese and Chinese—Capital, Honolulu, population about 55,000—Chief resources, sugar, pineapples, coffee, honey, hides, fruits, rice, wool, tobacco, cotton and rubber—Exports to foreign countries, 1913, \$758,546; imports, \$6,033,531; imports from United States, 1913, \$29,129,409, exports to United States, same period, \$42,713,294, of which sum \$37,707,820 was for sugar—Total assessed value of property in islands, 1913, \$175,201,161—Present Governor, Hon. Lucius E. Pinkham.

CHAPTER XI.

OCEAN AND ISLANDS.

ON THE bosom of the vast Pacific, either through peace or by war, the inevitable struggle for the final world supremacy is likely to be decided. The position and relations of mankind in the Occidental portion of the earth have, for the most part, been fought out upon the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and its shores. But the heave and surge of changing human forces are active in the Orient, the meeting of the tides of the white and yellow races, where two-thirds of the world's population lives; hence, the Pacific is "the Ocean with a Future" and tremendously important and interesting. The United States owns many of its islands, and is destined to play the chief rôle in coming events in that quarter of the world.

It is an ocean rife with romance and mystery, and so large that the human mind falters in trying to grasp its extent. Yellow men and dark-skinned people dwelt upon its islands and the great Eastern lands that border it, through ages and ages before Europe discovered them. But change came, the day dawned. From the Orient came the first settlers of the American Continent, by way of cold Siberia and Alaska.



COCONUT PALMS, HAWAII.

Four hundred years ago, on September 25, 1513, the western shore of this greatest of oceans was first seen by a white man. That day Balboa, its discoverer, looked out upon it from a hill of the Isthmus of Panama. It was a momentous day for mankind, and yet the white man has gone but little farther west.

However, thousands of miles away across the wide waters, and more than two hundred years before, a white man had skirted the far-off eastern shores of the mighty sea. That was Marco Polo, the Venetian. His history is one of the world's great stories. His father and uncle, although merchants, were adventurers at heart and set out on distant trails "to increase their wealth and enlarge their knowledge of the world." They spent twenty-five years in traveling through the Orient, and at



SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU.

the age of seventeen young Marco accompanied his father to the eastern limits of Asia. He lived in Peking, "in Far Cathay," for many years, as guest and hostage of the Grand Khan. At last his opportunity came to return to Venice when an Oriental sovereign, then ruling in Persia, desired to marry a Mongol princess. A deputation was sent to ask for her hand and the offer was accepted. But when the lady attempted to journey to her lord overland, she found the country unsettled and was obliged to return home. Then Marco Polo saw his chance.

"Let me take the Princess to Persia by sea," he said, and the Grand Khan consented. Fourteen ships, provisioned for three years, set sail down the Pei-ho River from Peking and



NATIVE HAWAIIAN SPEARING FISH.

the first recorded voyage on the Pacific was begun. This was in 1291

Out on the Yellow Sea they sailed, Marco in command, and in three months reached the island of Sumatra; then through the Indian Ocean, beset by adverse winds and attacked by pirates. But Persia was reached at last. In the meantime the prospective groom had died, but his son willingly married the foreign bride "and they lived happily ever after."

Marco kept on to Italy and published his famous map and an extravagant description of his travels. While more than two hundred years ahead of Balboa, he little suspected the magnitude of the waters on which he had sailed, an ocean over 10,000 miles wide at the equator and of nearly equal length, containing double the volume of the Atlantic, its nearest rival.

It remained for Magellan in his marvelous voyage of circumnavigation of the globe to know its immensity. "It is a sea so vast that human mind cannot grasp it," he wrote.

Born of Portuguese parentage and of noble blood, as was Balboa, Magellan made his first voyage to the East Indies, to the Spice Islands. Learning of Balboa's discovery, the idea came to him that this great "South Sea" might stretch westward to the very islands he had visited. Seven years later he set sail for the Spanish Crown, with five little vessels, the largest only one hundred and twenty tons. Crossing the South Atlantic, and experiencing treachery and mutiny, he at last reached "an opening like unto a bay," and the long sought channel was found. At Cape Pillar, the western end of the strait, he found placid waters, hence the name "Pacific," or peaceful, ocean, which is not always true of those waters by any means. Then across the immense ocean Magellan sailed from the strait, north of Tierra del Fuego, which bears his name, to the island in the Philippines which holds his grave.

Two hundred and fifty-eight years later, the famous James Cook, an English naval captain, plowed a straight furrow from south to north on the Pacific, from the tropical Society Isles to the seal lands of the Bering Sea. Like Magellan, he was killed by the natives and lies in an island grave.

Ocean greyhounds have taken the place of the outrigger canoes of the savages which dared the deep in Cook's day, and still put out occasionally from island shores. Floating palaces carry us to the Asiatic coast from which the junks of the ancients still set sail. Advancing and arrested races meet.



OLD-TIME HAWAIIAN MUSICIANS
AND A HULA-HULA DANCER.

But China, the mighty Rip Van Winkle, wakens, and Japan has already won a place among the great nations of the world. The Philippines, Gems of the East, have become our foster-children, and Hawaii, Pearl of all the Pacific, our very own. Whether we believe it wise or not, it is inevitable that a great continental nation, like the United States, should have outlying territories and island possessions in the seas that wash its shores. It is a matter of self-protection as well as a demand of commerce. Hence, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and the Panama Canal Zone.



To us the Hawaiian group of islands is very important. Their history is strange, misty, romantic. Their original inhabitants apparently came from the Orient. Out onto the greatest of all oceans primitive people set sail in their crude canoes far back in the shadowy, prehistoric past. They had been driven to the very fringe of the Asiatic continent by more warlike tribes, to the Straits Settlements of today. Now Mongol hordes from the North still forced them on. Passing the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, where ferocious black cannibals lived, these gentle brown voyagers came out upon the great unknown waters which we call the Pacific Ocean. With their domestic animals, food-plants and household gods, they sailed with the winds to Hawaii and other islands farther south. And so Polynesia was peopled.

At least this is the way I see it. The Hawaiians will tell you a different story. Wakea and his wife, Papa, arrived first, they say, just after creating the earth. Then Hawaii-loa, a bold seaman, came from the west, and other people from the south in large double canoes. The *menehunes*, or fairies, crept out of the forest at night and built huts, boats and temples of worship for the newcomers. And thus the legends run down until they blend into history.

Without doubt, all the people of Polynesia are of one race. From Hawaii to New Zealand, from Easter Island to Samoa, we find the same arts, customs and folklore and the languages are closely related. The story of the early life of the Hawaiians, and the coming of the white man to their shores is worth relating.

For centuries these happy children of the Great Ocean lived in ignorance of the white-skinned people. Balboa, claiming the Pacific and all the lands that bordered it for the Crown of Spain, little dreamed of these palm-encircled islands. Magellan, first of white men to cross this ocean, passed them by. Sir Francis Drake, following in Magellan's wake, missed them. And, marvel of marvels! The galleons of Spain, plowing their clumsy way from Mexico to Manila twice a year for two hundred and fifty years, failed to discover them! I have heard

that the secret archives of Spain made record of their existence, but I doubt it, for the Spanish navigators seemed altogether ignorant of this haven lying between their New and Old World possessions.

It is pleasant to picture the island life in those early days.



A BELLE OF HAWAII.

The great sea-going canoes were from fifty to one hundred feet long and six to eight feet deep. A large company went on voyages from island to island, the chief and his family sitting on a mat-covered platform above the bronze paddlers. The sails were made from strips of matting. Great gourds served as water bottles. Pigs, dogs and chickens were carried alive and the taro plant and breadfruit were part of the cargo. The pilot steered by the stars. Sometimes many canoes formed a squadron, the chief pilot guiding them all. A strange contrast, this, to the ocean greyhounds which ply between Hawaii and New Zealand today, and our Pacific Coast.

These early islanders were expert fishermen, using hook and line, nets, spears, and wicker baskets. They could fairly outswim the fish. Nature supplied everything they needed from the bone and shell for their fishhooks to the *olona* shrub for their nets. The hardwood for their canoes, the calabashes for their household implements, the roots for basket weaving—all grew in abundance.

Before building a canoe, they offered a prayer to the gods and the priest of the village went into the forest with the men to choose the right kind of tree. *Koa*, the Hawaiian mahogany, was first choice. Many of the outrigger canoes which the traveler sees today in Pacific island ports is the type which has been in use for centuries.

Hawaiian farmers raised taro, yams, bananas and sweet potatoes, and very early the sugar cane was brought to them. From the taro root *poi*, the chief article of food, was made. It corresponds with the cassava of South America, made from the manioc plant.

Among all primitive people baskets are woven, as they must have a way of carrying things. The fiber of a tree, well beaten, was commonly utilized as a garment. The most of the Hawaiian fiber garments were beaten from the *wauke* tree, which was cultivated for the purpose.

The Incas of Peru wore feather garments as a mark of nobility, and so did these early Pacific chiefs. Helmets, capes and headdresses of great beauty were woven by the women for

the ornamentation of their lords. A tall chief decorated with multi-colored feathers must have been a gorgeous sight, and formidable as well, when equipped with a great adz weighing twelve pounds, useful in the felling of tree or foe.

We must not picture these people as always at work and war, for games, songs and dances played an important rôle in their care-free lives. Many of the national songs and characteristic dances have come down to the present day, and form the chief attraction to tourists visiting the islands.

The people lived in grass houses, but sometimes built stone



HAWAIIAN HUT. FEW OF THIS TYPE ARE NOW LEFT

walls about the huts as a protection. A few of these walls still stand, but there are no great monuments of the aborigines on any of the eight islands of the Hawaiian group, as on Easter Island.

One stormy night, way back in November, 1736, a boy was born in Hawaii, who was destined to become Kamehameha the Great, and unite all the islands into one kingdom. He played at surf-riding and hurling the spear with the other lads and worked in the fields with a will, but very early his companions felt his superiority. He was stronger and braver than they. It was long before he ascended the throne. It was while he still



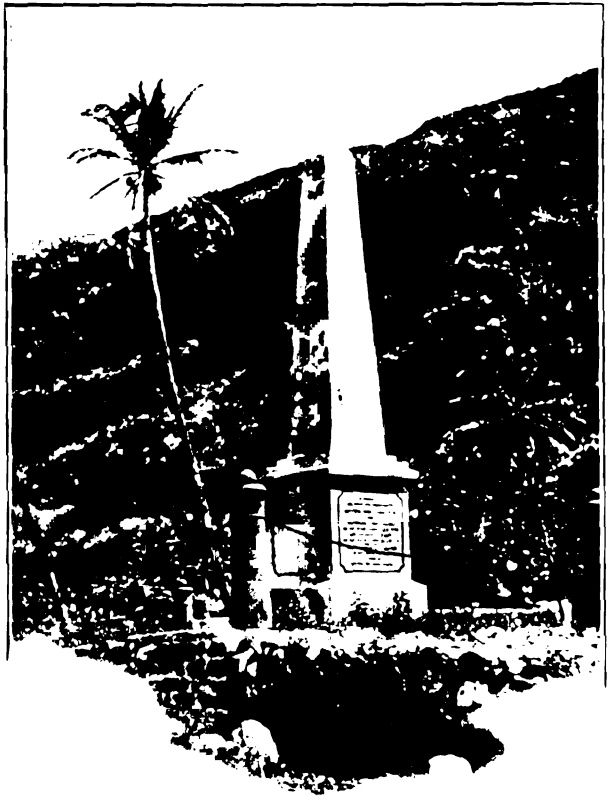
STATUE IN HONOLULU OF KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.

lived with his uncle, King Kalaniopuu, that James Cook, the English explorer, discovered the islands. On his way from the far South to the Bering Sea, Cook accidentally sighted Oahu, on which the city of Honolulu is now situated. Later he landed on Kauai and Niihau, a little to the northwest.

The natives were terrified at the sight of the strange ships and said, "A forest has risen from the sea." Cook stayed long enough to trade nails and iron for food and water and was very kindly treated by the dark-skinned people.

The following year he came again to winter in the sunny isles, and Kamehameha, always fearless, accepted an invitation to remain all night aboard one of the ships. After a month of hospitalities on either side, the strangers seem to have outstayed their welcome. Many stories have been told of how Cook met his death, but it is certain that he was stabbed in the back by one of the Hawaiians. His monument is at Kealekekua Bay, not far from the spot where he fell.

Now other strangers arrived, from England, France and Asia, traders and missionaries, and Hawaiian boys were taken away to be educated in civilized lands. Kamehameha came to the throne and determined to unite all the islands under his rule. He did this and more. He was fair to foreigners and did his best to keep them in the country to teach his people new ways. He granted them lands free from rent. To-day he stands out as the greatest character in Ha-



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT

waiian history, for, while he respected all of the old customs of his people, he changed their way of living little by little, preparing them for civilization and Christianity. He was far ahead of his time. A hundred years after Cook's discovery the people erected a monument to their beloved "Kamehameha the Great" in a park in Honolulu.

American missionaries reached the islands in 1820 and the most of our early knowledge of the Hawaiians came to us through them. They were teachers, above all things, and performed a noble work, with kindness and tolerance, also with an eye to business.

There have been four other rulers by the name of Kamehameha since the first one reigned, and Kamehameha III. renounced the throne for British rule. This did not last long, however, for in 1843 came Restoration Day, when the Hawaiian flag was again raised.

Kalakaua, the last native king, died in 1891 at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and the cry was still "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," but by this time there were many aliens on the islands and little of the native stock left of the reigning type. Kalakaua's sister was proclaimed Queen under the title of Liliuokalani, but a republican form of government followed two years later.

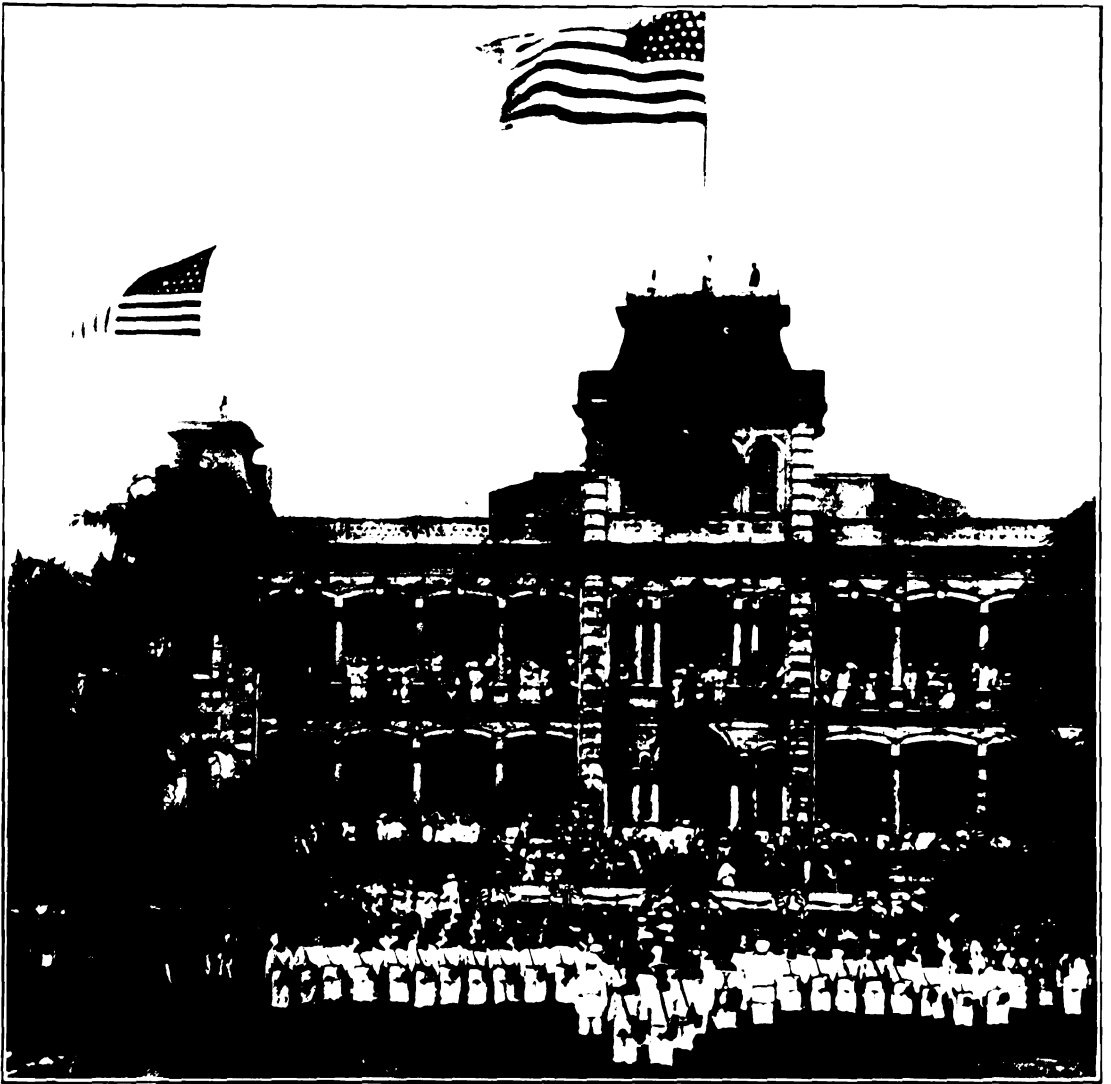
When we went to war with Spain, the possession of Hawaii became a very important matter. Symptoms of annexation had been conspicuous for some time, and three months after the beginning of the war, President McKinley approved the bill making the island republic a part of the United States.

The official taking over of this group, "the fairest fleet of islands anchored in any sea," while pathetic, was most impressive. It was the echo of Dewey's guns at Manila that was heard in Honolulu August 12, 1898, when one flag went down amid the roar of saluting cannon, and another went up to take its place. A man who was there on that memorable day told me that only a small crowd was present and every one very quiet. The ceremony was short and sad. A republic was being absorbed. A nationality was being snuffed

out like a candle. Naturally it was not a joyous affair. When it was over, women, wearing the American emblem, wiped their eyes—even men who had been strong for annexation had a lump in their throats.

As for the Hawaiians, none were present. They kept to their homes, away from streets and shops. The crowd in front of the Executive Building was composed of Americans, Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese.

The ceremonies carried all the tension of an execution. It was more like a funeral than a *fête*. Rear Admiral Miller



THE STARS AND STRIPES WAVING OVER HAWAII.

landed men from the warship *Philadelphia*. Three marines walking apart carried a great roll in their arms, the American flag. A gentle rain was falling. When United States Minister Sewell had finished his short, dignified speech, the Hawaiian flag, which was proudly waving, sank for the last time as the Government band played the national anthem, "Our Very Own Hawaii." All heads were uncovered and many were bowed. In the distance the twenty-one gun salute to the falling flag from the battery of the *Philadelphia* boomed out. Then at a signal the "Star Spangled Banner" burst from the *Philadelphia's* band, as the big thirty-foot flag went to the peak. The clouds broke. The blue sky showed overhead. The most beautiful flag on land or sea caught the breath of a passing breeze and flung itself wide over the fairy islands, a promise to Hawaii, "for better or for worse, in sickness or in health," wedlock forever with the "land of the free and the home of the brave." And who will dare to take this flag down?

To the former Governor of the islands, Hon. Walter F. Frear, much credit is due for the intelligent handling of governmental matters in Hawaii. Hon. Lucius E. Pinkham, the present Governor, was appointed November 29, 1913. Though not highly pleased with the appointment, the people of the islands are hoping for creditable results.

CHAPTER VII.

HAWAII OF TODAY.

“ON THE edge of the world my islands lie,” sings Mary Dillingham Frear, wife of the ex-Governor of Hawaii, in one of her charming Pacific poems, and the people of Honolulu will grant this to poetic license. But they deeply resent that this is about where most of us locate the Hawaiian Islands.

This is especially true east of the Rocky Mountains. As one travels west, however, one's viewpoint gradually changes. On the Pacific Coast, Hawaii is no longer “those Sandwich Islands overseas,” but a wide-awake American territory just a little farther on. In San Francisco and Seattle the people are as closely in touch with Honolulu commercially as with New York.

We sailed from the Golden Gate to Honolulu under the American flag and, with the exception of a few tourists bound for the Orient and a lot of little “Chinks,” as stewards and cabin boys, the people on board were all live Americans on their way from one of Uncle Sam's ports to another, on business or on pleasure.

In San Francisco one has the choice of three steamer lines to the islands, all flying the Stars and Stripes. A fourth line, Japanese, is debarred by our coastwise shipping law from carrying passengers between two American ports, although tickets are sold on the “Jap”



line from San Francisco to Manila. The status of the Philippines seems to be represented by an interrogation point in this flag-sailing matter

All of these steamer lines have a working agreement on passenger and freight rates and have also adjusted the speed question, giving proper consideration to fuel consumption. There is no record-breaking here, as between Vancouver and Yokohama. Many of the Pacific steamers have served a long apprenticeship on the Atlantic before being moved over to this larger sphere. With a fresh coat of paint and a change of name, they begin life all over again. From the moment they plow the waters of the Pacific, their increase in tonnage is most remarkable. I know one old boat, scarred from battles with many a Caribbean hurricane. Like some other old heroes it wore out its welcome and "went West." On the Atlantic its rating was 4,500 tons. On the Pacific it became a 9,000 tonner. There is a difference in the two methods of computing sizes. On the Atlantic net tonnage is considered, while on the Pacific it is displacement.

We sailed from San Francisco early Thursday afternoon



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF

and on the following Wednesday morning at daybreak sighted the islands. There are twelve in the group, but only eight are inhabited, in the order of their size: Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe.

Molokai is seen first in the distance by east-bound ships. Then Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, comes into view close at hand, a thing of beauty in the clear morning air. In shape it looks like a Chinese dragon, a shining green dragon, creeping over the sparkling blue waters. Oahu is forty-six miles long and twenty-five miles wide and has two mountain ranges. Coasting a jagged line of purple peaks, "fire-born and rain-carved," the ship rounds a fine promontory known as Diamond Head, the Hawaiian Gibraltar which guards Honolulu.

The traveler familiar with tropical settings is apt to picture Hawaii's capital as a second Rio de Janeiro or Funchal. But do not look for red-tiled roofs and multi-colored walls here or you will be sadly disappointed. The background of verdure-clad hills, crowned with mist, is all that the artist could ask for, but the town looks like any other American city of 55,000 inhabitants, with the usual number of factories and chimneys.



HONOLULU AND ITS HARBOR.

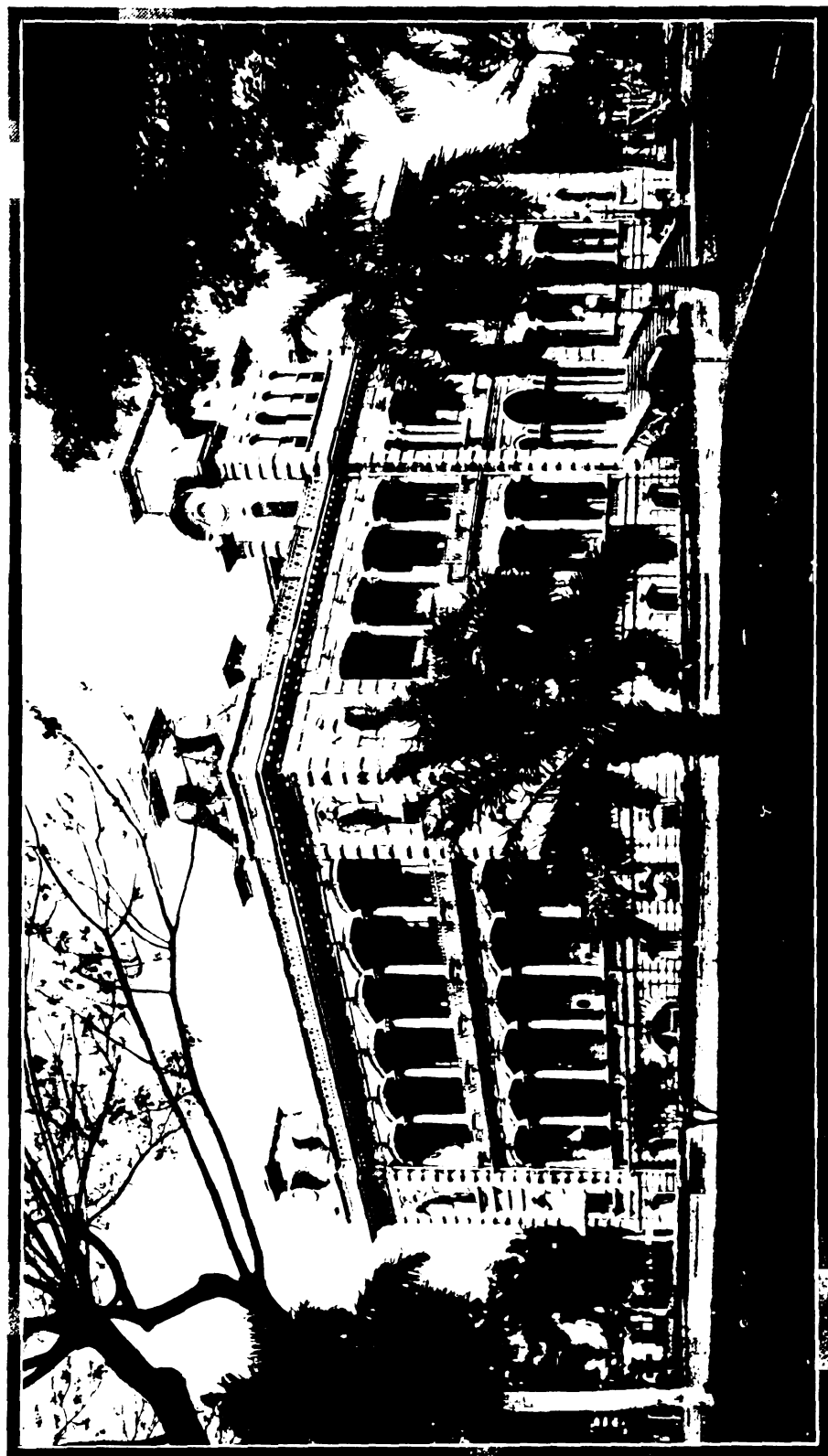
"Why, it's as smoky as Pittsburgh!" exclaimed a girl with a camera, and I must confess that it impressed me as a hive of industry. It is strange how those old schoolbook pictures of Hawaiian grass huts and *hula* dancers have clung to us all these years. The early New England missionaries began the transformation back in 1820. Their children and grandchildren kept up the work, and, it is said, own nearly the whole group of islands, so Americanization has been continuous. The Hawaiians as a people are no more. They have been absorbed in Uncle Sam's great melting-pot. If you ever go to Hawaii do not expect brown-skinned natives, bedecked with wreaths, waiting for you on the pier. Instead you will find hotel runners and motor drivers—there are 1,200 automobiles in the city. You will skim up well-paved streets to a great metropolitan hotel where a Japanese bellboy will show you to your room, overlooking a noisy business street. You are still a bit dazed. Can this be the land of Aloha?

Honolulu's best friends can hardly claim that man's work here harmonizes with Nature's. The piles of coal on the waterfront, the dust on the streets, the rush and scramble everywhere are found in all ports where commerce is spelled with a big "C." The business portion of the city is not a success architecturally. There are a few fine fireproof blocks with nondescript neighbors.

"Oh! just wait until you see the home section," said the hotel clerk. "Honolulu has the gardens all right!"

There is a splendid electric-car service, but most tourists patronize the automobiles, parked in a most formidable row opposite Young's Hotel.

The Executive Building, formerly the Royal Palace, surrounded by a park, is the show place down town. It was erected in 1880 of concrete and highly ornamented by royal command. Today it is used by both branches of Congress and by Government officials. The golden crown still surmounts each window, and in the throne-room, where territorial laws are enacted today, hang oil paintings of Kanaka royalty interspersed with great canvases of European rulers, friendly gifts



THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY THE PALACE, HONOLULU



FORT STREET, HONOLULU, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET



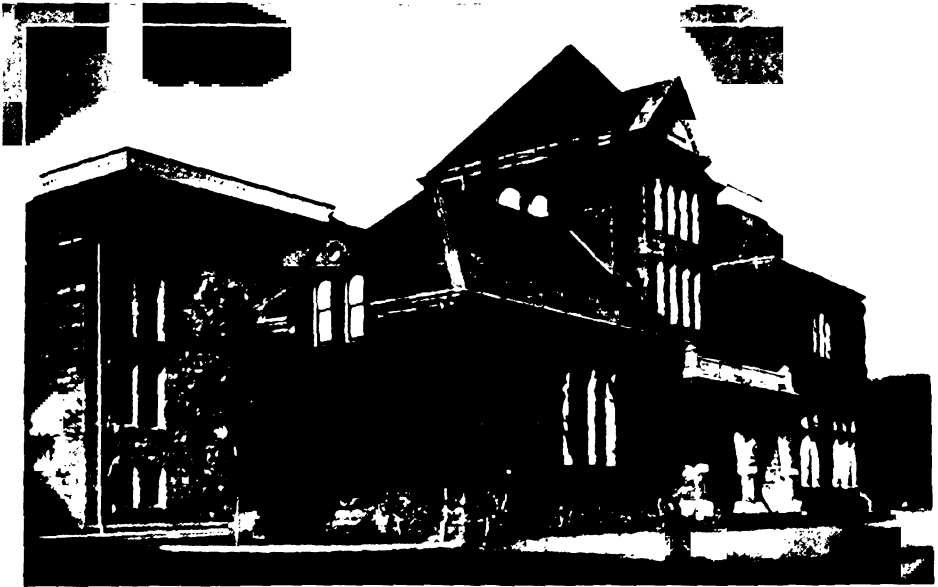
THRONE-ROOM IN THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY
THE PALACE, HONOLULU

to the "King of the Sandwich Islands." This building, flanked by Royal palms, is closely associated with the later history of Hawaiian rule. In its second year it weathered an insurrection. Here Kalakaua, last of the native kings, who died in San Francisco, lay in state. Here Liliuokalani, his sister, who ruled after him, was tried for treason and imprisoned. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani still lives quietly in Honolulu, and as I motored away from the capital, the driver said

"Look into the carriage that's coming! There to the left, the surrey! The two black horses! She'll be on the back seat—the Queen!"

I saw a gentle-faced old lady, brown of skin, wearing black and purple. The Queen is an aged lady now and is not so stout as old-time photographs portray her. She keeps closely to her home, known as Washington Place, a house much like others in its neighborhood, surrounded by a beautiful garden. President Cleveland offered to restore Liliuokalani to the throne if she would agree not to imprison her enemies. She firmly declined unless permitted to behead at least a dozen of the leading citizens.

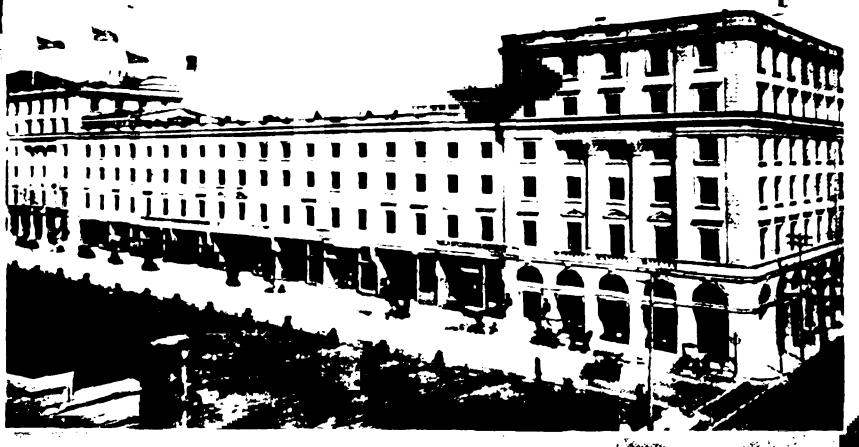
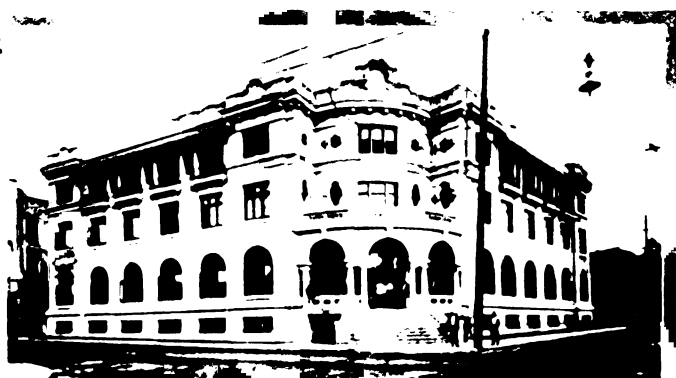
Oahu College is a landmark in Honolulu. It was started by the missionaries for the education of their children and



BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU

other foreign youngsters and is one of the oldest—I believe the oldest—American college this side of the Missouri River The capital of Hawaii was a thriving town, we must remember, before San Francisco was on the map. In the fifties and sixties, California children were sent over to Honolulu to be educated. Another interesting school is the Kamehameha School for Hawaiians situated just out of town. It was founded by the legacy of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, the last of the royal line of Kamehameha, who married the Hon. Charles Bishop, an American, who arrived in the islands as a cook on a sailing vessel and took a chance by marrying royalty In her memory Mr Bishop founded a Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History, where I learned more about the ancient Hawaiians in one afternoon than I could by reading books through a lifetime. Often, seeing is knowing.

Andrew Carnegie donated \$100,000 for the library of Hawaii, the Legislature appropriating an additional



UPPER PICTURE, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING; LOWER, THE
ALEXANDER YOUNG HOTEL, HONOLULU.



THE HOME OF THE LATE CLAU SPRECKELS, FORMER SUGAR KING,
HONOLULU

\$25,000. It includes the valuable library of the Hawaiian Historical Society. There is a splendid Y M C. A. building. The members went out with the idea of raising \$100,000 in ten days, but so liberal was the giving that they received \$150,000 in six days and had to close the subscription list.

I found the homes of Honolulu most attractive. They are built like those of southern California for air, light and veranda space. In fact, the veranda is the important feature here and bears the native name, *lanai*. It is wide and vine-shaded, overlooking the glory of Hawaii, the tropical garden. Every traveler from a temperate land marvels at a conservatory out of doors. Here the poinciana spreads its huge flaming umbrellas



MR. BOYCE IN MR. DAMON'S BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE GARDENS
NEAR HONOLULU.



BANYAN TREE IN A HONOLULU GARDEN.

of orange or scarlet; the golden shower hangs its clusters of yellow bells; the pride of India is a mass of lavender; while the *cacia nodessa*, loveliest of all, resembles a giant apple tree in blossom, with its great sheaves of pink bloom. Now just imagine a tangle of vines and creepers, great lily leaves, tasseled palms, gigantic banyans and you will see almost any one's garden in the Territory of Hawaii. The night-blooming *cereus* is one of the wonders. Near Honolulu, on Moanalua, the estate of Mr. Damon, are the wonderful Japanese Gardens, said to rival in beauty any of those in Japan.

The one thing still Hawaiian about the town is the names of many of the streets. Nuuanu, Punahou and Alakea fall softly on foreign ears. King Street, Fort and Bishop show the American touch. There are churches on every street, churches of every denomination. In one of them, Kawaiahao, services are still conducted in the Hawaiian tongue. This church was dedicated in 1842 by the missionaries and is built of coral rock. The finest buildings of the city are of gray-blue native lava stone.

A city, its buildings, streets, homes and gardens tell us much of a people, but after all we are always more interested in the people themselves. Hawaii is the Crossroads of the Pacific, where Asiatics by the thousands have come to join Uncle Sam's family! It is worth studying.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RACE MELTING-POT.

“CAN’T you tell ‘em apart—the Chinese and the Japs?” It was my Honolulu coachman, native of St. Louis, Mo., who asked.

It was not easy. For an hour I had been trying to label them, with indifferent success. Of course I could distinguish the nationalities of the women, the glossy-haired Chinese with their jade ornaments and baggy trousers, as well as the little daughters of Nippon with their graceful kimonos and babies strapped to their backs. But the men! Not so easy. All wore American clothes and there was no longer a pigtail in sight. Many Chinese have eyes minus the slant, and many Japanese look just like Chinese. In Hawaii they are particularly hard to distinguish from each other.

These Asiatics, more than any other people in Honolulu, interested me because there were so many of them. At the



MEN OF MANY LANDS ON HONOLULU WATERFRONT

last census there were 80,000 Japanese, over 20,000 of them born under the Stars and Stripes. Now there are more, for every month about 300 Japanese women arrive and every woman has a baby, after a while, born on American soil—a full-fledged American citizen. In twenty-one years he can



LITTLE JAPANESE-AMERICANS.



SOME PURE-BLOODED HAWAIIAN WOMEN.

vote! Japan, unless our laws are changed, will some day control the Hawaiian Islands with the franchise.

The figures are startling. We put a check on Japanese immigration, some years ago, by a "gentlemen's agreement," between the two nations; but evidently it did not apply to "the ladies." I straightway decided to look up a Government official and find out just what races are being admitted into our lodge through this side door, 2,000 miles from the mainland. I had not gone far with the investigation before it dawned on me that Hawaii is not only "The Crossroads of the Pacific," as acclaimed by its proud inhabitants, but also the place where the blood strains of the world are being crossed. Queer branches, these, being grafted onto our family tree—our oceanic melting-pot, where a new type of American is being produced.

If you will pick up a Honolulu telephone book, you will discover whole pages of Ah's, more than would greet you at the finest exhibition of fireworks. There are "Ah Sams" and "Ah Sings" and yards of other "Ah's"—20,000 Chinese in all on the islands—but they ship over to California for higher wages whenever they get a chance.

"Do the Hawaiians marry the Orientals?" I asked an old settler.

"The women do," he said. "They marry the Chinese, who make very good husbands. A Chinese not only works in the field, but helps his Hawaiian wife with the housework and 'minds the children.' Hawaiian husbands play the guitar."

The pure Hawaiians are decreasing over 12 per cent a year. There are only 25,000 of them left and the race is doomed to extinction; but the strain will live on, in fact, it is on the increase. The number of part-Hawaiians has jumped up 60 per cent during the last ten years. The native girls were sought in marriage by Europeans and Americans, as well as by the Orientals. They had the land. Today there are: Irish-Hawaiians, English-Hawaiians, French-Hawaiians, German-Hawaiians, Spanish-Hawaiians, Portuguese-Hawaiians and American-Hawaiians. The children resulting from these crosses are often rather attractive in appearance.



It is pathetic to note the passing of the Kanaka, as the Hawaiian loves to call himself. "And there was much in his method of government superior to ours," one deep American thinker and close observer informed me.

"You see," he said, "they kept their race strong and fit until the coming of the white man with his 'improved civilization.' They got rid of their insane and depraved by sending word, on a dark night, that the gods wished to speak with them. Then a blow on the head at the temple door! Now we acquit murderers, or board them at the expense of the nation, and encourage the unfit to survive."

I heard a story of a native on an island far to the south who came into court to claim title to a piece of land. The Judge said the man had no right to it, that it belonged to a missionary

"Oh, I know he did own it," said the native. "But my father ate him and absorbed the title!"

When the white man first got control of the land in Hawaii, he set the native to work for him. But the Kanaka is not a good worker, so, at an early date, the planter imported Asiatics.



FILIPINO IMMIGRANTS IN HAWAII.



JAPANESE LABORERS, HAWAII.

The first country tapped was China, and the Celestials came in when Hawaii was still a kingdom. They came under contract to receive thirteen dollars a month, and it is now admitted that they are the best of the Orientals on the island. As faithful workers the Chinese are surpassed by the laborers of scarcely any other race. When Hawaii became a part of the American Union, Chinese were debarred and the planters turned to Japan. The Japs were good workers in those days and came in so fast that they overflowed into California, which brought a protest from the Coast laborers.

During the days of Hawaiian rule, many Portuguese were brought from the Azores and Madeira. Their native lands are also volcanic islands where gardens smile, and they took kindly to their new environment. Today they are considered the best sort of citizens, honest and industrious. There are 25,000 of them, as many as there are Hawaiians.

Still, the labor proved inadequate for the working of the great sugar estates, so 5,000 Spaniards have been brought in; 5,000 Porto Ricans, and a sample order of 2,000 Russians. Just to make sure that there are enough Asiatics, 5,000 Koreans

have been imported! The expense, especially in the case of the European immigrants, has been enormous. It cost almost \$1,000,000 to coax all these families here, a rather large sum for the landing of each man.

As a Federal law prohibits "the assisting of immigration with money privately contributed," an income tax was passed calling for two per cent on all incomes over \$4,000. This seemed to solve the problem. But here the joker appeared! After the Territory of Hawaii had invested this fortune in imported labor, the California fruit growers and Alaska canners urged the workers "just a little farther on." "Stop it!" cried the Hawaiian planters and immediately made "the inducing of labor to leave the islands" a crime punishable by a heavy fine. But this did not wholly check the exodus.

However, in workers imported from the Philippines the Hawaiian planters seem to have found labor which will "stand without hitching" and some 8,000 or 10,000 of them have arrived during the past three years. This may prove of benefit to the Philippines, as some of the men may carry home the industrial training received, but it adds still another touch to the color scheme of Hawaii.

Now we have: Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Russians, 200 negroes from the Southern States, a few Hindus, some South Sea Islanders, and the Hawaiian half-bloods, besides the pure Hawaiians and the Caucasians. It is estimated that there are 45,000 Caucasians in all on the islands, out of a population of 200,000, so every fourth inhabitant is white.

There is a Honolulu romance surrounding—"a strange amalgamation, twixt two such funny nations"—the wedding of a Chinese and a Portuguese. Away back in 1858, Wing Ah Fong came over to Honolulu with a shipload of Celestials. Young, intelligent and genial, with a little capital, he soon became the leading silk and bric-à-brac merchant. He fell in love with pretty, dark-eyed Concepcion, daughter of a Portuguese sailor, and they were married in 1860. Prospering, Ah Fong invested in sugar-cane fields and in ten years was worth



UNDER THE TWO FLAGS, HONOLULU



CHURCH IN HAWAII BUILT OF CORAL ROCK.



THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN BAND.

\$300,000, which steadily increased to \$3,000,000. The family circle expanded at about the same gait until, in 1890, it consisted of three boys and thirteen girls. Ah Fong was a devoted father and was delighted that his daughters resembled their good-looking mother. He had a Concord coach built, in which he exhibited the entire family on four wheels, one of the sights of the island. On his firstborn, a boy, the father's interest, however, centered.

In 1892, after months spent in arranging his business, the rich Chinaman sailed away with his eldest son to visit his boyhood home in the Flowery Kingdom. Since then the streets of Honolulu have known him no more. But the hospitality of the Ah Fong mansion has never waned and the real estate has increased in value. In 1904 Captain Whitney, U. S. A., married Miss Harriet Ah Fong, and other Europeans and Ameri-

cans have wedded her sisters. The girls have been noted for their beauty and talent, and a halo of romance has clung



to them, through all the changes which time has brought in these islands. But where are the father and brother? Rumor has placed them in prominent positions in the land of their ancestors.



NATIVE HAWAIIAN GIRLS AT A PICNIC AND BATHING.

A drive through the tenement district of Honolulu reveals excellent sanitary conditions. Here people of alien races live in harmony, in spite of differing customs and language barriers. The immigrant children soon attend the public schools where only English is taught. The Chinese, especially, seem hungry for an English education. In the last class graduated from Oahu College, eleven out of the twenty-four were Chinese. All the races have their newspapers, the last to be launched being a Filipino daily. Chinese children soon adopt American dress, and the little almond-eyed lasses, bound for school, follow the latest Parisian mode even to the bows in their hair.

When the public schools close at two o'clock, the Japanese children take up their studies again at the Japanese school, for the little brown men cling to their own language and customs, even though they are willing to learn about other people's. They, less than any of the others, adopt our American ways. They live in Hawaii and earn their money there, but they send much of it home to Japan. Probably the most ambitious people on earth, they are the least inclined to shift their nationality.

If a real war cloud should ever gather between America and Japan you can be pretty certain that the Japanese on these islands, no matter where they were born, would fight for the Mikado. But Uncle Sam is not asleep. Quietly and steadfastly he has been fortifying his mid-Pacific Isles, and 15,000 soldiers and the mightiest guns on earth will guard the Territory of Hawaii.

CHAPTER XIV

OUR MID-OCEAN PLAYGROUND.

KAMEHAMEHA DAY came while I was in Hawaii. It is an anniversary in honor of the great Hawaiian ruler, first to surrender the feudal tenure of land for the benefit of the people. The celebrations have always been under the auspices of the Order of Kamehameha, and the principal feature has been aquatic sports, which every Hawaiian loves.

It was a great day for Honolulu. Two world's records were broken! When it comes to the royal sport of swimming, take off your hat to the mermen and mermaids of our mid-



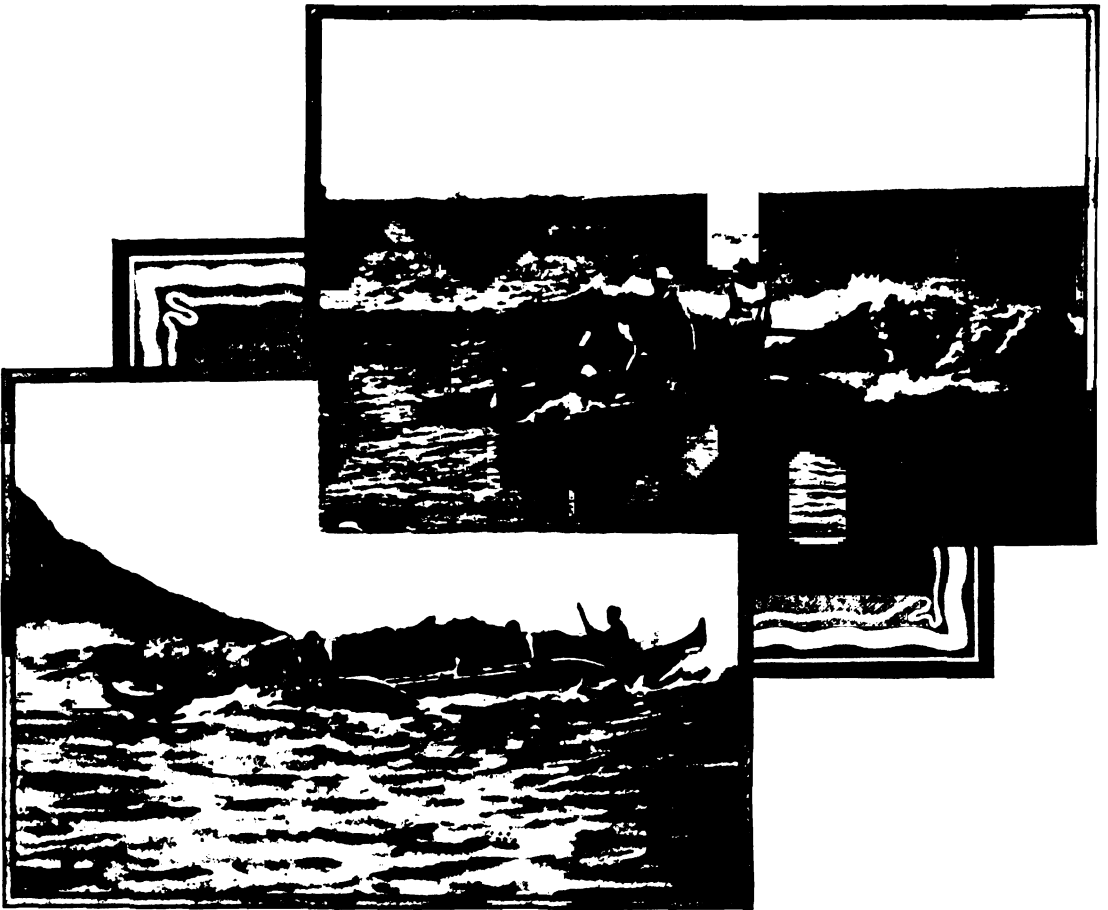
DUKE P. KAHANAMOKU AND RUTH WAYSON STACKER, CHAMPION
SWIMMERS OF THE WORLD.

Pacific playground. The King and Queen of the surf both live in Hawaii.

Ruth Wayson Stacker, a slim, graceful little nymph, lowered the world's swimming record for women for fifty yards, taking the championship from Fannie Durack of Australia. Duke P. Kahanamoku, who won the world's championship at Stockholm, Sweden, lowered his own record in three events. The Hui Nahu team lowered the three-hundred-yard relay—six men—race record, previously held by the New York Athletic Club.

As the records were announced, one after another, the crowd went mad and cheered with all its might. As 5,000 people were on hand, it was "some cheering."

Kahanamoku is a great hero in Hawaii. Sent to the United States two years ago to compete for a place on the American team at the Olympic games, he made a brilliant showing, nota-



SURF-RIDING IN OUTRIGGER CANOES, WAIKIKI BEACH.



SURF-RIDING ON BOARDS AT WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU.

bly at Chicago. Later he won the world's record at Stockholm. Honolulu gave him a royal welcome on his return home and he was lionized throughout the islands. A fund was collected with which to purchase a home for him at Waikiki, within the sound of the surf he so loves.

There is no finer sea-bathing on earth than at Waikiki. This attractive suburb of Honolulu stretches along the shore from the city proper to Diamond Head. It boasts a splendid hotel and many fine residences, including the home of Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, known as Prince Cupid, delegate to Congress from the Territory of Hawaii.

The chief pastime at Waikiki is surf-riding, the national sport of old. It might be called "water-tobogganing." The great ocean roll, unhalting in its two-thousand-mile course, strikes a coral reef off the island, leaping over it in a mighty bound. Out from the beach swims a band of bronze athletes with their shining black surf-boards. Reaching the reef, they wait for a great wave and ride in on its crest. The most daring stand erect with arms outstretched. The sight of a flock

of these water-birds skimming shoreward over the sparkling tropic sea is alone worth the voyage to Hawaii.

In the old days the natives took great care of their surf-boards, rubbing them with coconut oil and wrapping them in *tapa* cloth after each outing. They were made of *koa*, the Hawaiian mahogany, and were longer than those in use today

A tamer sport, but one much in vogue with those who are not daring swimmers, is canoe-surfing, the outriggers on the long canoes making an upset next to impossible. Two popular clubs here are the Outriggers (a canoe club) and the Trail and Mountain Club, which has cut trails all over the island of Oahu, up to the highest peaks, making travel quite easy

The trans-Pacific yacht race is becoming a feature of Hawaii. In a recent contest four yachts set sail from San Pedro, in southern California, for Honolulu, representing the San Pedro, San Francisco, British Columbia and Honolulu clubs. The *Lurline* from San Pedro proved the winner



FLOWER SELLERS, HONOLULU

Golf, polo, tennis, motoring, in fact, almost every branch of sport, has Hawaiian devotees. In the late afternoon the Country Club in Nuuanu Valley near Honolulu is the meeting

place for society, as cosmopolitan and cultured a society as can be found in the largest American city. In depending on itself, Honolulu has gone ahead with tremendous bounds, and is far more metropolitan than many places of equal population. No doubt its being such an important army post has had something to do with it.

Every Washington's Birthday for the last eight years has been celebrated by a floral parade. Those



FEMALE HAWAIIAN RIDING COSTUME.

who have witnessed similar shows in Italy and California agreed that the one here February last established a world's record. Flowers have always been one of the distinctive features of the islands. The natives of old bedecked themselves with garlands, and the prettiest of all Hawaiian customs is the giving of *leis*, or ropes of flowers, in parting. Women sit in rows along the sidewalks offering blossom-chains to the passer-by. This soft tropical land seems a fitting home for the goddess Flora.

As an added attraction, last Floral Day, three thousand American soldiers paraded in the morning and were received by the Governor. The pageant in the afternoon showed six hundred decorated automobiles and other vehicles. While artificial flowers were used by some, because of their lasting quality, prizes were awarded only to natural flower exhibits.

"Princesses" representing the islands of the group were a feature, with their pages and attendants. Then came the *pa'u* riders, one hundred young native women wearing the *pa'u* costume, peculiar to Hawaii, a most unusual garment to the stranger. It looks like a pair of elongated bloomers and would cause a sensation even in Central Park, New York.

Baseball thrives in Hawaii. All races take to it. Great was the surprise, I may say consternation, when a team composed entirely of Chinese defeated the best nine the United States army could produce.

From 8,000 to 10,000 tourists visit the islands each year. Many linger for months fascinated by the sports on land and sea. Just how much this "crop" is worth to the island is hard to estimate, but it certainly reaches the million-dollar mark. This does not include the trans-Pacific passengers who stop here for a day *en route* to and from the Orient and Australia. There are several steamers each week, so foreign money helps "keep up the camp." Then there are the army transports bound for Manila. They leave San Francisco on the fifth of each month. Pay day is the tenth, just in time for Honolulu, and as they remain over night at the docks, there is little difficulty in annexing the soldier boys' pay envelopes. Consider-

able attention has been given by the Honolulu Promotion Committee to the rotation of crops of visitors who will shed coin into the local cash registers during the four seasons of the year. Formerly the hotels were crowded only in the winter, but each year finds "the season" extended, and even the summer now has its quota of visitors.

It is a curious fact, but the Hawaiians have no word in their language to express the term "weather," due to the fact that there is but a slight range in temperature. The sea breeze is always blowing, so the islanders have the right to invite their fellow Americans over to play "any old time."

"He comes here to fish," remarked the hotel clerk in speak-



SHARKS CAUGHT IN HONOLULU HARBOR.

ing to me of a tanned New Yorker in corduroys. "Sharks! He's mad over them, and there are thousands in these waters. They catch 'em by spearing, the spear attached to a cord, and the rascals put up a tremendous fight. Bother the bathers? Not a bit of it! You see all our beaches are protected by a coral reef and the sharks won't pass it. They hate shallow water, as they must turn over either to attack or defend themselves. But if you want to see some weird fishes, go up to the aquarium."

No lesser authority than Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, has declared that the Honolulu aquarium is second only in importance to the one in Naples, Italy, and that it surpasses all others in the beauty of its specimens. They certainly have tanked in a most remarkable lot of finny deep-sea comedians. There are some with double noses, others in convict garb. One wise old fish, with a number of ribbon tails, has a fiery red spot on the end of his nose like an old toper. Every color of the rainbow is displayed by this specimen of the finny tribe.

The Japanese, who now practically control the deep-sea fishing, keep the aquarium supplied with "display fish" for a fancy price. Every effort to colonize these strange Hawaiian fish is said to have failed and they can be seen only in their native waters. One finds many of them for sale in the fish markets.

The Chinese attend to the fish ponds, which were much in vogue in the days of the early Hawaiians. They have a system here of raising fish for food, within ponds adjacent to the sea. The Chinese took up the net dropped by the Kanakas and have made the business profitable.

The most unique sport in the islands is "fishing" for flying fish with a shotgun. Launches are used and you take pot-shots at the buzzing blue fish on the wing. This makes a decided hit with the novelty-hunting tourist, who returns to the mainland with a mounted specimen of "a flying fish I shot down in Honolulu." A man who has established a record with clay pigeons remarked to me that this Hawaiian sport is like "shooting at a

blue rock during an earthquake." They recover the fish with a hand net and in contests the umpire acts as scorer. The best record attained up to the time of my visit was eight kills out of ten shots. As one has to shoot from a rolling, pitching boat, it proved to be about the best sport I ever had.

At the time of my visit the more conservative people of the



city were a bit doubtful as to the honor conferred upon them by the new and popular song "*Hula! Hula! Honolulu!*" The young people seemed to like it, however, and I heard the chorus whistled on every street.

"Yes, it's against the law to dance the *hula*," said a man of whom I inquired. "You see this is still a missionary land, lots of people descended from the good old stock, and they've used their influence against it. There is an



EXAMPLES OF THE HULA-HULA
DANCE, HAWAII.

expurgated edition of the dance at the cheaper theaters to supply a little local color for the tourists, and occasionally, on the quiet, there's a real dance, with the loud thumping missing, so as not to scare up the police."

The *hula-hula* is peculiar to Hawaii, although dances resembling it are found among other races. It has a running accompaniment of song and clanging gourds, and the effect of this savage music on the dancers is magical. In gymnastic contortion and general muscular variation, the *hula* outclasses all other wild, primitive exhibitions.

Another great Hawaiian custom is the *luau*, or native feast out-of-doors, the acme of hospitality. Roast pig, cooked with red-hot stones in an underground oven, is the leading dish; and then there are fish of all kinds, breadfruit and royal pink *poi*, made from the taro plant. Every one sits about in a circle on the ground and dips his fingers into the calabash filled with *poi*, which does not look unlike corn meal.

A few years ago a Congressional party visited the islands and a *luau* was served to them about every day. After two weeks of this woodland feasting, one of the Congressmen chanced to glance in at a window where a home meal was being prepared. Waving his arms frantically he called out to the others:

"Come on, boys, something to eat at last! A real beef-steak! No more 'lulus' for me!"

CHAPTER XV

OUR OCEAN STRONGHOLD.

THE original Hawaiian language is soft and melodious. It was reduced to writing by the American missionaries, who used but twelve letters to convey its five vowels and seven consonants—a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p and w. There are shades of sound in the language that might have admitted of two or three more letters, but it was thought best to use but twelve letters. The words are always soft. Oahu, for example. Try to pronounce it. "O-wah-hu." That's it! Now try to remember it, for it means much to you and to me and to our country. The Stars and Stripes wave over it, and it promises to be the most strongly fortified island in the world. We are spending millions on its defense, a guarantee that our flag will never be lowered to a foe from the East.

But why did we select Oahu as our mid-Pacific stronghold? It is not the largest of the Hawaiian group. No, not the largest, but it has an invaluable possession, a landlocked harbor—Pearl Harbor—the only haven within a thousand miles in any direction. For many years—seventy at least—the great nations have coveted Oahu, with its harbor. Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, asked the late Claus Spreckels, Hawaiian sugar king, a German by birth but an American by adoption, to call on him in Berlin. The Kaiser urged Mr. Spreckels to shape affairs so that the flag of Germany might eventually wave over Hawaii.

"I told him 'No!'" related Mr. Spreckels, accenting his decision by a thump on the table. "I'll try to fix it so that the American flag shall wave over the islands!"

Great Britain brought forth Queen Emma as a candidate for the throne, but the Americans in Hawaii selected King

Kalakaua, who had their interests at heart, outgeneraling their British cousins.

France also played her hand and, when we finally annexed the islands, Japan entered a protest, which is still on file in Washington, with a lot of other objections to our running our own country.

The vital strategic importance of Pearl Harbor was long known to our Department of State, and its possession was urged by wise and prudent naval officers, who claimed that this mid-ocean fortress, refuge, base and coaling station, was absolutely necessary for the protection, preservation and prosperity of our twenty-five hundred miles of Pacific Coast. If we possessed the Hawaiian Islands and fortified them, no foreign navy, harborless within thousands of miles, could reach our west coast prepared to fight, much less to get away.

President Grant recognized this, and back in 1873 sent General Schofield to the islands to select a site for a naval station. Schofield's report was favorable to Pearl Harbor and Congress was urged to act quickly, but it took eleven years to secure the right to fortify the harbor and twenty-odd years more before we began the work.

Finally our army and navy officials took hold of the gigantic



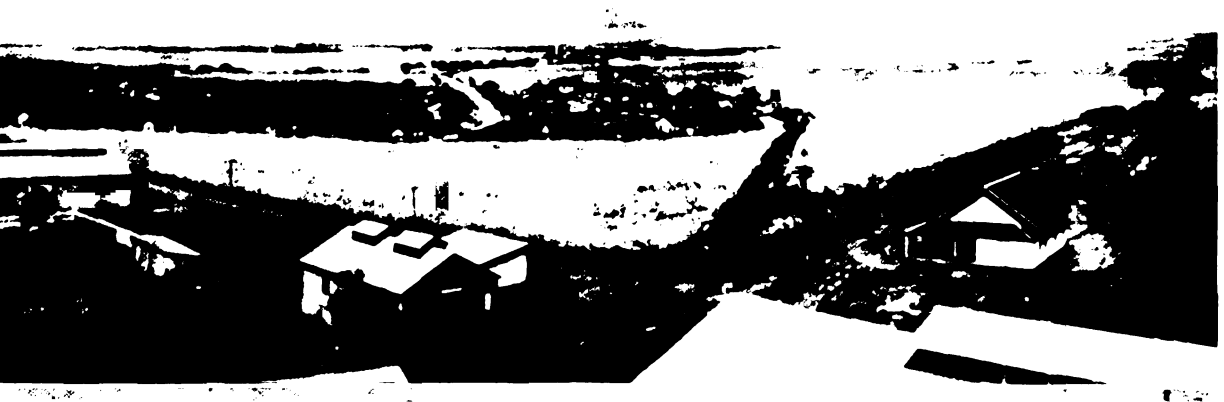
GENERAL VIEW OF PEARL

task of making Oahu as impregnable as Gibraltar or the Island of Malta. It did not take them long to decide on the fortifying of the extinct volcano, Diamond Head, the landmark of the island. A climb and a look around! Then the largest mortar battery in the world was placed behind the mountain, the signaling being done from within the very crater itself. The ocean has been platted, target practice conducted, and when the order "Put one in square fifty-one!" is flashed to the battery, the imaginary enemy in square fifty-one "receives the message." Death and destruction belch forth on the phantom foe aiming to invade the islands.

When the natives, still living in superstitious dread of the volcano goddess, first heard of our plans they decided we were mad. The goddess, they announced, would revenge the invasion of her domain. Uncle Sam, however, had his nerve with him!

Punch Bowl, a lesser extinct crater, has been surveyed, and every means will be employed in the defense of Pearl Harbor.

All our army posts are on the southern and western slopes of the island. A mountain range protects Honolulu on the north and east. We have an artillery post at Fort Ruger, directly north of Diamond Head, a battery of three-inch guns



HARBOR, OAHU ISLAND.

at Fort Armstrong and six and fourteen-inch guns at Fort de Russy, both between Diamond Head and Honolulu. Fort Kamehameha, near Pearl Harbor, and Fort Shafer, just out of Honolulu, are also equipped with high-power guns.

The Army Board decided that 15,000 regular soldiers would be required to defend Oahu, augmented by the 3,000 National Guard of Hawaii. In order to raise the requisite number of men the companies of infantry have been filled beyond their war strength, and it is proposed to raise them to 250 men each, which is double their war strength. It is true that in Europe they have companies of 250 men, but they have five officers to a company. Our companies have but three.

There is a limit to the number of men which a given number of officers can properly train in peace and efficiently handle on the battlefield in war. When that limit is passed, while the total number of men may be what is wished, the efficiency is far from being what it should be. In other words, after a regiment has reached a certain strength, instead of adding more men to that regiment in order to increase the force, more regiments should be added.

Whenever the condition of our national defense is looked into grave defects always are found. A further examination will always show that these defects have been pointed out to Congress and that Congress has been pleased to disregard them. We are a democracy and democracies are slow in military matters.

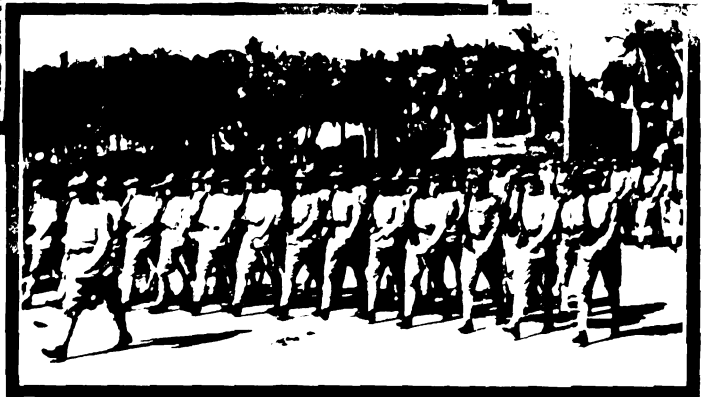
Practically all branches of the mobile forces in Oahu have been placed back on the uplands at Schofield barracks, eighteen miles from Honolulu. The soldiers at Schofield are so centrally placed that they can be rushed to the defense of any part of the island.

Recently a mimic war was carried on by the troops, divided into two armies. The location of the barracks was approved, but it was decided that the garrison must be kept up to full strength. This has caused activity in recruiting centers on the mainland and a special line of transports has been established

between San Francisco and Honolulu. The capital of Hawaii has taken on a decidedly military appearance.

"There is no use of your taking your camera or photographer to Pearl Harbor or the forts," said a friend of mine in Honolulu. "The Admiral and General don't care to have their works 'over-exposed' while their plans are still undeveloped."

I took the hint and went to Pearl Harbor alone. The world-renowned haven is eight miles from Honolulu. It contains from ten to twelve square miles of deep water and is absolutely calm in any weather. The difficulty of making it practicable lay in the bar at the entrance and in the crooked channel leading to the inner bay. The dredging of the bar was started in 1898 and completed in 1911, the channel straightened, and the cruiser *California* steamed through the four-and-a-half-mile passage into the wonderful bay. The dredging alone cost



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN HAWAII,

\$3,000,000, but today our entire navy can find safe anchorage here, with miles of room for our navy-to-be.

The harbor's shores are low and deeply indented. Emerald cane-fields come down to the water's edge, glistening rice fields and patches of taro. On the eastern shore are the seven great industrial buildings, barracks and machine shops, alongside the dry dock. Herein lies a tragedy of failure. But we will try again; in the end Uncle Sam usually succeeds.

Our naval experts decided that a dry dock at Pearl Harbor was a necessity, and their engineers located the site after many



UPPER PICTURE, PAPAYA FRUIT, LOWER, BREADFRUIT,
HAWAII.

tests for a suitable foundation. The contractors' bid for \$4,000,000 was accepted and work begun. The dock was to be one thousand feet long, one hundred and ten feet wide and thirty-five feet deep—a giant dock. Work progressed rapidly, the contractors receiving \$1,500,000 on accepted portions. The foundations and dock floor were built under water. When the work was practically completed and the water was being pumped out, the floor buckled, the side walls fell in and the dock was a total wreck.

The Government has completed an examination of the geological structure of the foundation and it is understood that Admiral Stanford has reported that coral and lava will not support such weight, advising a floating dock. The contractors ask for the \$2,500,000 still due, claiming that the United States should foot the bill. It looks as if we may have to pay \$4,000,000 for a short course of study in geology. It seems that while a coral reef will support a healthy collection of coconut palms, something more substantial is required to cradle a dreadnought.

I met a man from Missouri who was a bit pessimistic as to our security from attack. "All this talk about making volcanoes fight for Uncle Sam is interesting, but it's the soldiers that count!" he declared. "Yes, we will have 15,000 men, but we only have 7,000 here right now, and I'm of the opinion that we need 30,000 at least. Why, the Japs could land 200,000 men within two weeks on the unfortified side of Oahu and they'd swarm over the place like ants. And there are already



NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS,
OAHU ISLAND.

15,000 adult Japs living on the islands who would join their countrymen. You'd better read 'The Valor of Ignorance.' "

A military friend eased my fears. "Oahu!" he said. "Why, we are making it as impregnable as human ingenuity can devise. We are rushing our men in and pushing the fortifications. No enemy can attack our Pacific Coast without taking Oahu, and you needn't worry about this little island. It is ours for all time!" I hope so.

There is a splendid highway around and across Oahu and a railway skirts over half the shore line, tapping important sugar estates. Schofield barracks is reached by road and by rail, so that the army people add greatly to the social activity of Honolulu. Sports, dances and varied entertainments at Schofield also attract the society element of the city and on the coast, a few hours' drive from the barracks, is the attractive Haleiwa Hotel, a favorite resort for Saturday night dances and Sunday sea dips. While Oahu may be a bit over-advertised by zealous publicity organizations which flood the mainland with palm-trimmed literature, bordered in sunlit seas and starry skies, the fact remains that the officers like this post as well as any on the list. They have enticed the Chinese cooks from the old Hawaiian families with the bait of higher wages, and in fact have taken possession generally. But why not? Are they not the island's defenders? "And none but the brave deserve the 'fare.' "

"Is this rain going to continue?" I inquired of an old citizen.

"Rain? Why this isn't rain," he replied, "it's what we call liquid sunshine. Don't you see that the sun's out? And look at the rainbow! We always have 'em here."

The truth is, the people do not mind the mistlike rain and I, too, came to disregard it. Under rain and rainbow I drove up the beautiful Nuuanu valley to the Pali, famed as the scenic wonder of Oahu. First past fine town houses and the royal mausoleum, where Hawaiian rulers lie; then out the wide valley road lined with magnificent homes whose spacious grounds are a wonderland of tropical foliage, up a gradual winding ascent, on the well-kept lava and coral highway, to the

very summit of the jagged mountain range. The Pali cliff in the Hawaiian tongue marks the divide, and here a view of amazing grandeur bursts on the traveler. Sixteen hundred feet below lies the hill-strewn plain, washed by the sea. Over this precipice Kamehameha drove 3,000 warriors in the long ago—so the story runs.

The trade-winds which blow from the Pacific nine months in the year bring abundant moisture, and the great rain-carved peaks here seem to notch the sky. The wind is so terrific at this point that a small stream falling over the cliff is often snatched and thrown back in its course. Far below the place of its defeat is the verdant plain and sea-lapped shore, now seen through mist, now in a patch of brilliant sunshine. The Hawaiians of old believed that a god dwelt on these heights, gazing eastward over the waters from whence no ship had ever come. Pali is Oahu's lookout facing our Pacific Coast, which it is bound to defend.



NATIVES MAKING SEED LEIS OR WREATHS, OAHU ISLAND.

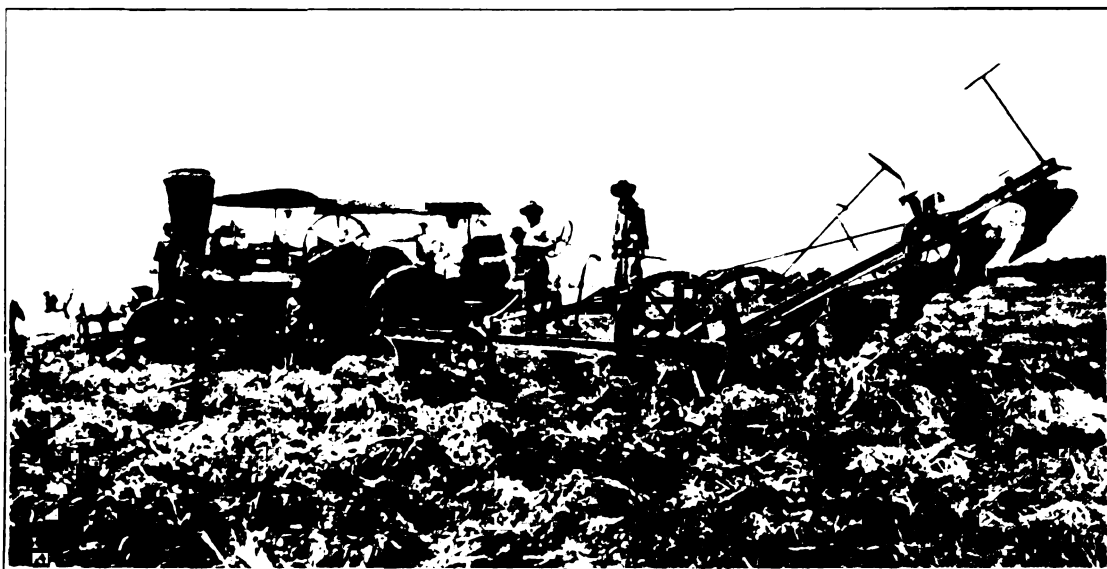
CHAPTER XVI.

KING CANE AND HIS COURT.

THE Hawaiian Islands have known many rulers since they thrust their volcanic heads out of the depths of the ocean, but to King Sugar Cane, the powerful, the greatest tribute has been paid. Of late his subjects have been in deepest gloom. Their king is in grave danger, they claim. He may recover from his present illness, due to low prices, but his very life is threatened, they declare, by the assassin, "Free Sugar."

Captain Cook reported that the Kanakas were chewing sugar cane when he discovered them. They gave little time to its cultivation, focusing all their attention on the taro root, on which they fattened puppies for special feasts. Cane, however, got a fine start, nourished by good luck, and in time became the dominant industry of the islands. Its story reads like an Arabian Night's tale.

Fifty years ago the planters exported 250 tons of sugar. Last year the export reached 600,000 tons. This is the one



PLOWING LAND FOR SUGAR CANE.



LOADING CANE ON FLAT CARS, OAHU ISLAND.

product which has been developed to its full capacity and, directly or indirectly, all other industries are dependent on it.

The islands are blessed with the best of sugar soil. For centuries lava has been washing down from the heights, forming rich tracts along the seacoast. These lowlands are now devoted almost entirely to the production of cane, in fact, all the suitable sugar land has been taken up by the planters. There are fifty of these great estates, and they are owned, without exception, by corporations. This incorporating spirit has been so developed that Hawaii is the best organized business community in the world. Practically every enterprise, from a peanut stand up, is handled by a corporation.

The fifty companies form a unit—the Sugar Planters' Association—which is more powerful than the territorial government itself. It has well been called "The Hawaiian House of Lords."

Behind the Planters' Association are its mighty trustees, nine of them, although the great bulk of the business is done by five. As business men, they have conducted affairs with rare intelligence. It has been a case of farming with brains.

Away back in 1851, the manager of what is now the Honolulu Iron Works invented the "centrifugal" for drying sugar. Until this wonderful machine came into use, molasses was drained through brush, the sugar never becoming very dry and always of a dark color

When the Civil War cut off the sugar supply from the Southern States, Hawaii's output jumped up to 9,000 tons. But it was the treaty with the United States in 1887 that gave the islands their real boom, when Uncle Sam agreed to allow Hawaiian sugar to come in free of duty in exchange for a naval base at Pearl Harbor. Since then it has been easy sailing. The former protective tariff of \$34 per ton on the sugar of other nations permitted the working of thousands of acres of Hawaiian land which, they claim, but which I doubt, would not have been profitable otherwise. Today there are 200,000 acres of cane under cultivation, an acre for every inhabitant. Lands have been reclaimed by irrigation, artesian water pumped to higher levels and distributed by flumes. Many mountain reservoirs have been built, feeding thousands of ditches. Imported fertilizer has been used with no sparing hand. Today Hawaii is producing over four tons of cane per acre, while Cuba's average is but slightly over two tons. Just stop to consider what this means 600,000 tons per year from islands with only 200,000 inhabitants! Three tons per inhabitant, or fifty times their own weight in sugar!

Of course there have been problems to solve. A few years ago a wicked leaf-hopper devastated the plantations. Men were dispatched to many parts of the world in search of a parasite to kill the hopper. They found one and the cane was saved. Then there have been the labor problems. Uncle Sam excluded the Chinese. The Japanese struck for higher pay, managing to get \$1 per day, with a bonus for working a full month. Then the Japs were prohibited from coming in

and the planters were obliged to gather field hands from the four corners of the earth.

Naturally, fortunes have been stacked up, with a crop selling close to \$50,000,000 annually, one-third of which was clear profit. The Ewa is one of the big plantations. Its original stockholders put up \$1,000,000 and received 5 per cent per month in profits. Finally they had a stock dividend and \$4,000,000 in new stock was distributed among the shareholders. Even after that they received 18 per cent dividends, or 90 per cent on the original investment.



FLUME CONVEYING WATER FOR IRRIGATING SUGAR CANE.

"How many stockholders are there in these corporations?" I asked a man who sold sugar machinery

"Over 9,000, but they are small ones, the bulk of the stock is owned by the Big Five," he said. "You see, the old missionaries had the best chance to get hold of the land—the Cookes, the Castles, the Alexanders and others. Have you ever heard why Oahu is the richest island in the world? Well, it has a Diamond Head; a Pearl Harbor; the largest Punch Bowl on earth, it is filled with Castles and all the Cookes are millionaires. But, seriously, the missionary families have been very liberal in giving large sums of money to charity and for the improvement of the islands generally"

Early German and English settlers also acquired large tracts of land, many of them marrying Hawaiian women who held title to it, and a few full-blooded natives somehow held on to their property and are able now to live in idleness on their rentals.

"What show is there for a white settler?" I asked an old timer

"Well," he said, "it's been a bit discouraging in the past, with all the best land gobbled up by the sugar kings. But there's still a chance to homestead on Government land which has only been leased to the planters, and now these leases are running out. You can imagine the influence that is being brought to bear for the renewal of the leases. The Government fears that even though the land is given to homesteaders, they may later sell out to the sugar barons, creating a land monopoly for all time. This has been the live political issue in Hawaii."

And what will really happen with sugar free? I heard many opinions expressed.* Some say the sugar grower in Hawaii is not in a position to compete with the world. It was pointed out to me that it takes eighteen months to raise a crop of cane in Hawaii, while in Cuba nature produces a crop in

*Note:—As this volume goes to press word comes from Hawaii that, owing to the present European war and consequent higher prices for sugar, the feeling and financial situation in the islands are improving.

from ten to twelve months. Much irrigation is necessary in Hawaii. The fertilizer comes, mainly, from Chile, a rather long haul. Freight is expensive and the sugar can go to the mainland only on ships flying the American flag and charging higher freight rates than foreign ships. This is one side of the case. Some will tell you six per cent looks like a loss to capital paying ninety per cent.

Then the Hawaiians fear competition from Formosa and Borneo, where labor is very cheap. The Honolulu Iron Works recently built several complete sugar mills for Formosa, which is now part of the Japanese empire.



Some of the men I talked with were optimistic, believing that all the plantations would continue, even with greatly reduced dividends, and that other industries would grow. They were hopeful that a new combined cane cutter

and loader, just invented by a local engineer, would greatly reduce the expense of labor. The rough model did fine work and much is expected from the perfected machine.

Pineapples have a great future in Hawaii. Last year over 1,000,000 cases, of two dozen two-pound cans, were exported, and the 1913 crop sold for about \$5,000,000. The largest pineapple cannery in the world is in Honolulu. The growers receive \$22 per ton for first-quality pines and \$14 for smaller sizes. Some good pineapple land has recently been placed on the market by the Government, attracting a number of American homesteaders. Pineapple juice is bottled and sent abroad as a summer beverage. A farmer who has ten acres in pines told me that he realized a profit of \$2,500 last year.

The *algaroba* industry made the deepest impression on me. I saw the original tree, brought to Oahu from Central America by Father Bertolotti in 1837. Now the trees are all over the islands, and from the pods a meal is made for food for live



CARABAO, OR WATER BUFFALO, BROUGHT FROM THE FAR EAST TO WORK IN RICE FIELDS.



IN A RICE FIELD, HAWAII.

stock. Two companies have been organized and the United States Government has purchased the entire output of one mill for use by the cavalry at Schofield barracks. *Algaroba* meal sells for \$24 per ton and is considered a well-balanced ration. The remarkable part of the industry is that the pods begin to drop just as the school vacations start, so children gather the harvest at \$10 per ton. One company plans to set out 1,000,000 trees, and gather the pods by a machine rake, so *algaroba* meal may some day be popular all over the United States.

Rice is cultivated on about 12,000 acres, but there is a general depression in the industry. Only Chinese labor is available and this is getting scarce. Experienced Asiatics alone seem to understand the work. Water buffaloes plod beside their masters in the mud, strong, patient creatures, imported from the Orient. The rental for rice land is high, hence it is difficult to make a profit.

Coffee, cotton, sisal, honey and soy beans are among the lesser industries. Coffee is one of the oldest industries and

about half the crop finds a local market. The future for cotton lies in the controlling of insect pests, which have become the great problem of Hawaii. There are about 3,000 acres now in sisal, which promises to become an important industry. The island honey is peculiar, less than 20 per cent being floral honey, the balance honey-dew from the sugar-cane leaf-hopper. The soy beans are used in the manufacture of soy sauce, so popular in China and India.

At the hotel I learned that the asparagus, artichokes and cauliflower served to us came from California and do not prosper in Hawaii. They have had every sort of insect pest, one of the worst being the Mediterranean fruit fly, which has played havoc with citrus fruits, mangoes, peaches, guavas, figs and avocados. Bananas and pineapples have escaped the scourge, so they can be shipped to the mainland. Plant pests



OLD-TIME HAWAIIANS PREPARING RICE.

once introduced on the islands run riot, as there is no cold weather to check them. An Italian scientist, dispatched by the territorial government to West Africa recently, returned with an enemy which fairly dotes, he declares, on Mediterranean flies, preferring them to anything on the bill of fare. We hope he may not be oversanguine.

The introduction of enemies, however, is often dangerous. The Minah birds, brought from Australia to attack a pest, have chased about all the other birds off the islands. The mongoos, imported to kill the rats, have followed in the spirit of harmony among races, so noticeable in Hawaii, and wedded the rats. Today there is a new breed, half mongoos, half rat.

The *kukui*, or candlenut, is native to Hawaii. Kanaka torches of old were strings of *kukui* nuts, ten or twelve of them, all aglow, on the rib of a coconut leaf. Today 10,000 gallons of *kukui* nut oil is exported from the islands, used in preserving wood, as a paint oil, and, to a limited extent, for medical purposes. As a paint oil it is said to be superior to linseed.

The most promising of the newer industries is that of tobacco, just emerging from the experimental stage. A cigar factory has already been started with Hawaiian and Filipino workmen. The ancient Hawaiians knew nothing about the use of tobacco, but when it was introduced by the whites they quickly adopted it and passed the pipe around the circle as the American Indians did. The old chiefs carried their tobacco in coconut shells and used pipes of great size carved out of whale ivory. Today the Hawaiians use the weed in the world's prevailing fashions.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME GREAT VOLCANOES.

IN CALIFORNIA the question oftenest put to visitors is "What do you think of our climate?" In Hawaii it is "What do you think of our volcanoes?" In truth, one might as well visit Rome and miss the Vatican or go to Washington and stay away from the Capitol as to visit Hawaii and not take a look at its volcanoes.

Almost every other person in Honolulu will tell you that they have the greatest active volcano on earth over on the island of Hawaii. As a side attraction they offer the greatest extinct volcano in the world on the island of Maui.

They do not advertise the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, but it has always had a strange fascination for me, so I determined to see it on my way back from the volcanoes. At the Inter-Island Steamship office we paid twenty-five dollars each for round-trip tickets, including visits to all points of interest except the leper settlement. We found that we would have to make a special trip to the leper colony, as visitors must obtain a permit from the Government.

The rough sea on the inter-island voyage is notorious, hence we were pleased to learn that the *Mauna Kea*, on which we booked passage, is the largest of a fleet of six vessels, boasting a tonnage of 1,500. We were off at ten o'clock in the morning on a boisterous sea. The boat jumped about like an acrobat and nearly all the passengers paid tribute to Neptune. That day we "made" two ports on the island of Maui, but I kept on to Hawaii, which we coasted the next morning, counting thirty waterfalls tumbling down the verdant cliffs marking its northern shore. We docked at Hilo, the chief city of the island, 200 miles from Honolulu, after twenty-one hours of actual steaming.

Hawaii is the big island of the group—in fact, larger than all the other islands combined. Its area of 4,000 square miles puts it above Porto Rico, and it is only a trifle smaller than the State of Connecticut. Hilo, with 7,000 inhabitants, is the second city of the islands. The sugar produced near Hilo is sent directly to San Francisco and New York. On the other side of the island from Hilo, called the Kona Coast, the larger portion of the coffee produced in the islands is grown, over three and a half million pounds annually

Hilo is, of course, nearer San Francisco than is Honolulu and nearer the Panama Canal, so is destined to be a port of call for big passenger and freight steamers crossing the Pacific. The United States Government is spending \$3,000,000 on a breakwater which will transform the open roadstead into a safe harbor. The sun came out between showers as we landed at Hilo and the air was warm and muggy. A fellow voyager told me that it rains every day in the year here and the rich vegetation made me credit the statement. The city is splendidly situated, with the two highest island mountains in the world



A PART OF HALEAKALA CRATER, ISLAND OF MAUI. LARGEST EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.

as a background, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, rising 13,825 and 13,675 feet above sea level. From their true bases at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, these mountains are about 30,000 feet high. Clearly, there is plenty of water at this point!

Mauna Loa is the king of volcanoes. It has disgorged more material during the past century than any volcano in existence. Its great flow of 1855, alone, would nearly build Vesuvius. Kilauea, the great active crater, which travelers visit, is on the southeastern slope of Mauna Loa, about 4,000 feet above the sea.

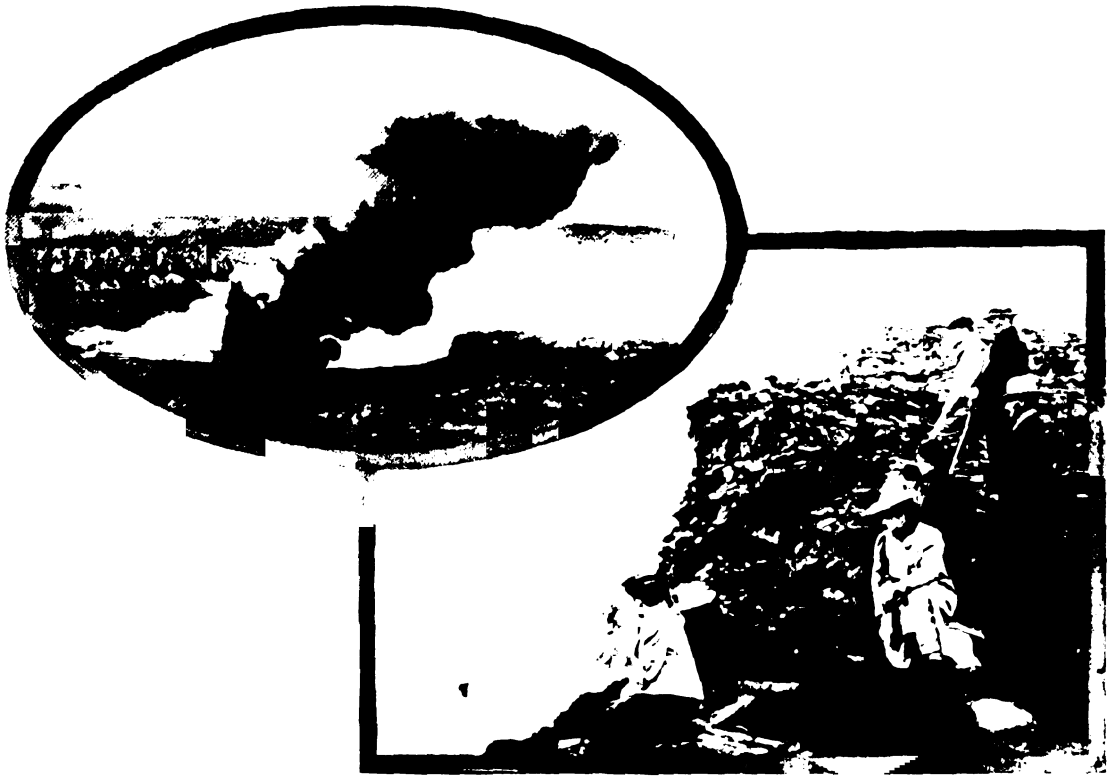
The only standard-gauge railroad in the islands carries one twenty-two miles from Hilo, within eight miles of the Volcano House, this distance being covered by motor omnibus. We

decided to go all the way by automobile and, equipped with heavy coats for the rain and cold, started on the thirty-mile trip.

Passing fields of cane, we came to uncleared forest where there are many lava casts, or tree molds. Years ago liquid lava piled up around the trunks of trees, hardening before the trunks were burned away. Now they stand as gigantic vases in which small trees and ferns are growing. We came to a sawmill where huge *chia* trees are cut into railroad ties to be shipped to the mainland. This wood grows very hard with age. I was greatly impressed with the giant tree ferns in the forest, some of them thirty feet high.



LAVA TREE MOLDS, HAWAII.



LOOKING INTO THE CRATER OF KILAUEA VOLCANO.

After the twenty-five mile post we passed the forest belt and came into the region of recent lava flows. A sharp turn in the road, a whiff of sulphur and we were at the Volcano House, three miles from the crater

Next morning we made a call on the mighty Kilauea. We did not carry *ohelo* berries with us, the Hawaiian custom, to throw into the burning lake as a sacrifice to Pele, the volcano goddess. From time immemorial the natives have feared Pele. She it is who orders the time and season of eruptions. The brittle floss spun from the molten lava by the wind is Pele's hair. Kapiolani, one of the noble women of old Hawaii, dared to defy this goddess. Becoming a convert to Christianity, she tried to break the superstition of her people by showing them that God was stronger than Pele. Making a pilgrimage of one hundred miles to the crater, she sat on its edge and ate the sacred *ohelo* berries, threw stones instead into the chasm, and said:

"Jehovah is my God. He kindles these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger, then you may fear her, but if I trust Jehovah and He preserves me, then you must fear and serve Him alone." Pele failed to "call her bluff," and the natives were greatly impressed, if not converted.

The crater is three miles across and 700 feet deep. It has been the scene of terrific explosions in past ages, but has now dwindled to a small active crater sunk in the middle, like a huge pot. This is Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire," the Castle of Pele. This cavity is about 1,000 feet across, and in it is a lake of fire, a regular devil's caldron. The huge kettle of molten metal has boiled over many times.

One of the most terrific eruptions on Mauna Loa occurred on July 4, 1899, a sort of Hawaiian celebration of the Glorious Fourth, their first opportunity after joining the Union. The lava flow came within a few miles of Hilo, the third time the town has been threatened. Recently a volcano and earthquake

observatory has been constructed at Kilauea under the auspices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Govern-



ment plans to make the territory which includes the volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa into a national park. Re-



EXAMPLES OF LAVA FLOW
AT KILAUEA.



TOURISTS SCORCHING POST CARDS IN THE HOT FISSURES OF
KILAUEA'S LAVA.

turning to Hilo to embark for Maui, I visited a school where Hawaiian boys are given manual training—the Hilo Boarding School by name, interesting as being the very one on which General Armstrong modeled Hampton Institute in Virginia.

Maui is the second island of the group. It boasts the largest sugar mill on earth, a valley which is called “the Other Yosemite” and a volcano, which, though dead, holds the world’s record for size. The journey to the summit of Haleakala, or “House of the Sun,” is by rail from the port of Kahului to a point twenty-two miles from the crater, then by carriage or automobile for seven miles, the remaining fifteen being accomplished in the saddle.

Sunrise at Haleakala is worth a more difficult journey, a view unexcelled in grandeur, perhaps, the world over. We stood 10,000 feet above the sea, on the rim of a giant bowl, a dead volcano twenty miles in circumference. There are two gaps in the wall through which lava poured in prehistoric times. Through these portals, at dawn, multi-colored clouds drift seaward. On the brink of this vast abyss, we felt we were above the very world itself. It is no wonder that people of all races build temples on mountain heights.



SILVER SWORD. THIS QUEER PLANT GROWS IN THE EXTINGUISHED CRATER OF HALEAKALA, 10,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LEPER COLONY.

THE famous leper settlement on the Island of Molokai is labeled "*Tabu*!" In the old days, before the white man came to Hawaii, all the common people had to heed the many "*Tabu*" or "Forbidden" signs, and offenders were put to death. Today the isolated triangle of land, guarded by mountain wall and sea, which has given Molokai its melancholy celebrity, is the only forbidden spot on the islands. As I previously remarked, visitors wishing to go there must obtain a special permit from the Government.

Molokai is not, as generally supposed, given over entirely to lepers. Only a peninsula on the northern shore is set apart for the afflicted ones, victims of a disease that is as old as history and so terrible that centuries ago it was customary to burn lepers alive. The leper settlement is almost inaccessible from the rest of the island, as on three sides is the ocean and on the fourth it is shut off by a precipice 2,000 feet in height. The 5,000-acre tract is so well guarded that there can be no communication between it and the other inhabitants of Molokai, and there is no way by means of which the lepers can escape.

Twenty-five years ago there were 1,200 lepers on the island. The number has decreased to 622. In Honolulu there is a receiving hospital where lepers are first taken for treatment. Of the total 728 cases under observation, 623 are Hawaiians, forty-three Portuguese, thirty-one Chinese, seven Japanese, five Germans, five Americans and fourteen from other nations.

"Why don't you stamp it out?" I asked a doctor

"We have recommended that a periodical examination be made of every person on the islands," he said, "but it has met with opposition because of the tax to cover expenses. There

is no doubt but that the disease is slowly decreasing. Yes, it is a germ disease, and can be transmitted by the mosquito, some investigators claim. The mosquito is our greatest menace and we have played in luck to keep our two yellow fever cases from spreading."

A Swiss scientist, Professor Raoul Pictet, who invented liquefied air, claims to have discovered a "cold cure" for leprosy. The intense cold of liquefied carbon dioxide, locally applied, destroys the microbes and the flesh regains its original health and color. This is being given a trial at Molokai, but it is too early to make any positive statement regarding it.

At the recent International Medical Congress in London the head of the British Government's medical service in India



THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI ISLAND.

reported a number of instances in which leprosy had been cured, a new vaccine treatment having been successful. Experiments made on Molokai resulted in the efforts of the British to check leprosy in India. In recent years science has made great progress in the treatment of the scourge and the accomplishments of American medical men have been of great value.

Why leprosy occurs in certain places and not in others is one of the mysteries of medicine. The disease is mentioned in the earliest chronicles of man, references to it having been found in the records of the ancient Egyptians. In the early centuries of the Christian era the affliction spread all over

Europe and every city had its leper house. For no cause that any one could assign, it began to disappear early in the sixteenth century. Climate apparently has no influence on leprosy, for when it subsided throughout most of Europe it persisted in Norway, Iceland, Spain and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. In Asia it is to be found from India to Siberia, and it exists in many parts of Africa. In the West Indies it has reached alarming proportions at times. It has been introduced into the United States innumerable times, but never got a foothold except in Louisiana, where there has been a small leper colony for many years. If the United States were a country for lepers, the importation of African slaves in the early days would have brought the disease. The Chinese have not established it in our country, though there are a few cases among these people on the Pacific Coast.

Leprosy is not so contagious as is generally supposed; it is communicated from man to man, but seems to require extreme intimacy of association. There are several forms of the disease. When patients are sent to Kalaupapa, the leper settlement, they are permitted to marry lepers. There are thirty-three non-leprous children in the colony, isolated from the others. In special schools in Honolulu are sixty-one of these children, born of lepers on Molokai, who have escaped the disease.

Kalaupapa, from the sea, is a pretty place. A guarded trail leads up the bluff behind it. The houses are comfortable, the hospitals are the best. Everything possible is done to make the poor wretches contented. They even have a motion-picture theater. In fact, life is made so agreeable that frequently a member of the colony, pronounced cured and free to leave, asks to be permitted to remain. There are ninety-three officers and assistants caring for the patients, who do a little in the way of agriculture, but who are really supported by the Government.

In the leper village there stands a cross, sheltered by the boughs of a tree and inclosed by a plain iron fence. This monument marks the grave of Joseph de Veuster, Father

Damien, who was one of the noblest characters the world ever produced. Impelled by his love of humanity, he gave the better part of his life to the outcast lepers, dying a martyr to his devotion. Father Damien went to the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary and shortly afterward at his own request he was sent to the settlement on Molokai. He found conditions wretched. The water supply was unfit, the food was bad, the unfortunates were ill-clothed and ill-housed. All this failed to dismay him, and it was not long until he had made remarkable improvements and had brightened the lives of the hopeless exiles. The world at that time knew nothing of what he was accomplishing with virtually no assistance. He built a church and even personally dug the graves of many of the parishioners whom he buried. Finally, when he realized that the day which he had not feared had come, that he had contracted the disease, Father Damien did not flinch. Instead he welcomed the misfortune as binding him more closely to his people; he was now able to say "We lepers" in his sermons. His simple, heroic life and death attracted wide attention, and the work he had done on Molokai, and the facts he had learned, proved of immense value in dealing with leprosy elsewhere. Other missionaries, of all faiths, have unselfishly devoted their



THE "BARKING SANDS," ISLAND OF KAUAI.



DEPARTING FROM HAWAII WREATHED IN LEIS.

lives to ministering to the lepers, and the world can but recognize this as one of the noblest forms of heroism.

Kauai is the most northerly of the Hawaiian Islands and the oldest. Its mountains towered skyward before its sisters were born. It is called "The Garden Isle" and is, perhaps, the most picturesque. It is the least touched by civilization, in spite of its wide, cultivated acres, and is an ideal spot for camping parties and for sportsmen on the lookout for wary mountain goats.

One of the pastimes that appeals to visitors on Kauai is sliding on the sands. The wind on the hills makes the sands "bark" and rustle like silk. To slide down them produces a sound like thunder. It is a startling and strange experience.

The little island of Niihau, lying seventeen miles from Kauai, is a private estate, devoted largely to sheep raising.

Lanai and Kahoolawe complete the island group, eight in all. We saw Lanai advertised for sale while we were in Honolulu, so there is still a chance to become "King of an Ocean Isle." Kahoolawe, the baby isle, is so dry that it is blowing away. The rainfall there does not seem to be very evenly distributed.

Very musical indeed is the Hawaiian tongue, even if it has only twelve letters in its alphabet. Many think it is sweeter than Italian.

The heart word in the language is *Aloha*, used in greeting and in parting, the word which means love and friendship and remembrance and all that is best in life. Americans on the islands have adopted it, with the *leis*, or flower garlands, they give you when you leave, and as you stand by the rail of the steamer wreathed in blossoms, waving to your friends on the pier, you hear them call to you, over the waters.

"*Aloha! Aloha! Aloha-o-e!*" The call is both a blessing and farewell.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Number of islands 3,141, total area 120,000 square miles—Population, 1913, estimated, 8,831,000, 25,000 Americans and Europeans (including troops), 40,000 Chinese, balance mostly Malayan, with some tribes of Negritos—Dominant religion Roman Catholic, with many Mohammedans and 725,000 Pagans—Chief resources rice, copra, hemp, sugar, corn, tobacco, timber, with some gold and iron—Total imports, 1913, \$56,327,533, exports \$53,683,326, imports from United States, \$25,646,876, exports to the United States, \$19,970,642—Cultivated area, 1913, 5,717,598 acres, with crop value of \$77,456,471—Forest area, 40,000 square miles—Capital, Manila, population, 250,000—United States troops in Islands, 12,000, native infantry, 5,000—Governor, Francis Burton Harrison.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME STRAY PACIFIC ISLES.

HONOLULU, the Hawaiian capital, faded into the distance as we stood watching on the steamer's deck. Then the Island of Oahu dropped out of sight. The long, wave-plowing course to the Far East had begun. I thought I had seen the last of the Hawaiian group when the captain, a jolly old salt—British born but a naturalized American—surprised me by remarking

“We'll pass Laysan Island in a couple of days. It's 700 miles to the west and belongs to the Hawaiian archipelago. Then there's Lisianski Island. Ever heard of it? Well, it's in the reservation, too. Uncle Sam has been annexing stray islands in the Pacific for a number of years. They are all sizes, from mere coral reefs to real food producers. They'll all come in handy some of these days. An assortment of islands is a fine thing to carry in stock. We use one of the Midways and Guam now as cable stations.”

“What do they raise on Laysan?” I inquired.

"Birds! The island is covered with them. It's their resting place after weary ocean flights. It's two miles long and half a mile wide and the Laysan albatross go there by the hundreds of thousands at nesting time. They are queer birds and carry on just like human beings, with a grotesque dance. I call it the 'Albatross Waddle' and think it may become popular some day, as it's something like the 'Turkey Trot.'"

It seems that four years ago a Honolulu man fitted out an expedition and sailed for Laysan Island with twenty-three Japanese employés. On learning of the expedition the United States Government dispatched the revenue cutter *Thetis* and arrested all of the men. They had butchered 300,000 birds, however, before the arrival of the cutter. The albatross is the largest of sea birds and gathers all its food from the surface of the water, seizing, with its big bill, fishes, smaller birds and the refuse thrown from ships. These birds have great power of flight and follow ships for days at a time. Superstitious sailors believe that the killing of an albatross is always followed



ALBATROSS ON LAYSAN ISLAND.

by misfortune. The average albatross egg weighs one pound. Many thousands of the eggs are collected annually on Laysan by natives of nearby islands, who use and sell them as food. The eggs are also served as food on passing steamers, chiefly as a novelty. This recalled to my mind an experience while in Africa hunting big game, exploring and taking aerial photographs. One morning our chief cook announced that we would have ostrich-egg omelet for breakfast. I had misgivings about the agreeableness of the prospective dish, thinking it would be strong, but it proved as delicate as an omelet made from fresh hens' eggs.

About 1,300 miles northwest of the Hawaiian Islands are the Midways, two little isles, mere freckles on the face of the ocean, but important to America. Their name was derived from their location about midway between the United States and Japan, and on the larger of these islands is the most isolated cable station in the world. This is Sand Island, about one and a half miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide and only forty-three feet above sea level at the highest point. A



COLLECTING ALBATROSS EGGS, LAYSAN ISLAND.



SEAL TURTLE AND ALBATROSS ON LAYSAN ISLAND.

coral reef, twenty-five miles in circumference, protects the islands from the sea and a rift in the reef admits vessels of light draught into a deep and safe harbor. Away back in 1887 *The Wandering Minstrel* was wrecked on the reef and the captain, with his wife and crew, lived on fish and sea gulls' eggs for fourteen months, when they were rescued.

In 1903 the Commercial Pacific Cable Company established a station on the island and today twenty of its employes call this little sand heap "home." Every three months a supply ship arrives and you can just imagine what mail from the States means to these modern Robinson Crusoes. In 1906 there was great excitement in the colony, for a big Pacific mail steamer grounded on the reef while landing the manager of the cable company. It was six days before the ship was floated. Five hundred visitors all at once were a delight to the Midwayites, who were so hospitable that the passengers later sent them a loving cup in remembrance of the sojourn.

The employes at the cable station live in comfortable, well-

equipped buildings and indulge in tennis, golf, billiards, fishing and sea-bathing during leisure hours. They have cows, sheep and chickens and grow vegetables on soil brought over from Hawaii. Exiles from civilization, theirs is a great work, for here, in this remote post, under the Star Spangled Banner, they keep the people of the West in touch with those of the Far East. When you read in the morning that the Moros are acting up in the Philippines you know that the boys on Sand Island flashed the message along in the night.

Guam, with an area of about 200 square miles, is the largest of a group of islands called the Ladrões, or Thieves, a title which the natives deeply resent. When Magellan was on his way from the tail end of South America to the Philippines in 1521 he stumbled on these islands. He did some trading with the little brown men and on a dark night lost one of his ship's boats.

"Thieves!" cried the navigator in rage. I'll make you pay for this!" And he did. He branded them *ladrões*, or thieves, and the name has clung to them through the centuries.

The natives claimed that they fed Magellan and his starving crew and did not steal the boat, but they got the worst of it



THE "RESTORER," OF THE COMMERCIAL PACIFIC CABLE
COMPANY.

from the start, for the Spaniards, besides "marking them for life," brought them rats, flies, mosquitoes, and a batch of strange diseases and made the place into a penal colony

Guam was a Spanish possession until June 30, 1898, when it was captured by Captain Glass of the United States cruiser *Charleston*. On his way to Manila with several troopships, he had been instructed to take Guam. He had been told that the island's seaport was protected by two forts and on its arrival the *Charleston* fired a number of shots to unmask the batteries.

At last a small rowboat, flying the Spanish flag, put out from the shore and landed the commander of the forts on the cruiser. He begged pardon for not having returned their salute, as he was out of powder. We had not hit the fort. The poor fellow nearly lost his breath when Captain Glass informed him that the United States was at war with Spain, and that the *Charleston* would wreck the forts, if need be. As soon as he recovered from the shock he surrendered. At the close of the war the island was formally ceded to us and Spain held out the rest of the group. Being in need of ready money to clear away the wreckage, she sold the lesser Ladrões to Germany for \$2,500,000.

In taking over Guam we secured the only island of the group with a good harbor. When we counted noses in 1901 we found there were 10,000 inhabitants. Ten years later there were 12,000.

The title of Governor was well established, for from the time it was colonized by the Spaniards in 1668 until the beginning of our rule, exactly fifty-seven varieties of Spanish Governors had held sway on Guam. Since then we have sent over ten Governors, but all of one variety, all high-class naval officers who have done everything in their power to promote the health, wealth and prosperity of the people. The Government has put up liberally, for every year's naval appropriation carries quite a sum for the upkeep of Guam.

Our chief object in taking the island was to secure a landing place for the trans-Pacific cable. The cable is still its excuse for living, for today four lines land at Sumay, not far from the

capital The American cable from San Francisco via Honolulu and the Midways; the American cable from the Bonin Islands connecting with the Japanese cable to Yokohama, the German cable from Java via the Caroline Islands and the American cable from China via the Philippines.

Agaña, the capital, has about 8,000 inhabitants. Our first Governor, by damming a mountain stream, provided the people with pure water, which worked wonders with the death rate.



OLD PALACE OF THE SPANISH DAYS, GUAM

Lepers were isolated and a cure was found for *gangosa*, a terrible disease peculiar to Guam. Hookworm was driven out. We built hospitals, restored highways, started English schools, even installed electric lights. We are publishing a monthly magazine in English and the Guamaños have just seen their first automobile. Baseball is in full swing.

Twice a month a transport arrives from San Francisco or Manila and there are great doings at Government House, the old palace of Spanish days.

The main product of the island is, and ever will be, copra, the dried meat of the coconut. The yearly yield, about 600

tons, is bought by Japanese traders who ship it in their own schooners.

There are few masters and few servants in Guam. Nearly every man has his own farm. Life on the island would be probably ideal if it were not for the frequent occurrence of hurricanes.

The United States has a number of "stray" possessions in the Pacific which are not to be found in the average geography. Among them are the Marcus and Wake Islands, and lower down, to the south, are the Howland and Baker Islands—none of them large enough to be worth visiting.

Farther south, in the Samoa group, are several islands, belonging to us, the only one of consequence being Tutuila. It



NATIVE WOMEN OF SAMOA.



AN ISLAND FAMILY

contains the port of Pago Pago, one of the best harbors of the Pacific Ocean, and is therefore exceedingly valuable as a coal-ing station. All the other Samoan islands that amount to anything were the property of Germany, until England, as a war measure, forcibly took them on August 29, 1914. Copra is the chief Samoan export. The islands are noted for their beauty and their picturesque people.

CHAPTER XX.

DOCKING AT MANILA.

WE AMERICANS discovered the Philippines on a fair May Day in 1898, when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. Before then we did not even know where our clotheslines came from. Now Manila, capital of our possessions in the Far East, which we no longer spell with two l's, occupies the center of the stage.

If you are working for Uncle Sam, you came to the Philippines on a U. S. army transport for \$1 a day from San Francisco via Honolulu and Guam. It takes you about twenty-eight days. If you are just an ordinary traveler, you come via Japan, the voyage, including port stops, averaging twenty-six days. Some steamers go via China, which means five to seven days longer.

Sailing from Nagasaki in southern Japan on a Friday night, you enter Manila Bay on Tuesday morning, unless you are delayed by a typhoon. The typhoon season on the China Sea begins in June and lasts until October. September is the worst month. We got into the tail end of a typhoon on the voyage to Manila and, from the sample, we were not eager for the full exhibit. The wind howled about the ship as though all the lost demons were loose and the great craft pitched and creaked in alarming fashion.

The first you see of the Philippines is the light on northernmost Luzon, and it is then a twenty-four hours' journey to Manila.

The island of Luzon on which Manila is situated, is the largest of the Philippine group, Mindanao being second in size. There are over 3,000 islands in the archipelago and only about 1,600 of them have been named. The main ones, going south from Luzon to Mindanao, are Mindoro, Masbate, Samar,

Panay, Negros, Cebu, Leyte, Palawan and Bohol. Between Mindanao and Borneo stretch the islands of the Sulu archipelago, included in the Philippines.

The Philippine archipelago as a whole is about opposite the coast from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to the Panama-Colombian border in the New World; and it faces Indo-China and the Malay Peninsula in the Old World. The Philippines are only a few hundred miles from the Asiatic shore and are really a broken-off fringe of that continent. In area they are nearly twice the size of the New England States and larger than the British Isles.

We hear of these Islands first through old Chinese records when Mongol junks sailed over here in the thirteenth century, about the time that Marco Polo visited China. Magellan, with the flag of Spain, came next in 1521, meeting death as the price of his discovery. Del Cano followed, also in the name of Spain, but only looked in and sailed away. The Islands were named for Philip II., and the Spaniards spell it with an "F"—Felipe, hence the Spanish word Filipinos. We Anglo-Saxons spell the country with a "P"—Philippines, and the people with an "F"—Filipinos, with our usual irregularity in such matters.

Legaspi was the real conqueror of the Islands. He sailed over from New Spain (Mexico) in 1565 and it was a case of the sword and the cross as in Latin America, for with him came Urdaneta, the priest. On the island of Luzon they found the most civilized of the many Malay tribes occupying the archipelago. They were the Tagalogs, a trading people, who had developed quite an enlightened form of government, and these are the Filipinos who form the dominant class today. Spanish conquest spread over the Islands and these alone of all the people of the Far East, were Christianized. Today there are eight so-called Christian tribes numbering, in rough figures, 7,000,000. About one-sixth of these are Tagalogs of southern Luzon. There are 360,000 pagans, known as the "Wild Tribes," and 275,000 Mohammedan Moros.

These, then, are the Filipinos we first came to know in 1898

1. A small class of educated people, speaking Spanish as well as their native dialects—a class known as the *gente ilustrada*, or “upper people.”

2. A larger number of *gente bajo*, or “lower people,” Christians, but uneducated and still pure Malays.

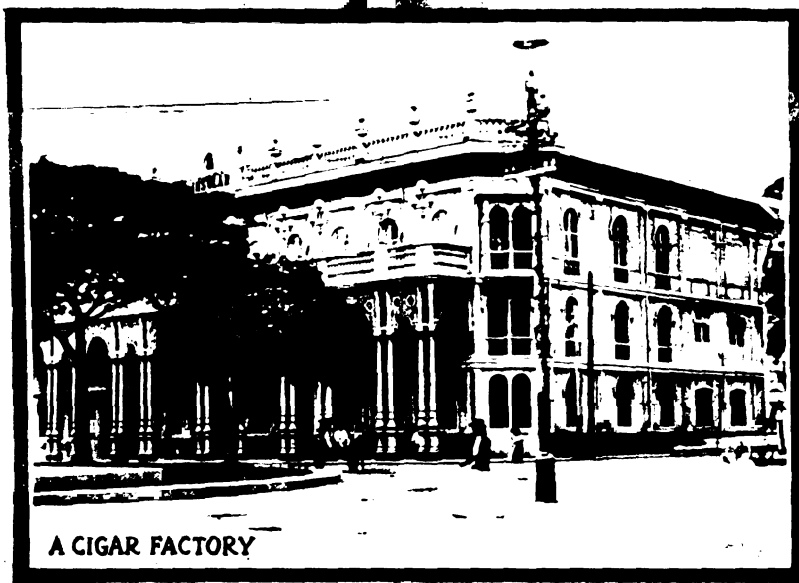
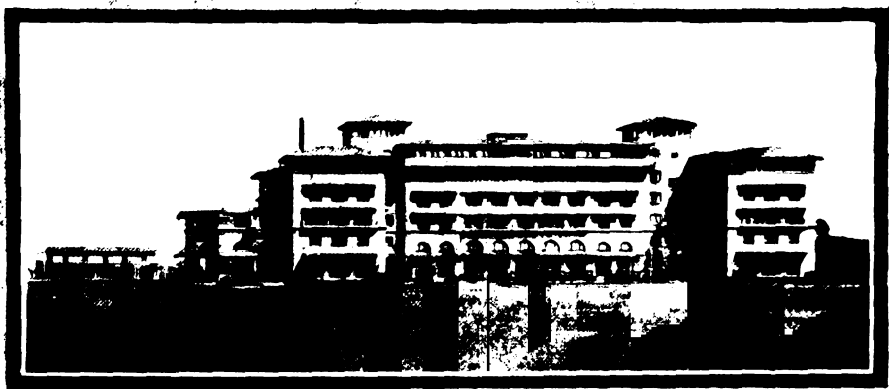
3. A great number of pagan savages and bloodthirsty Mohammedans.

Nature has erected a fortress to guard the harbor of Manila. The Spaniards did not make the most of it—the island of Corregidor, which we have made as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar. It lies between the Boca Chica, or narrow mouth, which we entered, and the Boca Grande, or wide mouth, used by vessels going to or coming from the south. In front the bay opens in a great sweep. On the Boca Grande side is the province of Cavite, which Dewey skirted on his way up the bay to sink the Spanish squadron. Nearly all of Cavite was fought over again and again in the stormy days between 1898 and 1902.

It is twenty-nine miles from Corregidor to Manila. We



CORREGIDOR ISLAND, NOW BEING FORTIFIED TO PROTECT
MANILA HARBOR.



PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF MANILA.

neared the breakwater, protecting the inner harbor, too late to be received by the port doctor, so had to lie off the city all night. Its sparkling lights, festooning the shore, looked alluring, although some of the passengers were disappointed that the lights did not climb the hills as in Hong Kong, where the incandescents meet the stars. Manila was evidently a flat city

Next morning, after the American doctor, clad in khaki, had looked at our tongues, we steamed past the breakwater and straight up to one of five great docks. The ship drew thirty feet. This then was American work, a mighty work which impresses the newcomer. In 1906, the transport *Logan* was laid alongside one of these new piers, the first time a vessel of equal draught had tied up to a port in this part of the world. Manila Bay is now considered the best in the Orient, a haven from the severest typhoons. We have spent \$5,000,000 on harbor improvements in this port alone, and it is worth it. Think of Uncle Sam owning the best port in the Orient!

A park-like expanse along the waterfront, a breathing space between city and sea, also pleases the visitor. This is all reclaimed land, a stretch one and one-fourth miles long and one-third of a mile wide, extending from the Malecón Drive to the bay.

"What is that fine new building in the midst of the park?" I asked.

"That is the New Manila Hotel," some one answered. "It is a year old and cost \$450,000. Uncle Sam advanced two-thirds of the money and took a mortgage. A good many Government officials live there, and army folks."

Manila is the only port in the entire Orient without a charge for tonnage, harbor or light dues, but you cannot get past the customs. They need the revenue. Many are under the impression that articles made in Europe on which duty has been paid in the U. S. A. can be brought into the Philippines without payment of extra duty. But this is not the case. Philippine duty must also be paid. And again, in going the other way, duty paid on articles here—Japanese purchases, for instance—

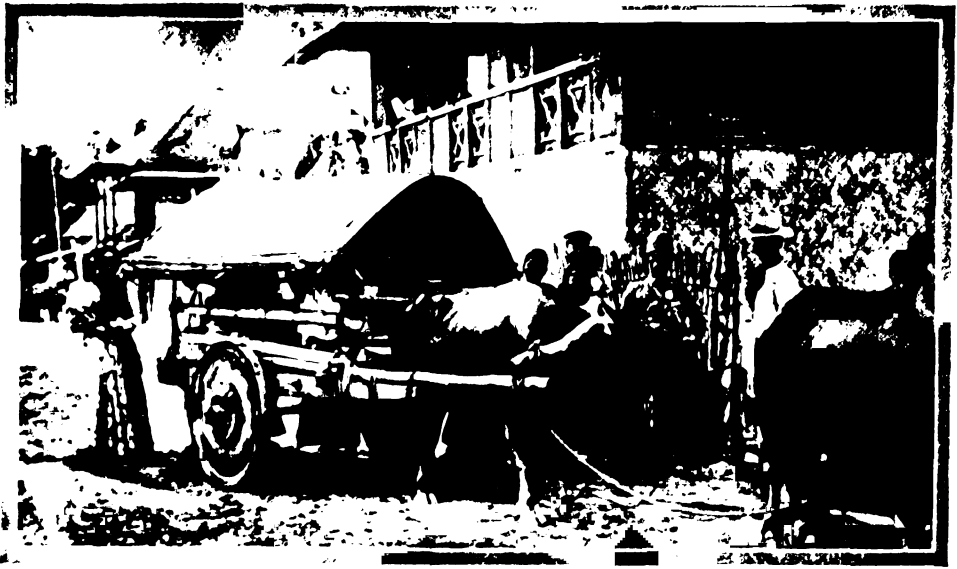
does not mean that you will escape duty payment when you enter the States. There are two separate sets of duties for the Philippines and the United States. They are two separate Governments. This point is hammered into you at the pier while eagle-eyed officials paw over your belongings, on the lookout for things bought in China and Japan. My belief is that we should make the port of Manila, or a portion of it, a free port, as the English have done successfully at Hong Kong and Singapore, that is, make it a port free of custom duties for vessels wishing to load and unload merchandise in commercial exchange. We should unquestionably have such a free port of exchange in the Orient. Everywhere that free ports have been tried they have greatly stimulated trade and commerce. For a fuller explanation of this important suggestion I refer the reader to my chapters on the Panama Canal Zone.

As you at last walk away from the dock you find a strange assortment of vehicles waiting to take you to the hotel.

The *calesa* is the more aristocratic. It is a two-wheel gig with a folding top. The driver perches on a little seat above the strong Australian pony. This costs you one *peso* (fifty cents) an hour.



VIEW FROM THE NEW MANILA HOTEL. MONUMENT TO JOSE RIZAL
IN BACKGROUND.



JUST CAME TO TOWN

The *carromata* is something like the *calesa*, except that it has a square, stationary top and often looks a bit run down at the heel. It costs twenty cents an hour and two people can ride for this amount.



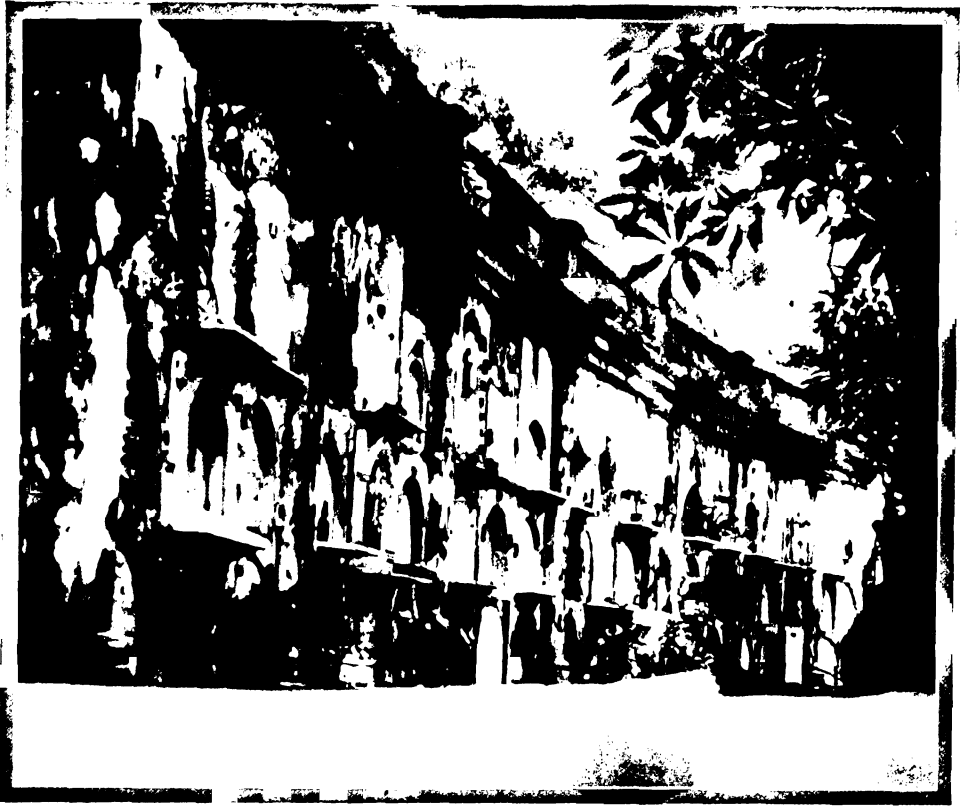
CARABAO CARTS IN MANILA.

If you arrive with the fear that the Americans have effaced all the local color, you are immediately reassured, for right alongside the *calesas* and *carromatas* are carts drawn by *cara-bao*, the oxen of the Orient, great clumsy water buffaloes which look, for all the world, like cousins of the hippopotamus. They waddle along at a snail-like pace and their drivers, squatting on the produce, are scantily clad, brown-skinned Malays, not a jot changed since Magellan crossed the ocean. In fact, I think the same type lived here in 300 B. C.

The New Manila Hotel was the finest-looking hostelry I had seen in the tropical Orient. The rooms are big and airy and the dining-room overlooks the bay. There is also a splendid roof garden. The most distinctive features are the hardwood floors and shell windows, both typical of the Philippines and most artistic. The windows consist of hardwood frames, containing many small latticework squares into which thin, flat, translucent seashells have been fitted. These windows slide in grooves on the railings, shutting out rain and heat and tempering the glare of the tropics. It is estimated that 5,000,000



HOUSES SHOWING THE SHELL WINDOWS, MANILA.



BURIAL VAULTS, PACO CEMETERY, MANILA.

shells are used for this purpose in Manila alone each year. The supply is diminishing.

Before starting out to see the city, I took a bird's-eye view from the hotel roof. Westward sparkled the Bay of Manila, thirty ships afloat in its inner harbor and a great "Jap" liner tied up to one of the piers. Southward was the famous Luneta, the playground of Manilans, as popular now as during the Spanish *régime*, society gathers here in the late afternoon to listen to the music of the constabulary band. Eastward stretched the city, built in part and beautified by Americans. But the Mecca of most travelers lies to the north in Old Manila, the romantic town of Spanish days, surrounded by hoary walls.

CHAPTER XXI.

MANILA, THE LAYER CAKE.

MANILA is a layer cake. The caramel-colored Malays form the bottom layer. The next filler is sixteenth-century Spanish. Then comes the blend of these, Spanish and Malay, with a strong dash of Chinese—the upper-class Filipino. The top layer, including the cream, is good old American. And this is what makes Manila so interesting to the traveler—the diversified scenes and customs of a city which is Oriental, European and Yankee, thirteenth, sixteenth and twentieth centuries combined.

Let us start out in Tondo, the section included within the city limits which has changed least since Spanish ships sailed into Manila Bay just 343 years ago. Under the very same name, Tondo then formed an independent territory, as did its neighbor, "Maynila," across the Pasig River. Today, as then, it consists of a motley array of shacks, built of woven bamboo

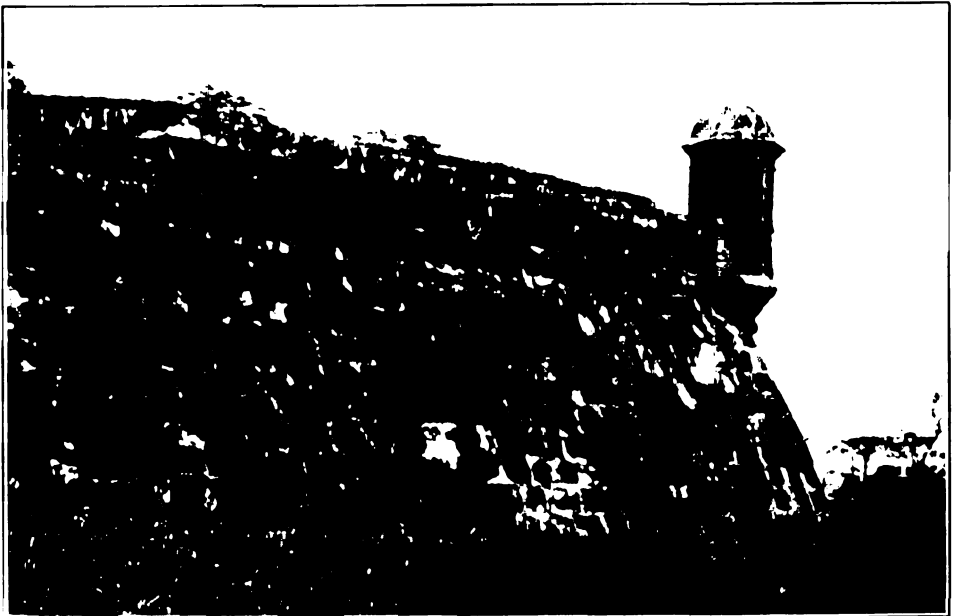


STREET IN NIPA SHACK SECTION OF MANILA.

and *nipa* palm on bamboo frames, the whole tied with vines, without a nail. Many of these "mansions" appear to be walking along on stilts as they sway in the wind. The ground floor is occupied by the domestic animals. One family owns a *carabao*. Next door they have two goats and a pig. The people across the street have a fighting cock and a gray cat with the Filipino crook in its tail. A woman looks out of a window at the visitors and she is of the pure Malay type, the mass of coarse hair flowing over her brown shoulders is her pride and glory, well combed daily and greased with coconut oil.

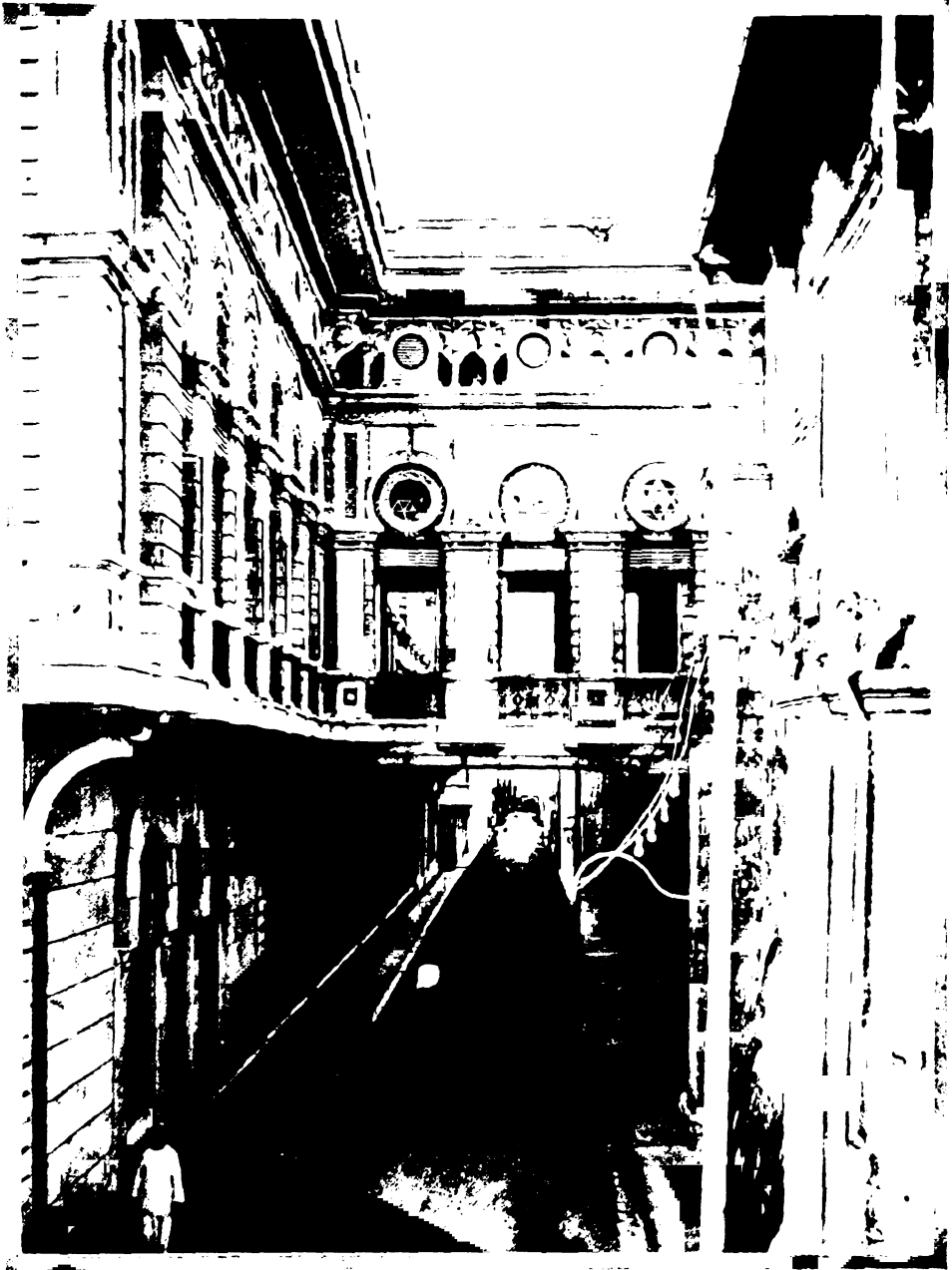
We Americans have cleaned up Tondo. There are paved streets now, sewers and water drains. These people of poorest Manila look cleaner and seem more contented than those of the slums of the big cities in the States.

Across the river in the Walled City we find very different scenes. This is Spanish Manila, still called Intramuros, "Within the Walls." Its narrow streets and overhanging balconies, fine old churches and attractive little plazas made me think of South America. Streets like Calle Real, Calle Arzobispo and Calle Palacio recall just such names and just such



A BASTION OF THE OLD WALL SURROUNDING MANILA IN
SPANISH DAYS.

medieval-looking thoroughfares in Venezuela and Peru. Massive stone walls, two and three-quarters miles in circumference, surround this city built by the Spaniards. Of the seven gates, five still stand, and, through these historic portals, traffic flows today. Until 1852 the gates were closed from



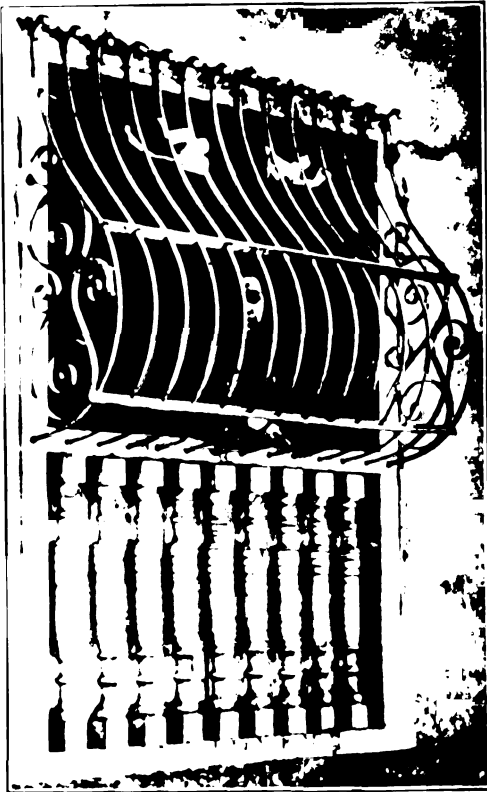
CALLE REAL, A STREET IN THE WALLED CITY, MANILA.

eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning, while watchmen guarded the sleeping city. Through one of the gaps in the wall made by their cannon, British troops entered the town in 1762 to raid and despoil it. I have heard that many people expected just such terrible treatment in 1898 and were amazed at the attitude of the American soldiers. Formerly a moat surrounded the walls, but it was a regular pest hole and we have filled it in, replacing it by a wide strip of lawn which sets off the fine old battlements. We have been wise in preserving the walls. They are the most artistic touch in the city.

In wide avenues and parks, many splendid public buildings and airy bungalows outside the walls you see the American imprint. Throughout the city, within the walls and in the outskirts, as well as in the newly built sections, we have cleaned and beautified, without spoiling the "local color." Honolulu has been Americanized into monotony, but Manila, with all its sanitation, is still picturesque. We can only hope that it may

retain its beauty as it grows into the great commercial port of the Orient.

The Pasig River divides the city into two parts. One side, between the river and the bay, is the Walled City and the New Manila, being built on plans laid down by the late D. H. Burnham, famous as an architect of "Cities Beautiful." There are also several residential sections which were suburbs in the Spanish days. On the other side of the river are the retail business streets and the native and Chinese quarters, besides some fine residential districts. Several bridges span the Pasig, chief among them the historic old Bridge of Spain.



TYPE OF WINDOW IN THE WALLED
CITY, MANILA.

Except in the Walled City, a network of canals, called *esteros*, each bearing a name, cuts through the town. The *esteros* are highways for freight, the boats of various types taking the place of drays and trucks. The canals also serve as drains, the city's elevation being only three or four feet. They are kept as clean as possible, but the water is very muddy



CASCOS, HOUSE BOATS, ON THE PASIG RIVER.

and the natives are apt, through long habit, to throw things into the *estero* "when the health officer isn't looking."

The river life is very interesting to the newcomer. Fifteen thousand people live on the *cascos* and *lorchas* which ply the Pasig and its tributaries. People are born, live and die on these houseboats, feeling aliens on the land. To me the *casco* and the *carabao* are the most Malayan features of Manila. The *carabao* loves to wallow in the stream and the *casco* never deserts it. This long, narrow craft is covered with woven bamboo awnings. Stern and prow are ornamented in weird design. The living apartment is well aft, consisting of a slat



SHIPPING OF TODAY MIXED WITH NATIVE BOATS ON THE PASIG RIVER,

platform, a fire pot and a rice kettle. On the river the owner of the *casco* sits cross-legged on top of the curved matting-like roof, while a launch tows him up stream. On the *estero* he takes off as much clothing as the law permits, and poles the ungainly craft along slowly, while his wife hangs over the railing washing clothes and his naked brown babies scramble along the bamboo platform like so many little monkeys. Heaven knows why they do not fall overboard!

Street life shows every layer of the "Manila Cake." On the Bridge of Spain I met an army van filled with United States soldiers in khaki; an automobile with dainty American women, all in white; a victoria with a dark-eyed Mestiza (Spanish-Filipina) wearing a black lace mantilla; a *calesa* with Chinese-Filipinos in European clothes; a wobbly *carromata* with a Tagalog girl, all "butterflied up" in a flimsy blouse of

jusi cloth; and a primitive *carabao* cart, laden with bags of rice topped by a barelegged Malay

The Tagalog women are not pretty, but many of the Mestizas are. Some of them wear the native costumes, while others affect the Parisian style of dress. The native costume is not especially attractive, but it is certainly unusual. It consists of a flowing cotton skirt, a transparent blouse with immense sleeves, showing the chemisette beneath, and a starched neck-piece called the *pañuelo*. The Mestiza wears shoes and stockings with this costume, but the Filipina is stockingless and wears "floppy" *chinclas*, slippers which cover only the toes. The Mestiza's life is that of the Spanish woman, and her greatest desire is to be considered pure *Español*. The Filipina isn't concerned about her pedigree. She is by far the freest woman of the Orient, unhampered by the caste of the Hindu, the little shoe of the Chinese, or the social conventions which hem in Japanese women. Her place in the household is



MR. AND MRS. W. D. BOYCE AND MR. AND MRS. BEN BOYCE, BOATING ON
THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA.

more like that of the American woman's, but she is not yet a slave to corsets, tight shoes or hairpins.

It is difficult to find out much about the women of Spanish blood who still live in Manila. They stay at home very closely and do not boast about their ancestry, for fear their fathers, husbands, brothers or sons will lose their positions with the Government. They seem to think they do not belong in the new *régime*.

The truth is, blood counts for very little out here in the Far East, where there are so many mixed strains. A man's character stands for a good deal more than the color of his skin or who his grandfather was. Americans who come to live in the Orient grow very tolerant on these lines and adapt themselves to the life by living much as the better class natives do.

People go to work early and take a *siesta* after the midday meal. Rule Number Two tacked on the door of my room at the New Manila Hotel prohibited loud talking, singing and piano playing from two to four in the afternoon. From five to seven in the evening is the calling hour, on the way to the Luneta to hear the music and watch the crowd. Every man has his personal "boy" who looks out for his clothes and general comfort



FILIPINO MUSICIANS. THE WOMEN ARE DRESSED IN THE NATIVE TAGALOG COSTUME.

and delivers his messages. This Filipino "boy" often has a wife and five or six children, but his wages are only 20 *pesos* (\$10) a month. His chief concern is to keep the master's shoes from mildewing.

Everything mildews here in the rainy season, which lasts from July to October. No one stays in for the rain. They wear clothes that will wash and never go out without a mackintosh.

Canopied mosquito nettings, carpetless floors and sliding seashell shutters become commonplace affairs in Manila. You soon cease to stare at the little Filipino waiters with their shirts hanging outside their trousers. You grow accustomed to the pantalooned Chinese women, the nursemaids of the Orient, trundling fair American babies, and to the huge, turbaned Hindus who serve as night watchmen in this part of the world.

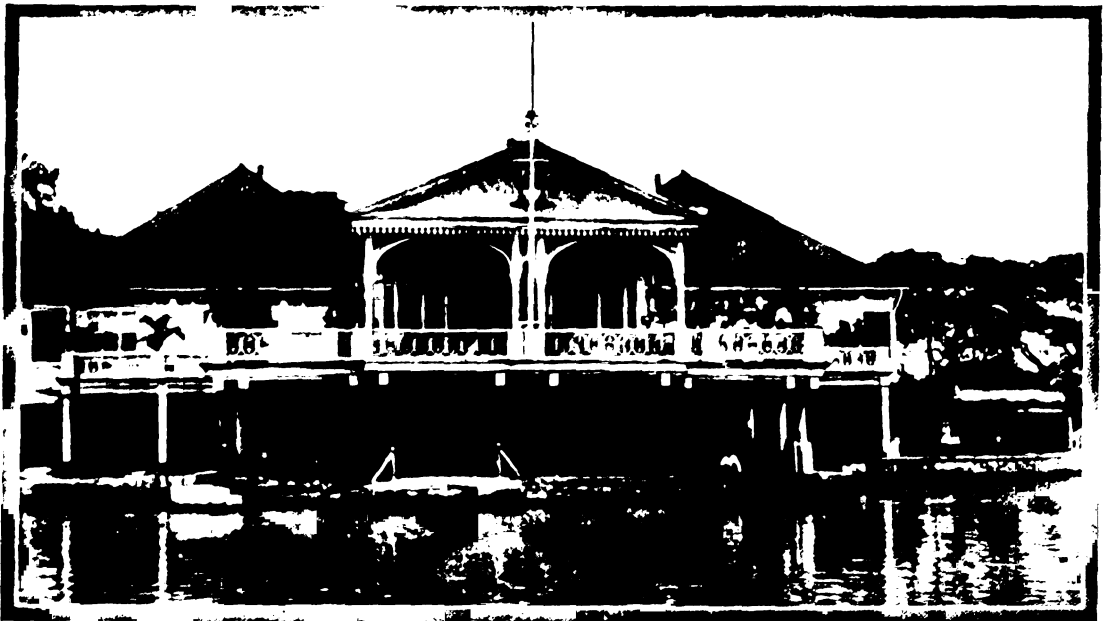
I was impressed with the fact that the best of the Filipinos have Chinese blood. Mongol junks have been crossing the China Sea for 700 years, according to history, and probably much longer than that. Chinese men have married Filipinas and the cross is the best native type, more intelligent than the Malay, stronger physically than the Chinese. Rizal, the greatest of the country's heroes, was of this blood. So is Aguinaldo. So are many of the foremost Filipinos today.

CHAPTER XXII.

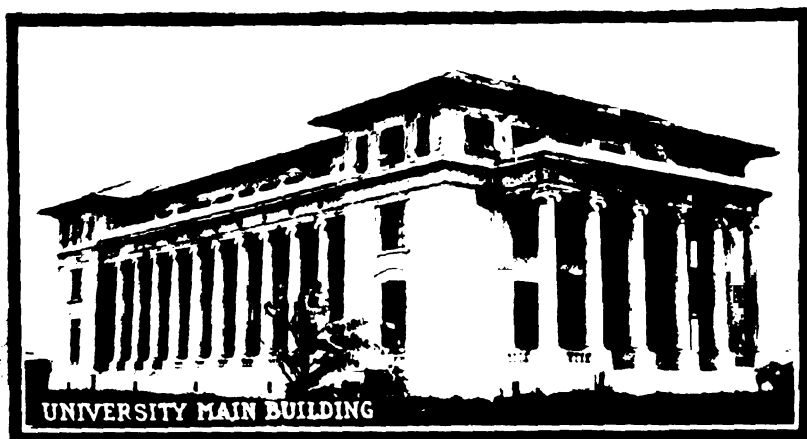
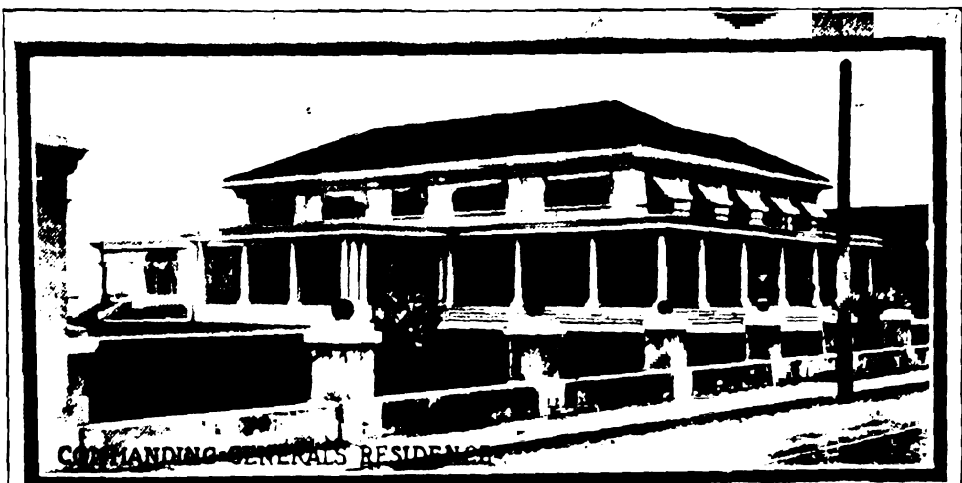
OUR WORK IN MANILA.

WE'VE done more in the Philippines in sixteen years than Spain did in three hundred. This is the unanimous opinion of the transplanted Americans who are at work over on our far-off islands. And the visitor, familiar with the condition of Manila before and after taking the prescription, assents, "Well, you certainly have!"

Shortly before his death, President McKinley said, "We are to take to those distant people in the Philippines the principles of liberty, of freedom of conscience, and of opportunity that are enjoyed by the people of the United States." This was a gigantic task. It meant the rebuilding of the entire structure on a new foundation. We went to work with a will



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA.



MANILA PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

and have stuck to it through all these years, drawing heavily on our stock of pluck and patience. It is little wonder that the men who have played leading rôles in this "Uplifting the Filipino" have pride in their work. It is only fairly launched, yet many real achievements are now ready for inspection.

When we took charge of Manila, about three-fifths of all the children born died before they were a year old. And no wonder! There was hardly an attempt at sanitation and men of the poorer class earned so little that mothers of newly arrived babies were not properly nourished. Cholera had claimed over 100,000 victims in a single year. The great bulk of the natives in the city had intestinal trouble, due to parasites which sapped the vitality, the result of infected drinking water. We pitched in.

First we spent \$2,000,000 on sewers and enforced sanitary regulations. We invested \$1,000,000 in a reliable water system. We paid living wages to working men. Today the rate of life insurance is the same as in the States.

We improved the streets, laid out new avenues, turned swamps into parks. We built model hospitals, displaced fire-flies and kerosene lamps by electricity, modernized the fire department and ran trolley lines in every direction. Today Manila, the unsanitary, dreamy city of old, is transformed into a clean, healthful, up-to-date capital. It is the head and heart of a nation we hope to "Manila-ize" throughout.

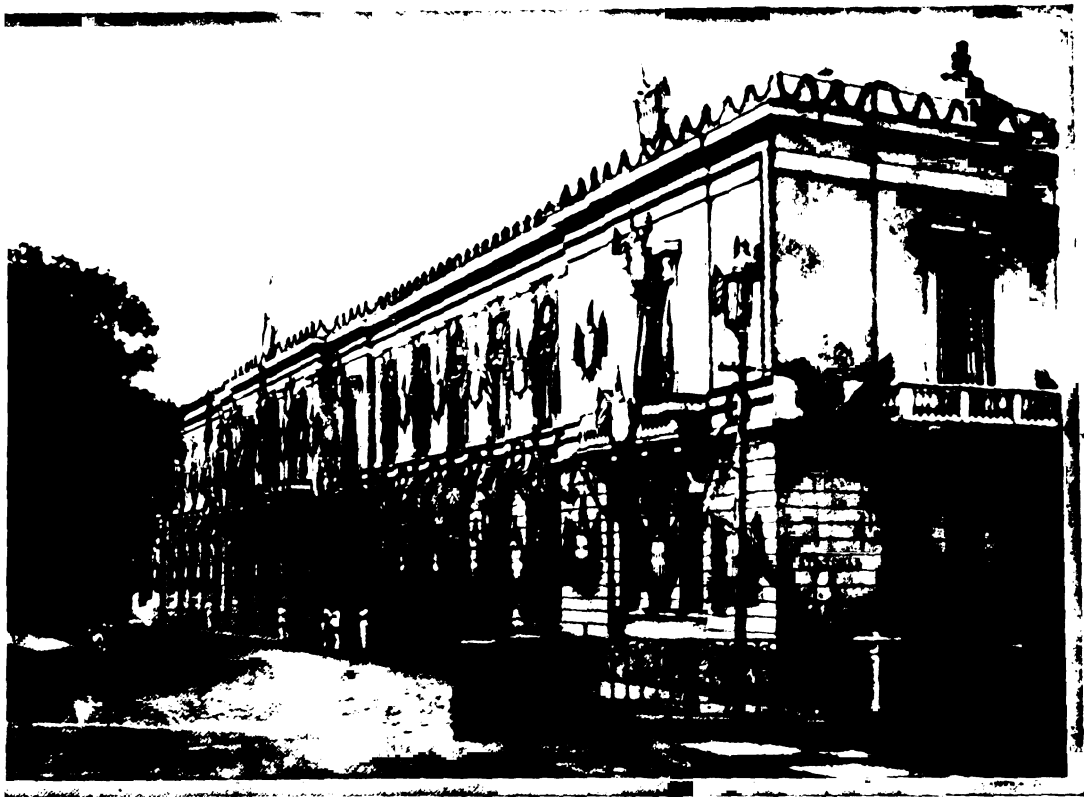
In the old days there was no such thing as free speech or a free press. Men who talked about liberty, or wrote about liberty, were executed. If a man complained about governmental corruption, he went to jail. Now, unless he incites riot or rebellion, a man may say anything he pleases. He may criticise the rule of the *Americanos* or talk about Philippine independence by the hour.

We replaced fluctuating money with staple currency on the gold standard. The small size of the Philippine paper bills has proved so satisfactory that Uncle Sam has adopted it for the States. The dollar of the Philippines is the *peso*, worth just 50 cents of our money.

The postal service was a joke. Now it reaches nearly every town and village and there is even a rural delivery. The parcel post system here is excellent. Packages may be sent C. O. D. and, if the merchant's consent is attached, the contents can be looked over before the money is paid. The postal officials collect the money and return it to the sender. The postal savings bank was in operation here before we had it over on our side. The telegraph, cable, telephone and wireless systems are marvels, a network of communication to the far corners.

The coast line of the Philippines is greater than that of the United States (not including Alaska) and about nine-tenths of the people live within sight of the sea. We have charted more than half the coast line, installed 150 lights and encouraged the operation of many steamer lines.

Before the Stars and Stripes went up, the Filipinos had absolutely no part in the Government. The Spaniards were



the masters. Now the voting Filipinos have almost complete authority in municipal affairs and a large share in legislative, judicial and executive branches.

The Legislature has two chambers, consisting of the Commission and the Assembly. The Commission, or "upper house," is composed of four Americans and five Filipinos appointed by the President of the United States, giving the Islanders a majority of the Governing Commission and entire control of the Assembly. The President of the Commission is the Governor-General of the Philippines. The Assembly is composed of eighty-one Filipinos, selected by the vote of the people. To vote a man must fulfill one of the following requirements. Read and write English or Spanish, own property, pay taxes. Only three per cent of the entire population vote!

Two delegates are sent to Washington to look after Filipino



THE FIRST FILIPINO ASSEMBLY.

interests. They have a voice in the House of Representatives, but no vote. The Commission selects one of these delegates, the Assembly the other. The Commission chose a man not in favor of immediate independence, but its last selection had a "change of heart" on reaching Washington. In the Assembly the "Immediate Independence Party" is in the saddle, so its delegate is a worker in that cause.

The police judges are all Filipinos. So are half of the twenty-four "judges of the first instance." In the Supreme Court there are three Filipinos and four Americans. It is plain therefore that we have not kept the Filipinos out of the pilot house. In all branches of Government service, Filipinos are given positions as fast as they prove themselves capable. In the Government printing office over 94 per cent of the employés are natives. There are over 40,000 employés of the Philippine Government and only about 300 of them are Americans.

Education is the keynote of the whole situation. We found 90 per cent of the people in absolute ignorance. Eighteen days after we captured Manila we had seven schools in operation, and ever since we have kept education in the foreground. "The schoolma'am follows the flag," and in 1901 we brought over 1,000 teachers, scattering them from the island of Batan, which lies between Luzon and Formosa, to Siasi, away down in the Sulu archipelago, a stretch of over 1,000 miles.

Today there are 9,000 teachers in the Islands, but less than 700 are Americans. This is a great pity, but the insular Government has a limited revenue and native teachers, while much less efficient, will work for \$10 a month. There are 4,600 schools and 700,000 pupils. Only about one-third of the children have the chance to go to school. Uncle Sam should put up the money for more schoolhouses and many more American teachers. The Philippines are now self-supporting. We pay for keeping up an army here; the men would have to be kept somewhere and colonial training means everything for them, as our soldiers must know how to live and fight in the tropics. The school work is a big subject, a story in itself; so

is the army ; and the constabulary, the greatest institution in the Islands ; and the really wonderful prison system.

This is a very short and inadequate account of our progress in reforming and civilizing the Islands, but, for the most part, the work was achieved prior to the entry of the present administration. With the appointment, August 22, 1913, of Hon. Francis Burton Harrison to the Governorship of the Islands, the Government's work has slowed down. To those who have the retention of the Philippines and their development at heart, the appointment of Mr Harrison, and the removal of numerous experienced and efficient members of the Philippine service, was a great disappointment. Unquestionably the result has been to the detriment of our own just claims and anything but beneficial to the people of the Islands. Mr Harrison hails from New York, is a lawyer by profession and, up to the time of his appointment to the Governorship of the Philippines, had served as Democratic Congressman from New York through four terms. Thus far his conduct of the affairs of the Islands has occasioned much criticism, though no doubt he represents the policy of the present Washington adminis-



FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, AND HIS WIFE.

tration. The mistake inheres in the policy itself, which consists of hurtful economy, the displacement of experienced officials by inexperienced men, the placing of a majority power in the hands of the natives, and the weakening of our civilizing influence in the Islands by holding out to their people the promise of entire independence in the near future. However, I will speak more fully relative to this important matter in a later chapter.



A NATIVE WARD POLITICIAN OF
MANILA.

One of the finest buildings in Manila is that of the Bureau of Science, an institution of wide scope. Science and the Philippines have not been acquaintances very long, but there was one scientific man here on our arrival who has remained in our service. He is at the head of the weather bureau, and we cannot find his equal. Fifty years ago learned Jesuit priests established a weather bureau in Manila, and Father Faura began the study of the typhoon. This most terrible of all sea storms is native to the China Sea which borders the Philippines on the west. Father Algué, who continued the work, has kept on under our administration and is one of the great scientists of the world. From his station comes accurate information as to the location, progress and duration of the typhoon, and word is telegraphed to mariners in every part of the Islands and flashed by wireless to ships far out at sea. Even in China and Japan they depend on word from Manila.

Even the newsboys in Manila know the meaning of the storm signals displayed on the tall mast at the weather bureau. The day signals are composed of various combinations of black blocks and cones, and at night red and white lanterns carry the message. The moment signal No. 1 is run up, there is a stir in shipping circles. It means "Distant storm, direction

unknown" and is enough to delay the departure of the little vessels which flit from island to island. Signals 2 and 3 indicate the direction of the storm, whether from the north or the south. Signal 4 is the real "Take notice." It means "Location of typhoon center is dangerous to this place. Look out for the next signal." Then there is scurrying. Extra hawsers bind steamers to the docks; vessels within the breakwater drop an extra anchor, the fishing fleet runs to cover. Crowds gather to see which of the three next signals will appear. Number 5



ESCOLTA STREET, THE BROADWAY OF MANILA.

means "Center of typhoon will pass close to north." Number 6: "Close to the south." Number 7 is the fatal signal. "Center of typhoon will pass over this city."

Manila has had only one "center" in the past ten years. Then the wind reached a velocity of 135 miles an hour and wrought great destruction to native houses. Some months before our visit a typhoon had "centered" 200 miles north of Manila and yet the wind, at this outer edge, brought down roofs and trees, and vessels came limping into port for days.

Over fifty scientists are engaged in studying an assorted

lot of problems here, a great part of the "White Man's Burden." Tropical diseases have received special attention. Beriberi, that scourge of hot moist lands, has been unmasked and is on the way to being eliminated. Surra, a disease which attacks horses, a blood parasite spread by the fly, is receiving attention just now. It is still fatal, but the doctors think they will find a cure. All sorts of serums are made at the bureau and distributed through the country. In the tests many monkeys are required. They are numerous in Luzon and easily caught by the natives who cut a small hole in a coconut, fill the nut with rice, and tie it to a forest tree. Along comes Mister Monkey, reaches into the coconut and grabs a big handful of rice. He cannot withdraw his hand unless he lets go the rice, and this he will never do, so he is doomed through greed, for just then a native comes along and nabs him.

At the bureau, I saw a large land crab, two feet long, which



A TRADE-TEACHING SCHOOL, MANILA.



CATCHING FISH NEAR MANILA.

makes a business of climbing coconut trees and stealing nuts. Owners of coconut groves keep a sharp lookout for them.

The Bureau of Science people will back their collection of multi-colored fishes against any in the world, Hawaii's included. A portion of the old Spanish wall has been remodeled for an aquarium, a bastion of the Royal Gate, which is ideal for the purpose. A small fee is charged to view the real wonders of the deep.

Near the Bureau of Science is the Philippine Normal School, which makes English teachers of Filipinos; the School of Arts and Trades; the College of Medicine and Surgery of the University of the Philippines, and the General Hospital, best equipped of all such institutions in the Orient. And I have given you only a brief outline of our work in Manila!

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMERICAN LIFE IN MANILA.

IT IS sixteen years since Uncle Sam acquired the Philippine Islands, by one of those accidents that sometimes happen even in the best regulated nations. The visitor's expression today is that we might have fared worse, but could hardly have gone farther

Manila is more distant from the United States than almost any port for which the American globe-trotter sets sail. He is met by a flutter of Stars and Stripes, hundreds of flags waving over Government buildings, schools and hospitals. The soda fountain is in evidence. Perhaps you have heard of the

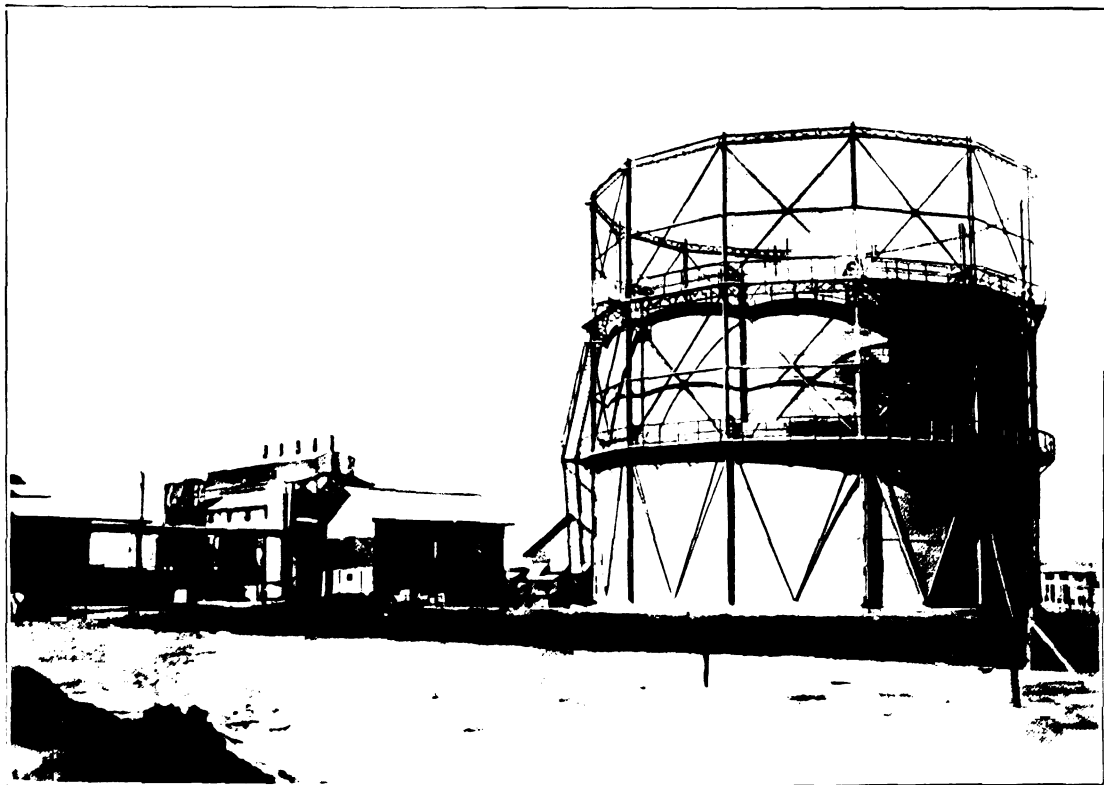


WORKS OF THE PHILIPPINE VEGETABLE OIL COMPANY, MANILA.

American, just in from China, who rushed into a drug store on Calle Escolta, Manila, the moment his ship had docked, and gobbled five chocolate ice-cream sodas without stopping. The policeman you see on a street corner is probably an Irish-American. The three newspapers in English have "live" headlines over the latest cable news from the States.

"What do you think of our new hotel?" every other American asks you. They came to town, even from the jungles, when J M Dickinson, then Secretary of War, laid its cornerstone, and many consider it the crowning American achievement.

It certainly is a magnificent-looking building, none finer in this part of the world, and fills a long-felt want for those who like to drop in for afternoon tea on their way to the Luneta, or attend the weekly dances. For the tourist, however, forced to rely on the hotel *menu*, for instance, it is quite another story. Here in the East everything on the bill of fare is given



A PORTION OF THE MANILA GAS COMPANY'S PLANT.

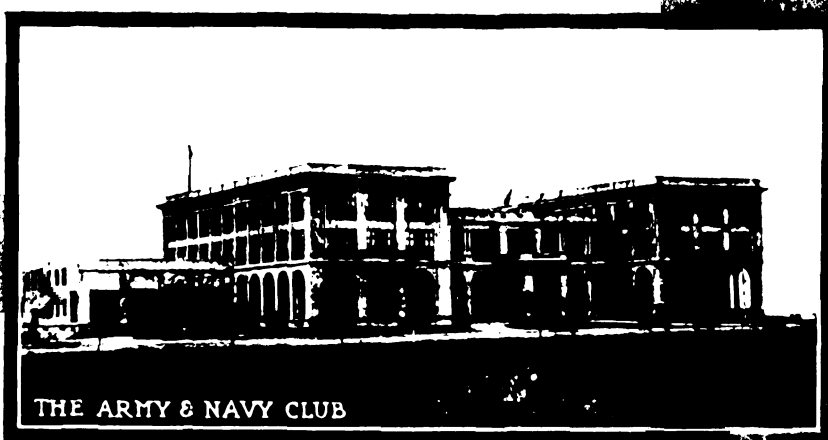


ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH, MANILA, THE OLDEST CHURCH
UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG, BUILT 1599.

a number and there is a formidable array of them from 1 to 40. You name the numbers of the things you want and the waiter gets the order straight. But when the food is sampled, you realize you are a long way from bread and pie "like mother used to make." There isn't much excuse for this. The market is full of good things to eat. It is poor cooking and poor service.

The situation of Manila's new hotel, on reclaimed land by the sea, is ideal, so perhaps one pays for the sea breeze and the view. The Luneta is to be moved over next to the hotel and again have its old position as a seaside drive. In time many fine buildings will occupy this portion of the waterfront, between the Walled City and the bay.

There are about 250,000 people in Manila and probably 5,000 of them are Americans. Five years before the Spanish-American War, there were two, a lone duo of business men. The English colony was as influential then as it is today and its



THE ARMY & NAVY CLUB



THE ENGLISH CLUB



THE ELKS CLUB

HOMES OF SOME MANILA CLUBS.

club the center of foreign social life. This club, the Manila, is still one of the important ones of the city, having, besides its spacious building in a residential district, an annex in the business section. It is the fashion in the Orient to transact business at the luncheon hour, "tiffin," as it is called. The staff of club servants moves down town for the noon hour, returning to the main clubhouse in the afternoon to greet the arrivals for before-dinner cocktails.

The club means much in the East. It is the place where the Anglo-Saxons gather, apart from the Asiatics among whom they work. The Americans formed the club habit as soon as they reached Manila. The Army and Navy Club was organized first, followed by the University and the Elks. Anglo-Saxons have no monopoly in this line, however. There are German and Spanish clubs as well as Filipino and Chinese.

The Spanish Club, *Casino Español*, was recently the center of a celebration in honor of Santiago, patron saint of Spain. A special dispensation was secured from the authorities for a bull fight, with the understanding that the bulls were not to be killed, just distracted a bit. Flaring placards announced the coming event. A wax figure of a matador with the stuffed head of a bull appeared in a show window on the main business street and admiring small boys fairly blocked traffic. The Filipinos forgot all about the *Americanos* and were all for the land of *El Toro*. Then came a cable from one of the southern islands stating that they had been unable to corral the bulls in time to catch the steamer. So the bull fight was postponed.

There is one club in Manila which deserves special mention—the Columbia—where young Americans find their recreation and social life. There is no cocktail hour at the Columbia, for it is a strictly temperance institution, but there is a fine clubhouse, with a gymnasium and a swimming pool. The club habit in the Orient undoubtedly encourages drinking. A popular postcard out here carries a sketch entitled, "The Call of the East." It depicts a tall, thin club man reclining at full length in a big bamboo chair, calling "Boy!" to a Chinese waiter, pigtail flying, who is rushing a bottle of "Scotch" to

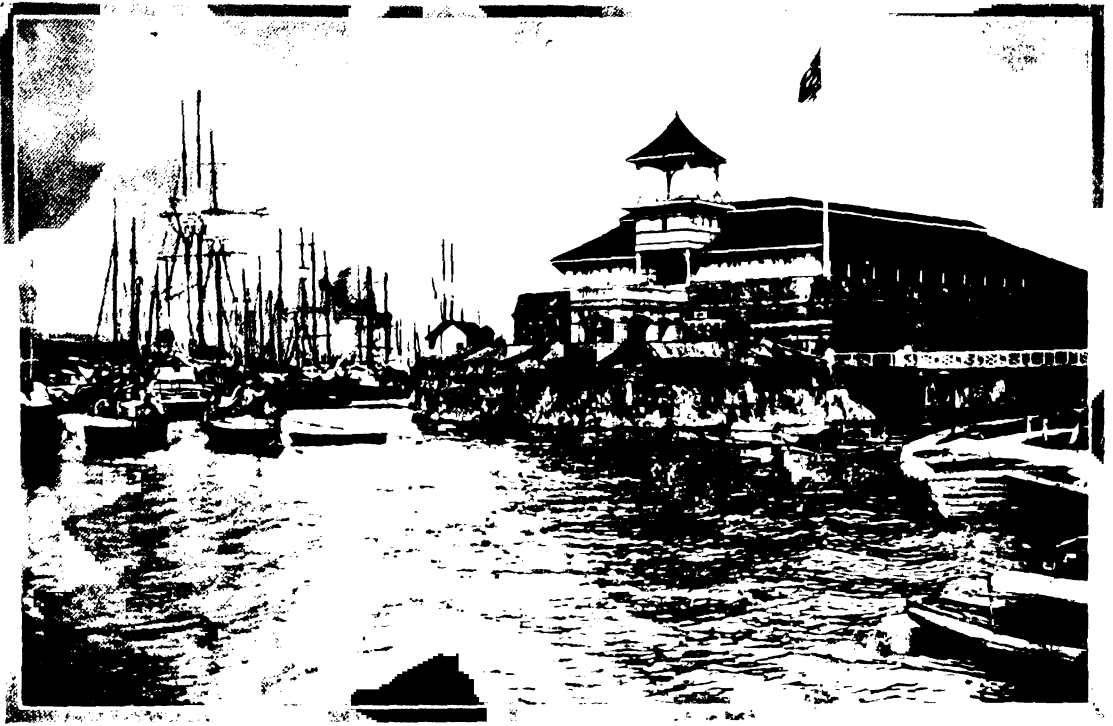
those in need. The combination of good fellowship, exile from home and the "chit" system has been the undoing of many a young man in the Far East.

The "chit" system is the curse of this part of the world. In the early days, bulky Mexican dollars, brought over on the galleons from Acapulco, were the leading currency. As they were too heavy to lug around in the pockets of thin white clothes, people never paid cash for anything, but signed an "I O U" or "chit" for the amount of the bill. At the end of the month all the "chits" were sent around for collection. This system is still popular and a man wonders how he ever came to sign so many "chits." Sometimes the method of payment is about the same as in the light opera, "The Yankee Consul," where the comedian remarks, every time he signs a "chit" "Thank Heaven, that's paid."

It was to guard against the evils of club life that Bishop Brent, of the Episcopal Church, founded the Columbia Club. The Bishop has spent twelve years in the Philippines and had just been on a visit to the States. Last year Harvard College conferred an honorary degree upon him for his valuable work in these Islands.

A man who lived in Manila prior to 1898 says that all the foreigners used to dress for \$2.50. White suits cost more nowadays, but every one wears them in the lowlands at all seasons of the year. The costume worn by the men at dinner looks ridiculous at first to the "pilgrim." It consists of black trousers and a very short white jacket, a low-cut white vest and a black tie. It corresponds to the American dinner coat or Tuxedo. The regulation evening attire, or "full dress," of the Orient is white throughout.

Americanization has made many radical changes in the everyday life of the Filipinos, but it has not been able to divert traffic to the right, as in the States. Here it is "Keep to the Left" with all methods of locomotion, the European custom installed by the Spaniards. This has bothered many newly arrived Americans who essayed to drive automobiles, a collision often being the result of "having learned in the U. S. A."



FORT SANTIAGO, UNITED STATES ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

There are 1,700 autos in the Islands, practically all of American brand.

"What have you in the way of sport?" I asked a New Yorker who had just finished his third year in Manila.

"Quite a fine line for the tropics," he said. "There are lawn tennis and polo. Then we have boating on the Pasig River and fishing down the coast. Baseball, of course, from November until May. We have a professional league with teams from the Army, Marines, all-Filipino, and one financed by the merchants of Manila. There is also an amateur league composed of teams from the various Government departments. Races? Yes, we have them on the first Sunday of each month, rattling good sport. The native ponies are speedy. One of the cavalry regiments thought it had a mount that could beat anything raised on the Islands, but this was a mistake. In a match with a little native nag owned by an *alcalde* in the South, it was a case of 'Here's to the Native Born,' and the

cavalry boys exchanged their coin for a chunk of respect for
Filipino pony ”

Uncle Sam has prohibited gambling within the city limits



GATE TO FORT SANTIAGO, MANILA.

and the cock fights are held just out of town. If they were abolished altogether, it would mean a real revolution. Americans attend about one "to see what they're like."

For amusements, outside of a delightful social life, the Americans in Manila have motion-picture shows galore and a light opera company from England twice a year. This Bandmann Opera Company, which appears in India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, China, and Japan *en route* to the Philippines has quite a repertoire. Last season, in July and August, it included "The Pink Lady," "Gypsy Love," "The Count of Luxembourg," "The Geisha" and "The Sunshine Girl."

At home we picture Manila as an outpost and pack about everything we think we'll need. The fact is you can find almost anything you ask for in the shops on Calle Escolta, for American goods have followed the flag. There are Indian and Chinese shops where foreign articles are sold and, on Calle Fernando, Filipinos sit in tiny *tiendas*, mere holes in the wall, surrounded by native wares, mostly cloth of country weave.

In the books I have read on the Philippines very few writers have told the difference between *piña*, *jusi*, and *sinamay*. *Piña* is made from pineapple fiber; *jusi* is pineapple mixed with silk; *sinamay* is woven from *abacá*, the cousin of the banana plant, which produces the Manila hemp of commerce. Besides these three fabrics, the Filipinos weave cotton cloth. Tourists buy *piña* and *jusi*. *Sinamay* is coarse and only the poorer class wear it. The *piña* centerpieces, elaborately embroidered, are very beautiful and, being altogether of Philippine manufacture, can be taken into the United States free of duty.

CHAPTER XXIV

AROUND THE GREAT LAKE.

IN LEAVING Manila for our trip around the great lake, Laguna de Bay, which is connected with the Bay of Manila by the Pasig River, we had a choice of two routes—by river steamer up the Pasig, or the railroad. We decided to go by rail and return by river

Boarding a train at a station on the outskirts of the city, we were at once in a country which looked very primitive. Uncultivated meadows, covered with tall *cogón* grass, skirted the track. Now and then we passed *nipa* shacks, and rice fields, deep in water. Many *carabaos* wallowed in muddy pools, a few at work in the paddy fields, their masters often mounted on their broad, ugly backs. I wondered why so much land was uncultivated and asked an army officer who sat across the compartment. He said it belonged to the Friar Lands, purchased by the Government and now on sale on the installment plan.

The Friar Lands have been one of our greatest problems in the Islands. Under Spanish rule, different orders of Catholic friars owned immense properties, over 100,000 acres of the best land in the country. In the turbulent years of 1896-1898, the people grew very bitter against the friars and many of them were killed. As soon as we took over the Islands, our trouble with the Friar Lands began. Many of the priests were afraid to return to their parishes and the tenants, occupying church lands, refused to pay rent. The different orders—Dominican, Augustinian and Franciscan—appealed to the Government. To make a long story short, we finally purchased these lands for \$7,000,000. But now the trouble really began!

When the insular Government tried to market its valuable

property, it was attacked by those who declared that these were public lands and could not be sold to a corporation, or, in large tracts, to an individual. There are no small tenants to whom this enormous tract can be sold and no big company wants less than 10,000 acres for sugar cane. Filipino politicians say that, if great American interests are allowed to come in, their Independence Day will never come. People taking the other side believe the Government should be allowed to sell the lands to those who will develop them. Others think that, if the "powers that be" in Washington will not permit the insular Government to dispose of the property in the only way it is salable, the United States of America should pay the interest on the \$7,000,000, for which the Filipinos now are taxed.

At Alabang we passed a Government agricultural station where they are carrying on a crusade against rinderpest, the disease which killed off most of the *carabaos* some seasons ago. At that time the United States Government gave \$3,000,000 to the Islands for the purchase of *carabaos* from Asia. The Philippine Government is now making a study of the disease to ward off future ravages.

The *carabao* or water buffalo, is absolutely essential in the boggy rice fields, as the Filipinos will not do the manual work performed by the Japanese. The animals are very slow and



A CARABAO ENJOYING HIMSELF.

clumsy and seem more like hippopotamuses than buffaloes. They cannot live without daily mud and water baths and in the hot, dry season become very fierce and unruly. Then the natives say they have gone "loco" (mad or crazy). There are several different varieties in the Philippines, some with long horns but slightly curved, others with long horns curved back, and a smaller kind with shorter horns, curved back, which I am told are of native stock. At Calamba we changed cars for Los Baños and I had a look at the village where José Rizal, the



A LONG-HORNED CARABAO.

great Filipino patriot, was born. José's father was a Chinese-Filipino of some means and the boy was well educated, going from the Jesuit School in Manila to the Madrid University in Spain. Later he studied in France and Germany and mastered a number of languages. Although a Catholic, Rizal was not in sympathy with the attitude of the Spanish Church in Government matters and, hoping to awaken his fellow-countrymen to the true conditions, he wrote a novel, while in Germany, called "Touch Me Not." The book told the misery of the Filipinos and attacked the religious orders. After publishing a second book on the same lines, Dr. Rizal, who had become a

well-known oculist, went to Hong Kong to practice his profession. Summoned to Manila, he was tried and exiled to the Island of Mindanao. Three years later he was allowed to start for Cuba to serve as an army surgeon, but was recalled, on reaching Port Saïd, brought to Manila and tried by court-martial on vague charges. On the morning of December 30, 1896, he was shot.

Rizal's martyrdom hastened the Philippine revolt against the Spaniards. Today he is best beloved of all his country's heroes, and December 30th is a public holiday, "Rizal Day." His statue, the work of a Swiss sculptor, stands on the Luneta in Manila. I learned that an enduring monument is to be erected to him in the town of his birth, a fine public school called "The Rizal School." This valiant son of Calamba did not die in vain.

We left the train at Los Baños, two and one-half hours from Manila on the southern shore of the great lake, Laguna de Bay, twenty-five by thirty miles, a shallow sheet of fresh water.

There is a comfortable little hotel at Los Baños and the place is celebrated for its hot springs, discovered by a Franciscan priest in 1671. Ever since then there has been a hospital here—Franciscan, Spanish, and now a United States army hospital occupying the fine old Spanish building. On the hills, just back of the town, is Camp Eldridge, a small military post. Two miles away is the College of Agriculture of the University of

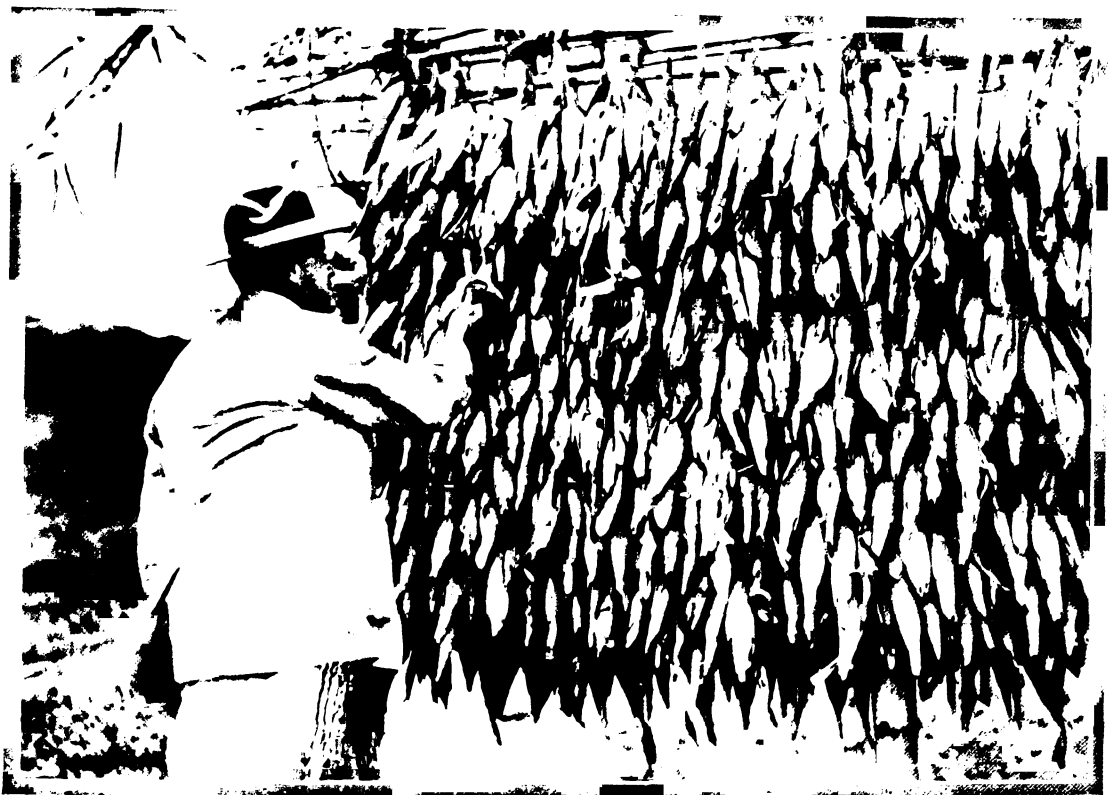


LOS BANOS, WITH CAMP ELDRIDGE ON THE HILLS.

the Philippines, a most important branch of our work in the Islands, as the very best we can do for the Filipino is to teach him to be a good farmer

From the Spaniards the Filipinos got the idea that manual labor is degrading and that farming belongs to the *taos*, the peon class. We are trying to change this deplorable state of affairs. The Philippines are primarily agricultural lands and intelligent farmers are needed as well as students on other lines. I had read about the great variety of fruits in the Philippines and expected to find a fine assortment out here in the country. At the hotel in Los Baños we had canned pineapples from Hawaii for breakfast!

"What on earth's the matter?" I asked the man at the next table. "Haven't you any native fruit in this country?" "Oh! it's between seasons," he said. "Mangoes about gone, nothing else due, weather bad, so they don't bring bananas into town. Then we have had bad luck down here with fruit. As soon as



MR. BOYCE EXAMINING PHILIPPINE CORN



ROAD BUILDING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

a new kind is introduced, some insect pest comes along and puts it out of business. The scientific fellows take a squint at it and report a new brand, 'first time in captivity' Discouraging work! You can't get these rice-eating people to raise much else. We've been all this time convincing 'em that corn is fit to eat. They said at first it was hog and chicken food!"

Los Baños has one main street with a number of frame buildings, besides the regulation *nipa* houses. There is an "American Store," well patronized by the soldiers. The street is really a part of the main highway, connecting Manila with Antimonan, a town on the Pacific Ocean side of the Island of Luzon, and a splendid road throughout.

The wonderful road system in the Islands came to be after many attempts and failures. Government money, appropriated to the provinces, was misspent and the roads were never repaired. Finally the Commission decided on a brand new measure. Each province was authorized to double its poll tax and spend the additional half on roads and bridges. Then 10 per cent of all the internal revenue of the Islands was voted to



OLD STYLE PLOWS, ISLAND OF LUZON.

be spent in such provinces as had doubled the poll tax. The Government went so far as to put up \$850,000 on the side to be spent in the provinces which came in at once. Added to the internal revenue, this made \$2,000,000. The native officials,



ON THE WAY UP THE PAGSANJAN GORGE.

signing the agreement, promised to pay \$175 a year on each kilometer of road, to maintain repairs and pay salaries to *camineros* or road men. Each *caminero* keeps a kilometer (two-thirds of a mile) of road in repair. In this part of the country he wears a black shirt, "Turkey red" cotton trousers, long and baggy, and big straw hat with a brass tag. A red flag stuck up by the side of the road indicates that he is not far off. He works nine hours a day and gets 20 *pesos* (\$10) a month. To make it a regular sporting proposition, the Commission awards cash prizes annually as follows: Province with best



UPPER FALLS IN PAGSANJAN GORGE.

sustained character of road, \$7,500; province with greatest new mileage of good road, \$5,000; province transferring greatest per cent of funds for roads, \$2,500.

From Los Baños we went by rail along the southern shore of the lake to the village of Pagsanjan to see the Pagsanjan gorge and falls, famous throughout the Philippines. This is the greatest "show trip" for excursionists from Manila. We telegraphed ahead for *bancas*, or native dugouts, and the *banqueros*, or canoe men, met us at the station. The round trip to the falls takes about four hours. Each passenger has two *banqueros*. My boys spoke English and sang and whistled as they paddled merrily along. They knew quite a number of American tunes and it amused me to hear these brown-skinned Malays, in impromptu bathing suits, singing "Good Night, Ladies!" Evidently army folks and other Americans patronize Pagsanjan.

The trip is one of marvelous beauty. At the village the stream is wide, its shores lined with giant bamboo in great emerald plumes. As we went on the river narrowed and cliffs, hung in verdure, towered on either side. Kingfishers of brilliant plumage seemed the only tenants of the shadowy gorge. The lower fall is 100 feet, the upper fall only 60 feet, but of greater volume.

The great sport is shooting the rapids on the way back. Canoes are very often upset. A man told me he had seen twelve people in the water at once. We came through without mishap, but the canoes shipped so much water we were as wet as though we had gone overboard.

CHAPTER XXV

DOWN IN BATANGAS.

“**H**OW did you save your life?” The new arrivals had captured Charles Martin and were trying to get the story from him. But Martin, the Government photographer, is a modest chap and not inclined to brag about risking his life for pictures of the eruption of the famous Taal volcano. Taal, the “Cloud Maker,” as the natives call it, is the great scenic asset of the Philippines—an active volcano on a low island in the center of a lake seventeen miles long and ten and a half miles wide, in Batangas Province, southern Luzon. The Americans call it Lake Taal and the Filipinos call it Lake Bombon. Some geologists say that Taal is in its death throes, but people in this part of the world thought it was much alive on the terrible night of January 30, 1911

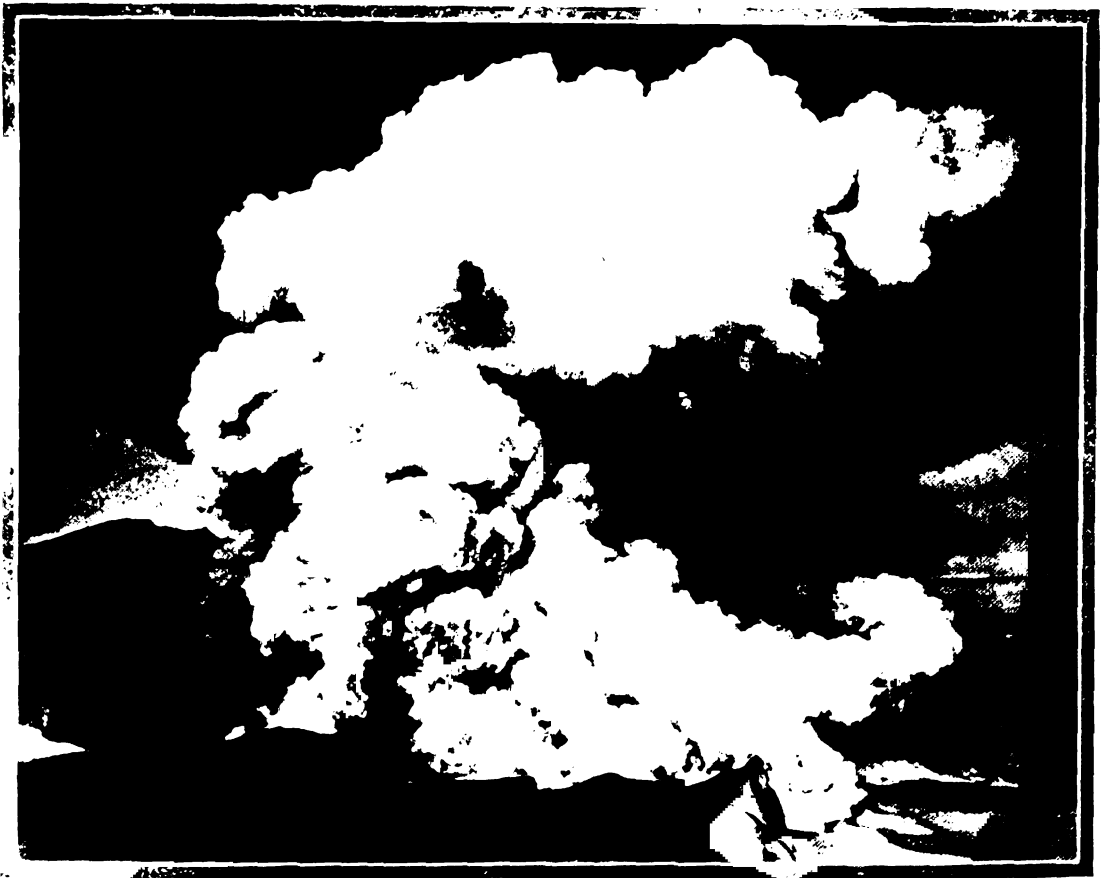
On the 28th news reached Manila that Taal was in eruption and Photographer Martin grabbed his camera and took the first train south. His wonderful photographs, taken during the days which followed, are proof of his skill and courage. Up to the night of the 29th he took pictures at close range on Volcanic Island and, if his plates had not given out, he would not be alive to tell the tale. As it was, he crossed the lake in the evening on his way to a village on the railroad for a fresh supply of plates. That night the mighty eruption occurred.

Thousands of people, all over southern Luzon, witnessed it, for they had been living in dread for two days and nights because of the constant earthquakes. A man, 100 miles away from the lake, told me he saw the flames shoot up like a gigantic balloon, and the electrical display which followed was seen 250 miles away. In the twinkling of an eye, 1,400 human beings perished. The extraordinary part of it is that they were not

burned by the lava flow, or buried under ashes, but killed outright by a mighty sand-blast.

That noon Martin returned to the volcano and continued his series of photographs. Now horrible scenes were recorded. The dead were strewn all about. A strange incident is that two frolicsome little puppies were found alive, among the few surviving creatures on the island. The devastation was not only on the island, but on the western side of the lake, and, in areas where people escaped, crops and grass were destroyed and the domestic animals died of starvation.

If there ever was a case of people being wedded to their native soil, it was here. Natives who survived wanted to go right back and build some more *nipa* houses in the shadow of the volcano. The Government, however, will no longer permit any one to live on the island, so Taal has it all to itself



TAAL VOLCANO IN ERUPTION, 1911.



CRATER OF TAAL VOLCANO, LAKE BOMBON.

I went down to Batangas Province on the railroad and drove over to Lake Bombon to have a look at the volcano. It is peaceful enough now; quite a low mountain, not at all a beautiful cone like Mount Mayon, near the southernmost point of Luzon. Through drifting clouds, which fill the crater, sulphurous fumes rise, and sooner or later wicked Taal will belch once more, bringing death and destruction to the surrounding country. The Province of Batangas is very fertile. My photographer and I went down to the town of Batangas, the capital, which is on the seacoast seventy-two miles south of Manila. Looming up across the strait, twenty-four miles away, is the Island of Mindoro, Luzon's neighbor on the south.

Batangas has 35,000 inhabitants and enjoys the distinction of being the section "where the fine horses come from." The

grazing lands attracted the attention of the Spaniards, who stocked the fields with their best breeds. Some thirteen years ago General Bell, who until recently was the ranking military official in the Philippines, imported fine Arabian strains. Australia also furnished some hardy animals. Before automobiles became popular, Manila was a splendid market for matched teams, 2,000 *pesos* (\$1,000) not being an unusual price. Now a "matched Batangas team" can be bought for a low figure.

I rather questioned there being 35,000 inhabitants in Batangas, the place did not look large enough. "Oh, they're here, all right," an American told me. "These sardine towns are bound to fool you on size, when you first come in. But if you'll shake up one of these straw shacks, you'll be surprised at the assorted mass of humanity that will pour out!"

My informant was an officer from Camp McGrath, the big military post on a hill overlooking the city, an ideal situation. Six companies of colored troops are stationed here. A colonial company has 150 men, so, with the white officers and the band, the camp has close to 1,000 soldiers. The black soldiers are fine-looking specimens; several of these companies were at the front in Cuba. Some of the men were playing baseball when I arrived, and the officer told me that McGrath has the champion team of the Army League.

"What supports Batangas besides the horse trade?" I asked. "Well, our soldiers help some, but it's a farming country around here, much rice being raised. Coffee used to be the leading product, but a deadly bug, or something, came along and killed it." "Yes, that's Mindoro across the way," he said—"the island there is so much talk about. You can go over in a big launch in about three hours, if the strait is smooth, but you're apt to be caught in a *baguio*—that's a big wind—and marooned over there for days. Ward, the American who takes parties to Taal in the dry season, went over last week and couldn't get back until yesterday."

I decided to "take a chance" to be able to say I had been on Mindoro, as the steamer I was to take south to Cebu and other islands would not touch at Mindoro ports. Until recently

Mindoro, containing over 4,000 square miles, has had a bad name. "The most unhealthful place in the Philippines," they called it, and very little was done to develop it. Nowadays you hear a great deal about the vast tracts of valuable hardwoods on the Islands, and Mindoro will soon have an average of more than one and one-half inhabitants to the square mile.

Puerto Galera, my destination on the northern coast, is a little landlocked harbor, noted for the remarkable transparency of its water, like that of Catalina Islands, off southern California. The marine garden is a wonder, coral of every color and variety, and all the fish they try to catch for the aquarium—red, green, yellow, pink, lavender—every shade and combination you have ever dreamed of. I saw one fellow striped like a tiger and another which looked like a peacock.

A few miles inland is Mount Halcon, 8,504 feet, one of the highest peaks in the Philippines. This is an ideal camping spot—fishing, sea-bathing and the best sort of hunting in the interior—deer, wild hogs, wild *carabaos*, ducks pigeons, jack-snipe and the jungle fowl, which looks like barnyard Leghorn. One of the rarest animals in the world is found only in Mindoro, the *timarao*, a small cousin of the wild *carabao*, very difficult to obtain and very dangerous. The man who goes after *timarao* must be sure of his nerve and his aim.

Former Secretary of the Interior, Dean C. Worcester, hunted the Mindoro *timarao* in the eighties, when he was connected with a college in the States. The expedition with which he was connected brought out the first specimens of this wary animal. The only *timarao* in captivity, and possibly the only one ever captured alive, was recently on exhibition in Manila, before being sent to the European or American zoölogical garden which offered the highest price.

Gordon, a well-known hunter, captured the eight-months-old *timarao* calf not long ago. The Manila papers published columns about it, how it followed its keeper about and would not sleep without a light in the corral, a regular "fraid baby" although its father and mother terrified the hunters before they were killed and the little one was secured.

After leaving Manila, I saw the Filipinos at close range and noted a number of queer customs. Any one who has lived on civilized fare is startled by some of the weird things they eat. Big grasshoppers, which play such havoc with the crops, are a luxury. For years they have been a great pest. The Spaniards brought over birds from China—martins—to exterminate them, but the hungry hoppers are still there. Last



PULLING HEADS AND WINGS FROM GRASSHOPPERS SOLD
FOR FOOD.

season the Government had many men in the field driving the young locusts into pits and burning them. This may account for their high price in the market, 25 *centavos* (12½ cents) a pound—nice, fat, juicy hoppers!

They are not considered fit to eat unless they can fly. Then they are caught in hand nets, dropped into boiling water, and are ready to serve. I saw baskets heaped with them in the markets and the women selling them said, "Very good, *señor*, just like shrimps!"

Another delicacy is *balut*, partially hatched duck eggs. The

embryo duck is boiled in the shell. At the railroad stations you see the women, with trays on their heads, crying "*Balut, balut!*" Very old men earn their living by lying on these eggs, but we failed to get a photograph of any of these human incubators.

Immense fruit bats, three and four feet across, are relished by many. A man told me they catch them with kites, fish-hooks attached to the lines. He said he has counted forty kites on one night in a nearby field. At an army mess, not long before, two or three big bats were served as a joke and some of the men thought they were eating chicken. When they found out about it they were "good and mad."

"I don't know why they made such a fuss," said the man who told the story. "The bats live on fruit and aren't unwholesome."

Chewing the betel is a common habit among Filipinos of the poorer class. Their Malay ancestors chewed the nut from time immemorial, not only for the narcotic effect, but because they considered the black stain on the teeth a mark of beauty. The nut—of the areca palm—is plentiful in the Islands. The husk is about the size of a hen's egg and the nut within is a deep rose red. The natives chew it with slaked lime and a certain leaf found here. The combination relieves hunger and thirst, and acts as a "bracer." As the nut is chewed it stains the lips a brilliant red and, with constant expectoration, it is altogether a disgusting habit. Besides chewing the betel, the women smoke cigars and cigarettes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TAIL END OF LUZON.

“WHAT is the leading export of the Philippine Islands?” I had the agricultural expert under cross-examination. “Last year it was hemp, but the year before it was copra—dried coconuts,” he continued. “The two have been running neck and neck for some seasons. The bottom fell out of the hemp market a few years ago and it is only just recovering. The latest hemp figures are the record on quantity and value—\$22,000,000, for 170,000 tons. I’ve just figured it out that one year’s output of Manila hemp could tie up the world. If it were made into a cord an inch in circumference, it could wrap the earth at the equator sixty-three times around. If you want to see something of the industry, go down to Albay, at the tail end of Luzon. They grow clotheslines there while you wait!” So for Albay I started, taking in the copra industry on the way



SCENE IN THE COCONUT COUNTRY.



DRYING COCONUTS (COPRA) ON TRAYS.

It was in La Laguna Province that I first met hemp's great rival in formidable array. When you stop to consider the number of coco palms it takes to produce 300,000,000 pounds of dried coconuts in a year, you know why the Filipino calls this "The Land of the Palm."

Scientists have never been able to agree as to the country from which this most graceful and useful of palms started on its journey round the world. Some say Asia was its birthplace, others claim America. "A tropical isle in a Southern sea" is a compromise location, from whence it may have been distributed by ocean currents. It seems to have found a congenial home in the Philippines, where it is of many varieties. In the southern islands there is a kind with a sweet, watery husk which is chewed by the natives like sugar cane.

This coco palm is a real "meal-ticket" to the Filipino, for with two or three acres in coconuts, he is fairly sure of from \$50 to \$70 a year from each acre. Roughly estimated, each palm produces about one dollar's worth annually.



COCONUT RAFTS, SOUTHERN LUZON

The early Spanish *padres* recognized that the milk of the coconut meant a surer revenue than the milk of the cow and encouraged the planting. All over southern Luzon there are forests of these palms, set in precise rows. The Filipino fairly outdoes the Chicago packer who utilizes all the hog but the squeal, for he turns to account every part of the palm—wood, leaves, meat of nut and oil. Of course the dried meat is the valuable product, worth millions each year. Still, in many of the islands, the natives forego this crop to obtain a drink called *tuba*, the fermented juice of the coconut flower. Whole groves are devoted to the production of this beverage. The aerial milkmen build bridges from palm to palm to save lost



A TUBA GATHERER.

motion. The work is simple—the tip of each blossom cut and a joint of bamboo hung to catch the sap. A healthy tree produces several flowers each month and a number of tubes often hang on the same tree. Twice daily the milkman climbs up to cut a new slice from the flower, to keep the wound bleeding. Two quarts daily is the average yield from one palm.

In the fresh state, *tuba* has a sweetish taste; when fermented it is more palatable; and when distilled is very strong. A second fermentation produces a vinegar which the agriculturists claim is of the highest quality. However, the local demand for *tuba* exceeds the production, so coco-vinegar is not apt to be on the Philippine market.

"Yes, the coconut fell to second place in the last record of exports, but even then the copra and oil were worth over \$12,000,000. Just give us a few years more," said the grower,



ON THEIR WAY TO TOWN WITH COCONUTS.

"and we'll astonish the world. A few seasons ago our product was only used by confectioners and soap-boilers. Soap? Well, rather! Coconut-oil soap is the only kind that will dissolve in salt water. And table butter? Just the thing! It makes first-class butter and the bulk of our copra now goes to France and Germany to be turned into 'Vegetaline' and 'Cocoaline.' This, in turn, is shipped to Holland and Denmark and comes out as 'Dairy Butter.' And I don't see why coconut milk isn't as good as cow's milk. What do you think?"

I acknowledged that all such canned butter is a godsend in the tropics where dairy products spoil without ice. Still, in spite of the opinion of the coconut grower, I believe there are a few cows left in Denmark and Holland.

A considerable amount of coconut oil is used in the Philippines in house lamps, for street illumination and as a hair tonic. Like the Hindus and other Oriental women, the Filipinas oil their black tresses faithfully and this, with the native bark they use in washing it, may account for the luxuriant growth. There is a future for the manufacture of oil here on a large scale. The residue of the mill could be used as a stock food and as a fertilizer, ranking with cotton-seed cake for either purpose.

Copra-making is a crude process. The husks are stripped by hand, an average operator handling 1,000 nuts a day. Halved with a big knife, or *bolo*, which every native in the country carries about with him, the meat is dried by the sun and the kernel drops out. Another drying over the fire, and the copra is ready for sacking. The husks, now burned and returned in ashes to the soil, could be made into coir fiber, in demand for packing lubricating journals on railroad cars.

To reach the "tail" of Luzon, including the isolated provinces of Ambos Camarines, Albay and Sorsogon, I railroaded to Lucena, not far from Batangas, sailed over to the town of Pasacao and motored to Legaspi, capital of the flourishing province of Albay, heart of the hemp industry. The voyage from Manila to Legaspi can be made in two or three days on an inter-island steamer.



MOUNT MAYON, IN ALBAY PROVINCE, THE MOST PERFECT
CONE ON EARTH

Visitors to this part of Luzon, and all who reach the Philippines on United States army transports which sail past Albay on their way to Manila, are greatly impressed with Mount Mayon, considered the most perfect cone in the world. It towers 7,943 feet above the plain and is an active volcano, having been in eruption as late as 1897. The late Dr. Paul C. Freer, director of the Manila Bureau of Science, has written a glowing account of his ascent of Mayon, comparing the view from its summit with the great ones of the world.

"I have been high up on the slopes of Etna," he says, "at the entrance of the Val del Bove, from which many travelers maintain the finest view in the world is to be obtained; but I think the vista from the summit of Mayon surpasses the one from its sister volcano in Sicily."

The ashes and dust of this majestic volcano have formed the soil of the richest Manila hemp province. The Philippine Islands have one great monopoly. In the production of hemp fiber they rule the world. There are other varieties of hemp on the market, but they are all outdistanced by the Philippine

article, when strength, length and lightness are considered. Attempts to transplant the *abacá*, or Manila hemp plant, to India, Borneo and the West Indies have resulted in failure.

I cannot tell the *abacá* from the banana plant, its near relative. They both produce a fruit and a fiber, but the *abacá* fruit is worthless and the banana fiber lacks strength, so these two members of the *Musa* family achieve distinction on separate lines.

While the great bulk of the hemp is used in the manufacture of rope, cordage and binder-twines, some of the fine varieties are utilized for fabrics, lace, and hat braids.

Rainfall in this section is distributed throughout the year. A grower told me his crop would suffer if six weeks elapsed without rain. The plant requires little care and is not bothered by insect pests. After its third birthday it becomes a producer. Its great enemy is the wild hog, numerous in Luzon, with a decided fondness for young plants. Fencing becomes a necessity.



MANILA HEMP PLANTS.

The native seldom plows the ground before planting, just burns it over and sets the plants ten or twelve feet apart. As a rule the owner works on shares with the workmen, who strip the fiber from the plant. Twelve to twenty stalks grow from one root and these are split, the layers separated and drawn between a block of wood and a sharp knife. The fiber is then hung over bamboo poles, exactly like a washing put out to dry. I have seen it twelve feet long, looking like spun glass in the sunlight. The drying takes a day or two and then the hemp is tied in bundles and shipped to the nearest market, often traveling by *carabao* cart. The exporter sorts it into commercial grades, packs it in 275-pound bales, and off it goes to the four corners of the earth. The so-called Manila paper is made from old rope.

The Department of Agriculture here makes the statement that a young man with \$5,000 to invest, willing to live in the tropics, can make money in growing hemp. The industry seems



NATIVES LOADING HEMP

to have attracted a number of former Government employés, and soldiers whose term of service has expired.

The southernmost portion of Luzon, bordered by the Inter-Island Sea and the Pacific Ocean, and connected with the island of Luzon proper by a narrow strip of land, is the home of the Bicol—Christian Filipinos who form about 7 per cent of the total population of the Islands. The Bicol rank among the



A HEMP PRESS.

most energetic and progressive in the Philippines. They stand fourth in number among the ten Christian tribes. In their case it is easy to see how the isolation of their country, through years when good roads and coastwise steamers were unknown, led to the preservation of their dialect and distinctive characteristics.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HISTORIC CAVITE.

CAVITE is historic. Long before the Spaniards came the Malays called the place "Kawit," or fishhook, because the slender peninsula, curving out into Manila Bay, Luzon Island, has the exact crook of a fishhook with two sharp points at the end. To one of these sand spits the Chinese, or "Sangley," came with their trading junks as far back as 1200 A. D., according to history, and probably centuries earlier. Today this is known as Sangley Point.

On the twin tip of the fishhook, just across the little Bay of Cañacao, the Spanish dons built their town in the sixteenth century, calling it Cavite, which was as near as they could come to the native "Kawit." From here the galleon set sail every year for Acapulco, Mexico, laden with silks from China and wares from India—the only regular means of communication for 300 years between Asia and America.

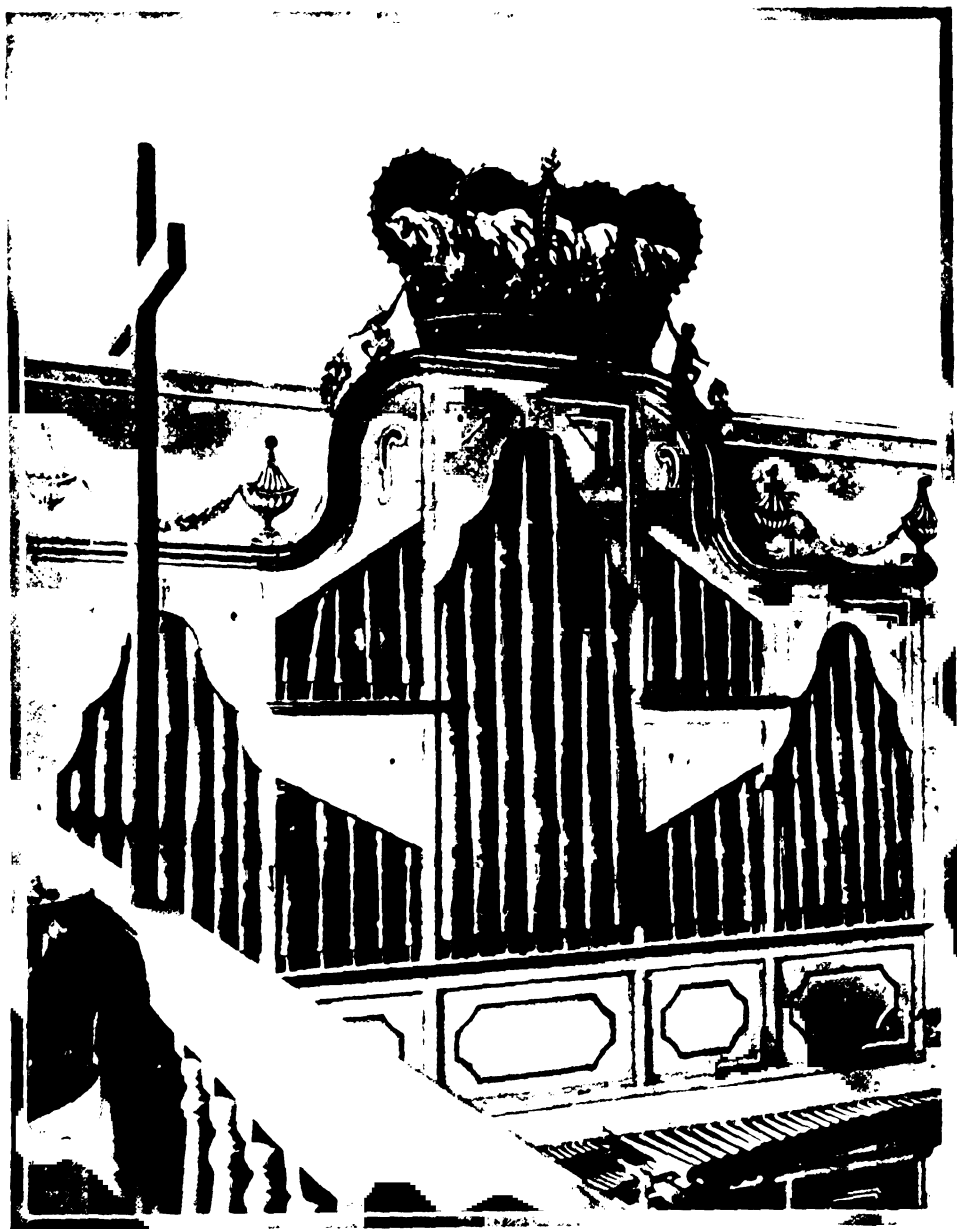
And here in Cañacao Bay, off Old Cavite, on that memorable May morning in 1898, Dewey sank the Spanish squadron and American history in the Philippines began.

The town of Cavite, which has a population of about 5,000 and is the capital of the province of the same name, is about eight miles southwest of Manila. There are three ways of reaching it from Manila—by steamer in an hour; by road for twenty-six miles along the coast; or by rail. We chose the last route. It took us through the town of Pasay, past the Manila Polo Club and to the sleepy little



A CAVITE HAT.

village of Las Piñas, where we got off to see an ancient organ with pipes of bamboo, 600 of them, built by an ingenious priest back in 1787. The curious old instrument is still able to wail and wheeze. Its builder sent a duplicate organ as a gift to the Queen of Spain and the records relate she was very proud of it, claiming there was nothing like it in England or in Spain (and it is quite safe to say there wasn't)!



AN ORGAN WITH BAMBOO PIPES

The approach to Cavite Town is unique. The train creeps along a narrow strip of land with the Bay of Manila on either side and pulls up at the village of San Roque where travelers take *carromatas* and drive over a neck of land, hardly wider than a boulevard, to the old walled city of Cavite.

Passing the hoary fortifications we came on to a shaded waterfront where the old galleons were fitted out and I was just conjuring up a picturesque troupe of Spanish adventurers when a man in the United States naval uniform pointed across Cañacao Bay and said "There's our naval hospital, and beyond, on Sangley Point, is the coaling station. The naval station is here in Cavite at the extreme end of the town, at least that part of it which hasn't been transferred to Olongapo, up the coast in Zambales Province. Yes, this is the very bay where the Spanish fleet lay asleep sixteen years ago May Day, when we sailed in."

"Any men around here who were in the battle?" I asked, and the officer produced a jolly old salt, who told me "just how it happened."

"We were over in Hong Kong, Dewey and the rest of us, when war was declared. The British gave us just twenty-four hours to quit port, so, having our orders to destroy the Spanish fleet, we cut out for Manila Bay. We had only four cruisers, two gunboats, a cutter, collier and supply ship, not much of a fleet, you'd say, but it was plenty. When we sighted 'em at dawn, we just went to it and pounded them with the best we had. We circled in front of 'em, landing broadside after broadside, until we had 'em wiped off the sea. Do you know, those Spaniards fired twice as many shots as we and did us no damage excepting on the *Baltimore*, where six men were wounded by a shell, but back on duty almost immediately. We killed and wounded hundreds of the enemy."

I asked about an old hulk lying in the bay. "Why, that's the *Cyrus Wakefield* of Thomaston, Maine," he said. "She was a champion, a 3,000 tonner, held the world's record as a sailing vessel. Made a voyage from Frisco to Liverpool and back in less than seven months, Captain Hibbard in command.

They say she came from the equator to Frisco in eleven days and you can bet that's going some! Now she lies here as a store-ship, but it's 'Hats off, mates!' to a champion, even if she is a 'has been.' "

There is a lot of Chinese blood in Cavite. Every other face seems to have a Mongolian cast. For centuries Chinamen have been marrying the native women and the isolation of the place has tended to preserve the type. The town is Spanish in appearance—narrow streets, massive doorways, overhanging



A COCK PIT, TEMPLE OF TEMPLES IN EVERY PHILIPPINE TOWN

balconies. There are one or two interesting old churches and a *padre* who has the history of the town at his finger tips.

When we drove back to San Roque to board the train, we met a care-free crowd returning from the cock pit. The winners were in *carromatas*, but the losers were on foot.

Every village, or *barrio*, in the Philippines has its cock pit. The cock fight is still the principal diversion of the masses, and, in spite of American frowns, retains its drawing power. Undoubtedly introduced from Mexico by the early Spaniards, it has thrived and today is the only means left the Filipino to

satisfy his passion for gambling. While banished from the city of Manila, cock fighting is carried on just over the municipal boundary on every Sunday and holiday. The Government exacts a license and the municipal fathers add a tax adjusted to the prosperity of the pit. On a live Sunday, American flag flying, from thirty to forty matches are fought in the country cock pits and, near Manila, fully double the number. Considerable money changes hands at the pit, and it is from the commission on all bets placed, as well as from the admission fee and reserved seat sale, that the management derives its profit, enabling it to meet the high license.

One point in connection with cock fighting impressed me greatly—the honesty which characterizes the Filipino in his gambling ventures. Money in all amounts is tossed into the betting booth and no tickets are issued. When the match is decided the winner calls at the booth, states the amount of the bet and receives his winnings. There is never a question about it. No Filipino would dream of lying as to the amount of his bet.

On the way back to Manila, we left the train at Kawit, or



OPENING SHELLS USED FOR WINDOW-PANES.



SELLERS OF COAL OIL, CAVITE.

Old Cavite, where most of the people earn a living by fishing for window-panes. Shell takes the place of glass in Philippine windows and with good reason. In this tropical land, the soft light which comes through the shell is very grateful to the eyes. Then these thin wafer-like shells are better able to meet the typhoon's blast.

In some of the old churches, shell windows, exposed for centuries, are still in service. When broken the shells are easily replaced. Above all, they are cheap. "What do they sell for?" I asked a Kawit merchant. He had three prices, he admitted—8 *pesos* per 1,000 for the Filipino; 10 *pesos* for the Spaniard; 12 *pesos* for the American.

Two sizes of shell panes are placed on the market—three inches square, and two and one-half inches square. When found the shells are almost ready for use, as one side is flat and it simply requires squaring in a crude machine, such as is used

in cutting plug tobacco. The valve half of the shell, which is convex, is of little value.

This window shell is found throughout the Islands, but the largest beds are in Manila Bay, near Kawit. As Manila alone uses 5,000,000 shell panes annually, the Kawit fishermen are kept busy. They gather about 15,000 shells a week, wading out to their waists at low tide and feeling for the shells with their toes. When their baskets are full, the men wade ashore and turn the catch over to the women, who dexterously open the shells, remove the contents, and pile the flat shells up for cutting. They told me there were 10,000 trimmed shells in one basket ready for shipment across Manila Bay. All the new buildings in Manila—the American cathedral, the hospital, the Y M C A. Building, the New Manila Hotel and others—have shell windows.

I have since inquired regarding shipment to the States and learn that 2,000 pounds of shell panes were sent to New York last year from one of the southern islands. Builders of bungalows, especially in California, may take to shell windows in time. They are certainly strong, cheap and attractive. I believe they have a future, too, in screens, lamp-shades and conservatory windows.



THE HOME OF GENERAL AGUINALDO, CAVITE.

Our chief object in stopping off in Kawit was to call on and photograph Emilio Aguinaldo, once the famous revolutionary leader of the Filipinos, now a quiet country gentleman. "General Emilio" they call him in Kawit, and his house is the only pretentious one in the village.

Not one American in fifty can tell you whether there are three or three thousand islands in the Philippines, but every one has heard of Aguinaldo. He was a leader in the fight of the Filipinos against the Spanish before our time. It is said he abandoned the revolution against Spain for the payment of 800,000 *pesos*, one-half in cash, the remainder to be paid later, and went into exile in Hong Kong. The Spaniards defaulted the second payment, claiming that the revolution had not been stamped out. Then came Dewey's victory and Aguinaldo's return to the Philippines, first to coöperate with our forces, later to proclaim himself leader of the revolution-



GENERAL AGUINALDO.

tionary forces against us. It was a long, bitter fight before the final defeat at San Fernando. Aguinaldo fled to the north, through forests and over mountains, and every "grown up" in America knows how General Funston followed and captured him. Aguinaldo took an oath of allegiance to the American Government, quit politics and became a farmer.

My card brought the response that the General would be pleased to greet me, and he came in immedi-



CAVITE GIRL WEAVING A HAT



SEEN NEAR CAVITE.

fast with me not long ago. It was in honor of the Saint Day of Kawit. I appreciate your coming here, but we have so little to show you. The church? Yes, it is old, of the early Spanish days. Perhaps you noticed the marks of the cannon balls? The Province of Cavite was pretty well fought over in the nineties."

"My photograph? Yes, certainly. We will go out into the garden. Tell your readers that the picture is of Emilio Aguinaldo, Farmer."

ately, a man of slight build, medium height, rather youthful for his forty-odd years, with a strong Chinese strain in evidence. He speaks English fairly well, Spanish perfectly. The press had been giving attention to the supposed visit of a son of Aguinaldo to the Emperor of Japan to request neutrality in case of another Philippine revolution against Uncle Sam. Aguinaldo smiled when I asked him about this. He had no son in Japan, he said. His sons lived here and one was at school in Manila.

"Daughters! Yes," he said, "and granddaughters as well! Yes, I'm out of politics, have been a farmer these many years. Many American officials came down from Manila to a break-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUR LITTLE NINE-MILLION-DOLLAR ROAD.

“YOU aren’t going to take all that paraphernalia over the mountain trails in the rainy season?”

“Indeed, we are,” I said, “cameras and plates are our long suit just now, for we’re after photographs.”

We were bound for Baguio, the summer capital, in the great Mountain Province of Luzon.

The Americans in the Philippines were not the first to build a summer capital, a mountain seat of government up in the pure air of the pines. I have visited Simla in India, Buitenzorg, the hill city of Java, and Petropolis, high above Rio de Janeiro—all places where officials can keep on working, while recuperating from the ills of the fever-laden lowlands. But, among such highland capitals, Baguio, in the mountains of northern Luzon, is unique. It has cost \$9,000,000 to build and maintain the Benguet Road which leads to it!

March, April and May are the months, the very hot months, when the Government packs up, bag and baggage, and takes to the tall timber. While only 900 Government employes are moved up to Baguio, about 4,000 relatives and friends follow the procession, and the little town is at its gayest. I saw it when the hot season was past, at a time when storms play havoc with the road.

It is a long way up to Baguio from Manila. First there is a seven hours’ railway journey across the great central plain of Luzon, through five provinces—Rizal, Bulacan, Pampanga, Tarlac and Pangasinan.

Rizal is the province in which Manila lies. It is named, of course, for the Philippine patriot. Rice fields border the track. We passed the grounds of the Manila Golf Club.

In Bulacan we came to the town of Malolos where Agui-

naldo had his capital for a short time during the insurrection. There are iron deposits in this province worked by a Tagalog woman, Doña Marie Altesa Fernando. From her little furnaces in the jungle, the molten metal is poured into molds forming plow points. Slung on bamboo poles, they are carried down to the valley and on by ox-cart to the neighboring provinces.

Coming in sight of the Zambales Mountains, rising between the plain and the China Sea, we entered the interesting province of Pampanga.

You have heard of the Macabebes who fought so valiantly with our forces against the other Filipinos? They came from the town of Macabebe in Pampanga. Above all the Christian people of the Philippines, these Pampangans have the martial spirit. They fought with the Dutch army in Java in the seventeenth century; with Simon de Anda, the Spaniard, here in the Philippines, when he met the invading British in the eighteenth century; with Ward and Gordon in China in the nineteenth century. The Macabebe is a born fighter. Today he is an important element in the Philippine Scouts. It was at San Fernando in Pampanga Province that the final battle between the American and Philippine troops was fought.

In Tarlac we came to a big irrigation plant. They raise sugar here, rice, and a little tobacco. Over on the east I saw a most curious dome-shaped mountain, rising abruptly from the plain, not another mountain, or even a foothill, in sight.

"It's Mount Arayat," some one said. "It's over 3,000 feet. The people around here have many legends associated with it."

The Agno, second river of Luzon, flows through this part of the country. Much of the land was under water and the people were out in the fields, waist deep in the muddy tide. I saw a number of boys taking a bath with their *carabaos*.

We left the train at Dagupan in Pangasinan Province, on the coast of the China Sea. In the dry season travelers bound for Baguio can go within twenty-two miles of the capital, to Camp One on the Benguet Road. The railroad is strung along

the river bed for quite a distance and when the season's traffic is past, rails and ties are taken up. Otherwise the river would "get 'em."

The Manila-Dagupan line enjoys the distinction of being the first railroad constructed in the Philippines. It was the only one in existence when the American troops landed. It is a "dinky," narrow-gauge affair with British officials and Filipino crews. It was built originally with English money, but the Speyer Syndicate of New York has taken it over. The British officials still hold down most of the desks and operate the line in the "same old way," which has proved profitable. Filipinos love to travel and the management gives them a nice long ride for their money—long in the point of time! The average speed of automobiles here is just twice that of trains!

Three classes of tickets are sold and most of the natives ride third class. The management seldom discharges an employé, finding that a system of fines works to better advantage. The crews and station hands receive small wages, from \$15 to \$30 a month, but it sounds and is twice as much in *pesos*.

The railway has been continued about thirty miles up the coast beyond Dagupan and in time will reach the prosperous Ilocos provinces, on the northwest coast.

A Swiss engineer had just arrived on the ground to construct a branch from this main line, connecting Aringay with Baguio. It will be a scenic route, twenty-four miles in length, including nine miles of cog or rack, and will displace Luzon's greatest advertised feature, the Benguet Road.

This bit of road, thirty miles long, climbing 5,000 feet, has been a bone of contention between the insular Government and the Philippine press. The Filipinos were not in sympathy with the summer capital idea, and they knew the difficulties of building and maintaining a road up a river gorge in this country, where earthquakes, typhoons and the heaviest rainfall on earth are to be battled with. American engineers reported that the work could be done at a reasonable figure and were told to go ahead. It was to be a scenic route and scenery comes high, but no one connected with the Government dreamed that it would

eat up a fortune, or that the difficulties would be so great.

"How much has it cost?" I asked an engineer in Dagupan.

"Oh! we've quit keeping books on it. It's reached the 18,000,000 *pesos* mark!"

This meant \$9,000,000 of good old American gold. I sat up and took notice! Certainly another record in the Philip-



SOME OF THE ZIGZAGS OF THE GREAT BENGUET ROAD.

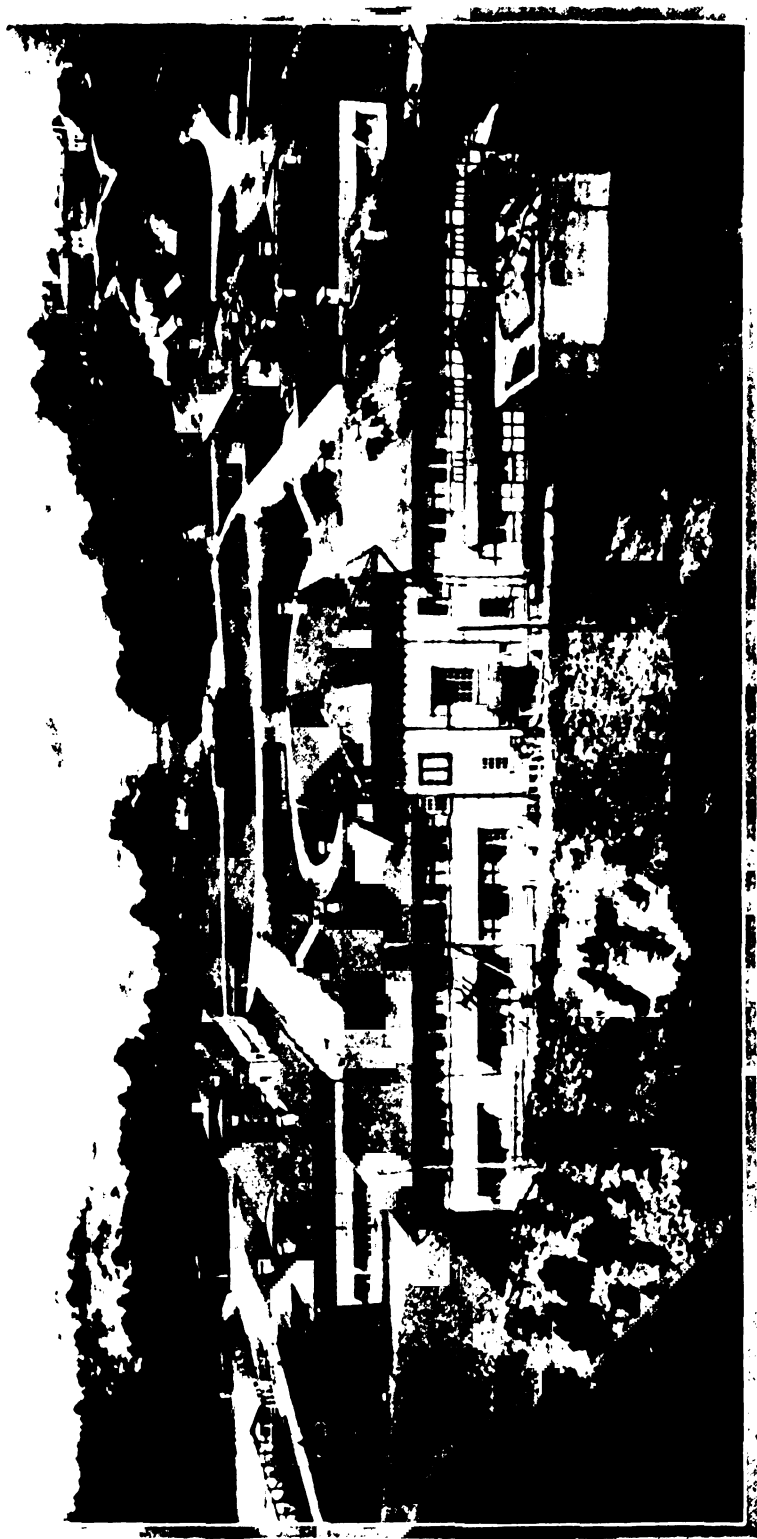
piners! About \$60 a foot, \$5 an inch! A case of "climbing up the golden stairs!"

"Just wait till you see it," said the engineer "I tell you it's 'some road.' You'll realize, going up, now the rains are on, what we are up against! Why, in 1909, the most severe typhoon ever experienced by white men in the Benguet country struck the road. It raged all night and there was a rainfall of twenty-three inches in ten hours. The Bued River rose sixty feet and tore out over 100 bridges. One of them, Number 142, made of steel, was just twisted into a knot. You'll see it up the line. We lost seven men in that blow and it took us over two months, working day and night, to get the road open again. Every season it's about the same thing. When the rains come, we have a bunch of slides as hard to control as was the famous Culebra slide at the Panama Canal. And bridges! We are just sticking them in the whole time."

It is generally admitted now that the building of the Benguet Road was a mistake. The route which the new railway will follow would have been much cheaper for construction and maintenance. When the mistake was discovered the investment was considered too great to be abandoned.

Since the road was opened, five years ago, it has been the prize automobile trip of the Islands. The Bureau of Public Works has charge of the transportation and has an assortment of machines in service, the bulk of the passenger trade being hauled by six-cylinder, low-geared French cars, although some American "steamers" have given good service.

I paid ten dollars for my auto ticket from Dagupan to Baguio and seven cents a pound on baggage. We rode out over one of the finest highways I have seen in any land, for Pangasinan Province won the prize last season for its roads. There seemed to be a continuous town for miles, a row of "grass" houses on either side of the glistening white highroad and every one hanging out of the windows to see the *Americanos* go past. There were only a few passengers in the car, as traffic was then light going up. The chauffeur was a Filipino.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CENTER, BAGUIO.

From Camp One we started up the Bued canyon on a shelf of rock hewn above the stream. Waterfalls at every hand, magnificent tropical vegetation, fine views of the plain below. We came to a series of six switchbacks, known as the "Zigzag," a rise of 900 feet in two and one-half miles. The road maintains a fairly even grade. It is a wonderful piece of engineering. There is a block system throughout to prevent accidents.

We came to three places where the recent typhoon had washed the road out and it was a case of "hiking," while men



IGOROTS TRANSFORMED INTO SOLDIERS.

dragged the luggage over steep, slippery trails. A machine, in waiting on the other side of the slide, took us on to the next break. We landed in Baguio after nightfall, a long day's journey from Manila.

The morning was clear and we went out to see the town. Its out-of-season population, including the Igorots, is 3,500. You cannot see the place all at once, as it wanders up hill and down dale in a bewildering fashion. The late D. H. Burnham, famous as a municipal architect, laid out the plan and divided the town into two sections—one for Government buildings and

residences, one for trade. There are several rather imposing official residences besides the municipal buildings. Ex-Governor Forbes has a fine private home called "Topside," which he will probably retain. The roads through the town—they are all roads, rather than streets—are excellent. In time, when the place builds up, it may really look like a city. Now it is more like a first-class frontier post.

Camp John Hay, which is really a part of Baguio, is the military camp, above all others in the Philippines, where our soldiers go to win a new lease of life. Its amphitheater, of which General Bell was justly proud, is the most attractive feature of the mountain capital—carved right out of the hillside above the pine-clad valley—tier on tier hedged by flowering plants.

Will the Benguet Road be abandoned when the new railroad is finished? Most people here say "No!" The army will take it over, they tell me. As one man said, "The army doesn't have to itemize the cost of everything. It is all charged to the general up-keep."

The Filipinos have begun to come to Baguio.* If, in time, it becomes the place where people from the tropical plains gain health and strength in the crisp mountain air—if it leads to the development of a hardier type of Filipino—then perhaps the millions sunk in the Benguet Road will not have been spent in vain.

*As this volume goes to press I am informed that the Government has abandoned, for the present, the custom of going up to Baguio during the hot season. Surely this is false economy, since life and health are worth more than dollars, or has the present Philippine policy produced official poverty?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DOG-EATING IGOROTS.

“**I**F YOU'LL wait over until Sunday, you'll see the greatest dog show on earth,” they told me in Baguio. As Sunday was only two days off, I decided to remain.

This Baguio dog market is a weekly event. From coast and lowland valley, about a thousand half-starved, yelping curs are dragged up to the mountains to be sold to the dog-eating Igorots. These primitive people live around Baguio and through a large section of the great Mountain Province of Luzon. The dogs begin to arrive on Friday and by Saturday night their part of the market, given a separate section by the municipal authorities, is crowded. On Sunday morning hun-



THE DOG MARKET

dreds of Igorots come down the trails to Baguio, the men clad in old coats and "gee-strings," the little brown women in home-spun skirts and blouses, laden baskets on their backs, held by a thong over the forehead. The women come to sell a little produce. They are not the shoppers. Dog-buying is a man's work.

The Igorot does not decide hastily. He examines dozens of brutes before finding one exactly to his liking. Most of the dogs are of the thin, "skin-tight" variety, with very little hair

"Yes, they like 'em best when they're thin. They'll fatten 'em up with rice before killing," said a man who knew all about it. "You see a dog should have very little hair. They say hair flavors the meat. That fellow has just paid three *pesos* for one."

Two *pesos* (one dollar) seemed the average price. The Igorot gazed admiringly at his purchase, as he dragged it away at the end of a bamboo stick.

"He's come twenty miles, most likely, to buy that dog. He'll take two weeks to fatten it and then there'll be a feast.

They take a long, sharp rattan and run it through the live dog. Then they tie the rattan to posts on either side of the fire. They swing the dog round and round for about fifteen minutes and, when he is half cooked, they cut him up in small pieces and eat everything but the feet and tail. The tail is considered fit only for an enemy. When the meat is being served, they all sit around the fire, with their *bolos* upright between their toes, and tear the meat into smaller bits on the edge of the sharp knives, scorching it again before eating. It is anything but a pleasant sight.



TWO LITTLE IGOROT BRIDES,
WEDDED AT THE AGE
OF TWELVE.

"But hasn't the Government done anything to stop this dog-eating?" I asked.

"Oh! It will pass in time. We've interfered as little as possible with their established customs. They're fond of dog meat and it's cheap. At one of the Government stores for Igorots, they stocked up with some novelties—canned salmon and that sort of thing—but sales were slow. Then a consignment of bologna sausages arrived and they went like hot-cakes. I'm not saying what was inside those sausages, but it looks as though there are dog markets outside of the Philippines!"

The Mountain Province of Luzon, through which we made an extensive journey, occupies the whole of the central mountain region of the island. It is divided into seven subprovinces, each with an American Lieutenant-Governor and a small force of constabulary. The constabulary officers are Americans, but the soldiers are recruited, for the most part, from the inhabitants, known as the Wild Tribes. In three of the subprovinces—Benguet, Lepanto and Bontoc—the Igorots live. The other wild people on Luzon are the Ifugaos, Kalingas, Tinguians, Ilongots and Negritos, the two last living outside the Mountain Province. All of these people were head-hunters not very long ago, but the practice has been effectively checked in most of the territory since the Americans arrived. The capital of the Mountain Province is Bontoc, about 130 miles from Baguio, and for Bontoc we started, over the famous mountain trail.

I hired Igorot carriers, six men, for fifty *centavos* (twenty-five cents) apiece per day, each to carry fifty pounds and supply his own food. In Africa I had paid ten cents a day per man for porters who carried sixty pounds apiece on their heads, we furnishing one pound of meal a day and all the game each could eat.

We started out over a carriage road which ends in the Trinidad Valley, three miles from Baguio. Here the Bureau of Agriculture has an experimental farm. Now we began to climb over a trail where there is no telephone or telegraph communication with the outside world. The Government, however, has established rest-houses along the way, three in a distance of

eighty-five miles between Baguio and Cervantes, which is the first town we reached. The mornings were sunny, but in the afternoon we were drenched and the little log cabins, hanging to the mountain side, where meals and beds are furnished and pine logs are ablaze in the open fireplaces, were welcome havens indeed. The saddle horses had a fine feed, rice in the husk and rich grass, with sweet potatoes on the side. It was amusing to see the little native ponies pitching into the potatoes.

The trail was only in fair condition. In the dry season it is said to be excellent. We had to climb over landslides and ford a good many rivers. At two of them we slid over in a car suspended to a cable, while the horses swam across, natives swimming alongside.

This trail was built with Igorot labor. Each year they must pay a road tax of two *pesos* or work ten days on the trail. All but the big chiefs among them work it out. We met them all along clearing away slides and filling in gaps—under the direction of an overseer of mixed blood. It was only a few



BANANA-LEAF SKIRTS AND DOG-TOOTH NECKLACES, NEAR BANTOC.



THE "OLAG," WHERE CERTAIN UNMARRIED WOMEN
LIVE IN BONTOC

months before that a young American, son of a Government scientist, was carried to his death by a big slide on this trail and we heard of many accidents in the rainy season.

The mountains of a tropical country, in spite of their danger, exhibit earth's most charming scenes. Nowhere else have I seen such glorious views. The giant tree-fern and the majestic pine meet on Luzon's hillsides; tropical verdure clothes the valleys and a sea of mist floats between the forest and the luminous tinted clouds which are the glory of the Philippines. Begonias and ferns border the trail and the Benguet lily, much like our Bermuda lily, gleams out from its mossy setting. Far away over the blue ranges lie the plain and the China Sea.

We saw but few Benguet and Lepanto villages. These

Igorots are classed as one and are docile. I do not think they are included in the list of head-hunters. For many years they have been in contact with the Spaniards and the Christian Filipinos of the plain. Their distinctive feature is a cloth, worn about the head like a semi-turban. The women wear waists, which shows the Christian influence, but away from the mission schools of Baguio and Sagada, and the influence of the whites, they are a dirty, squalid lot, but well put up.

The fourth evening out we rode into Cervantes, a Christian town with Igorot trimmings, rather an important place in Spanish days. From here there is a cart road to the seaport of Tagudin, two days away. This is usually the way people come in to Bontoc.

Before crossing over from Lepanto to Bontoc, we came to the Episcopal Mission School at Sagada, which is certainly worthy of notice. Father Staunton and his wife heard of this pagan village with 4,000 souls and decided to move up there



MRS. STAUNTON AND HER PUPILS, EPISCOPAL MISSION SCHOOL, SAGADA.

from Baguio. That was six years ago. In the meantime the value of soap over dirt, trousers over gee-strings, beef over dog, board houses over those made of grass, has been demonstrated to the Igorots. They have learned to use the saw and the plane instead of the primitive ax. They have been taught to work as well as to pray.

There is a sawmill at Sagada which supplies lumber to neighboring towns. There is a quarry and a brickyard, an electric lighting plant, a machine-shop and a printing press. Not only the mission boys and girls, but the entire community has been uplifted by the dignity of labor. The success here, with such raw material, is little short of marvelous.

The Bontocs eat dogs still, are very dirty in their persons, and their villages are simply filthy. But they are skillful agriculturists and are classed, by students of the subject, as the most courageous fighters among the hill tribes. Physically they are a great improvement over the other Igorots. There are 76,000 Bontocs and until recently head-hunting was their chief diversion. They still take the head of an enemy occasionally, in



NATIVE SECTION OF BONTOC.

remote parts of the province, but, on the whole, are pretty well under control.

The men wear clouts, the women strips of cloth tied about the body below the waist. Both are tattooed, both have large holes in the lobes of the ears into which all sorts of weird ornaments are stuck. The women prize dog-tooth necklaces and the men bang their hair and let it grow long in back, thrusting the stringy ends into a little rattan basket-like hat, tied on the back of the head. They make head-axes and lances, earthen pots and rather artistic pipe bowls of clay and brass. Some of the women weave serviceable cloth from the thread of a bark fiber

Thousands of people huddle together in a small village, which would hardly seem to hold a hundred. The usual type of house is simply a peaked roof, squatting low on the ground, a row of boards serving as a side wall, a dirt floor. The pig-pen is attached to the house and I thought the pigs much cleaner than the people.

Bontoc, capital of the Mountain Province, has a neat American quarter with thirty citizens from the United States. They have fine brick buildings—a clubhouse, constabulary post, hospital, churches and municipal buildings. There is even a prison for the “wild” ones of the Wild Tribes.

“We are 3,000 feet above the sea and pity the coast people,” they told me. “There are enough of us here to have quite a little social life.” I recalled this later, when a lonely constabulary officer, far off on the frontier, spoke longingly of Bontoc.

“It’s a great place,” he said. “They have afternoon teas and dances. Oh, it’s quite a city! If you want to be talked about just go to Bontoc.”

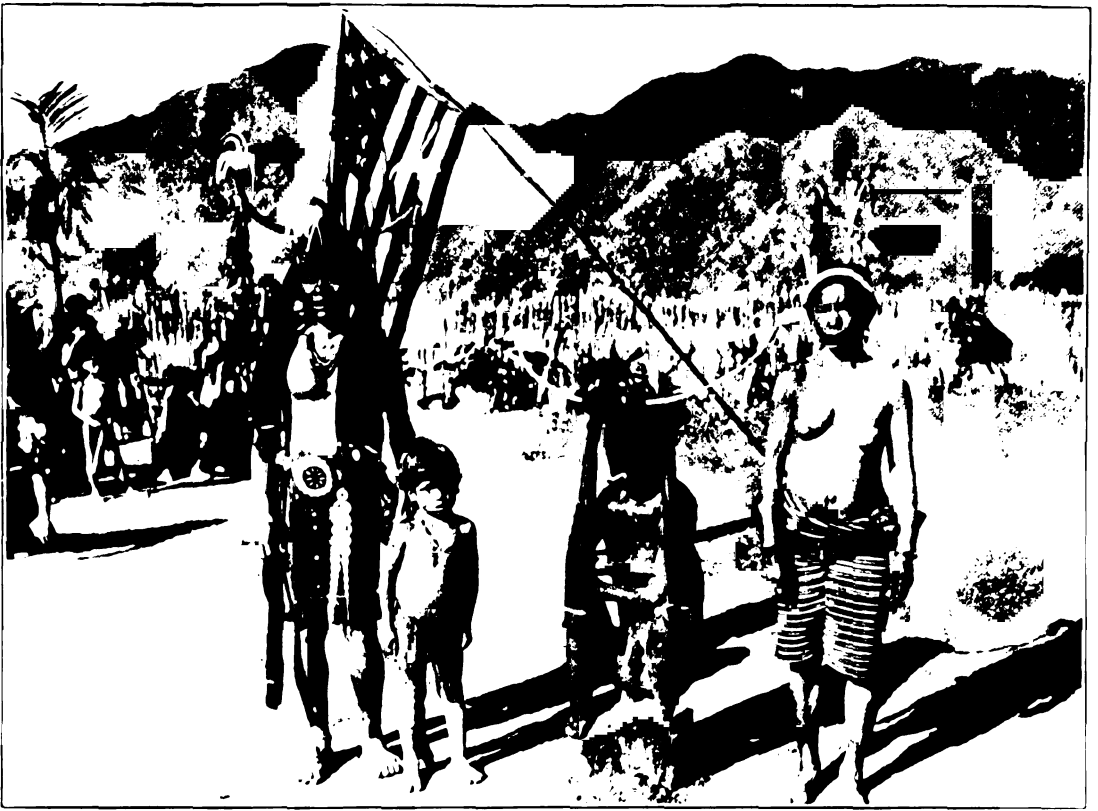
CHAPTER XXX.

THE CHAMPION TERRACE BUILDERS.

I KNOW it is hard to believe, but up in the mountains of northern Luzon some savages wearing only cloths and spears have built the most colossal terraces in the world. The rice gardens of the Ifugaos, who are counted among the Wild Tribes of the Philippines, form the greatest industrial undertaking in the Islands. Tier on tier they rise like gigantic steps, from the depths of the canyon to the clouds on the mountain top. In the 800 square miles of Ifugao territory, the length of the supporting walls of these terraces is two and one-half times the circumference of the globe, or about 65,000 miles.



SECTION OF THE WONDERFUL IFUGAO RICE TERRACES.



IFUGAOS, WHO HAVE BEEN DANCING AROUND THEIR IDOL.

Simple necessity inspired this mighty work. Originally a lowland people, generations ago, the Ifugaos were driven to this mountain stronghold by other Malay tribes. Raising rice at an angle became their specialty. They built terraces encircling the mountains, supporting them with strong stone walls. They graduated as hydraulic engineers, carrying water for miles and feeding it to the rice patches, the retaining walls allowing about a foot of water to flood the crops. Then they went a step in advance of civilized races by fertilizing the irrigating streams with ashes and decayed vegetable matter. Old Gravity did the rest. After spending days among these people and riding across their country, I decided that, considering their primitive condition, no agricultural achievement in the world can compare with theirs!

When we rode into Ifugao from Bontoc, these acrobatic

farmers were preparing their terraces for planting. First the Good Spirits who guard the growing rice must be asked for another season's protection. We saw groups of chiefs on cliffs above the canyon conducting the ceremony. Their tall spears were stuck in the ground in a circle around strings of beads hung on a stick. Of course the Good Spirits will have the friendly assistance of the tall red plants, resembling feather dusters, which grow at the head of each terrace. The Evil One, who brings blight to the crop, is "pow'ful scart" of this flaming vegetable wonder.

The chiefs wore no clothing excepting clouts of somber hue. Loud colors are taboo in Ifugao. They showed they belonged to the "upper set" by their ornaments—large earrings, necklaces with copper charms, bracelets of heavy brass wire in spiral form, and handsome belts of strung shells. I learned later that these round shell ornaments, with holes in the center, used to be their money. They were all smoking little brass pipes. Some were tattooed on the neck and chest and their



AN IFUGAO DWELLING.

hair was cut in an outlandish fashion. It looked as though a bowl had been clapped on the head and the hair, sticking out in the back, chopped off evenly with a *bolo*

A little farther on we came to some women toiling up the almost perpendicular hillside, where yams are planted in systematic rows. Oblong baskets, filled with these big sweet potatoes, were balanced on their heads. When they saw us they were afraid of the horses and slid down the trail.

In clothing the women are about as poverty-stricken as the men. A very short skirt, beginning below the waist and ending at the knee, is their sole garment. They, too, wear necklaces, and beads in their hair. They are about the best-looking savages I have ever seen.

We came to a cluster of huts on a knoll. The Ifugaos do not live in villages like the Bontocs. Their houses are grouped in tiny hamlets like sentinels on the mountains.

An Ifugao house is a great improvement over the home of the dog-eating Igorot. The Ifugao does not feast on dog and he does not eat with his fingers. He uses a carved wooden spoon about the size of our tablespoon. He sets his house up on four posts, with great circles of wood about each post to keep the rats out. All about the house he hangs rattan baskets with sliding doors, into which he puts the chickens at night—also to fool the rats. He climbs up into his castle on a ladder and has a storeroom, as well as a living-room, but no windows, unfortunately, and pitch-pine fires make a lot of smoke.

A wealthy man, who owns several rice fields and a number of pigs, sometimes has a carved wooden seat underneath his house. This is a *tagabi* and is a "sure sign" of luxury. There are a very few household belongings. The women weave material for skirts, cloths and blankets, the big, black death-blanket, being an important feature.

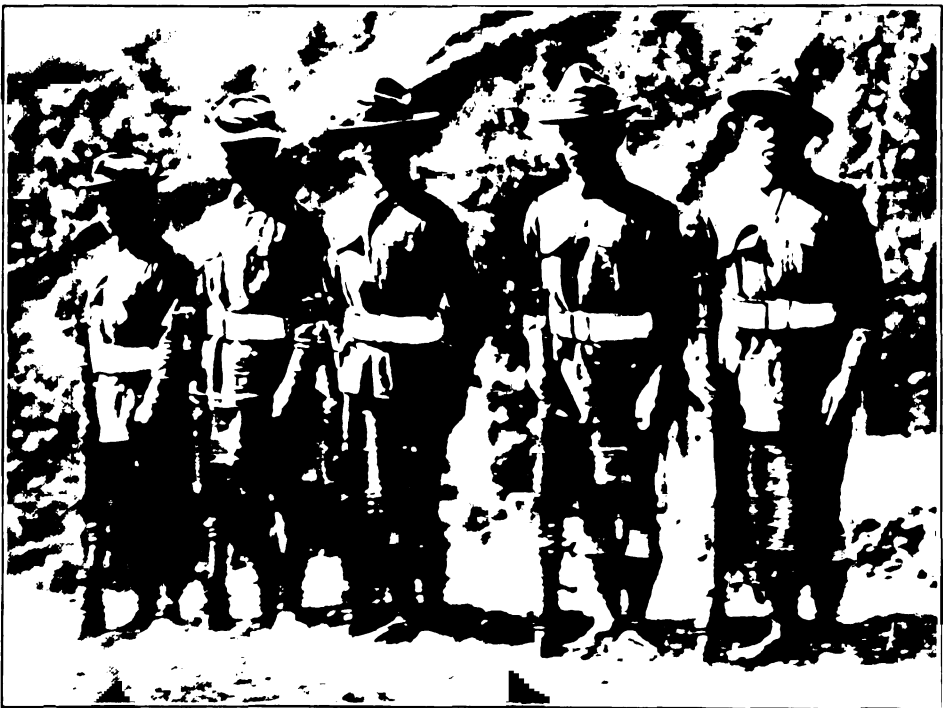
The Ifugaos, like several of the northern tribes, have a most unpleasant custom of keeping a dead person in state, while they hold a feast in his honor. They set the departed upright under his house, dressed in his best and draped in his death-blanket, while they eat up all his pigs and chickens. This goes

on as long as the food supply holds out, the ghastly host sometimes presiding for a week or more.

We left Bontoc in the early morning and crossed the Polis Range at 6,400 feet, with magnificent views, before entering Ifugao. It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the constabulary post at Banaue. It occupies a splendid position at the head of a canyon, with terraced hillsides all about, and serves as a hotel for the very few travelers who visit this section of the world.

The Philippine constabulary has made quite a record in its twelve years of life. It is a cross between a standing army and a police force, composed of 5,000 natives and officered by 300 American college or military school graduates. These officers are mostly young men, thirty and under. On arriving in Manila they are sent up to Baguio to the constabulary school for several months.

In many respects the constabulary is unique. The soldiers buy their food as they go through the country, seldom carrying rations with them. The officers have considerable freedom of



NATIVE IFUGAO SOLDIERS IN BANAUE.

action, and, being responsible for order in their districts, act with the local officials in preventing trouble. In the mountain sections, especially on the frontiers, they are the "little fathers" of the community and the natives come to them with all their troubles. In Ifugao the big American chief, or *Apo*, must listen to every grievance, even to the tale of the neighbor who borrowed two fresh eggs and did not return them.

The entire expense of this branch of the service comes out of the Philippine treasury. The officers have a good word to say for the native soldiers. They have been selected from every part of the Islands and, in case of trouble, there will be men in the service well acquainted with local conditions. This means much to the secret service department.

The Ifugao and Bontoc constabulary soldiers are magnificent specimens. Their costume is a compromise between civilized and savage dress—cap, coat, cartridge belt and clout, with spiral coils of brass wire about their calves, to give the picturesque touch. The officers in the hill posts have a special



STONE SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY IFUGAOS.



BANAUE, A CONSTABULARY POST AMONG THE MOUNTAIN
RICE TERRACES.

costume, with a dash of something local to please the natives. Besides the post at Banaue, there is one on the frontier at Mayaoyao and a larger one at Quiangan, the provincial capital, with a full company of fifty soldiers and two officers.

Quiangan is more pretentious than Banaue. There is the house of the Lieutenant-Governor, a Catholic mission, besides the constabulary post, and a school building and Government House just being completed, which are the second wonder of Ifugao. The industrial school at Quiangan has certainly gone a long way in leading savages toward citizenship. The pupils have quarried the stone and erected two massive buildings which would be a credit in any land. They are tremendously proud of their work and well they may be. In their country

these buildings occupy about the relationship of the Capitol at Washington to the poorest shanty

In Ifugao we saw a native *cañao*, or dancing feast. Dancing is the leading diversion throughout the Philippines with the Christians as well as pagans. Among the civilized tribes these affairs are much the same as with us, but the dances of the wild man are of a very different variety. The Ifugaos



A WEDDING IN IFUGAO.

dance in a circle, first extending one arm and then the other, and do some skillful foot work. They keep it up continuously the whole night through, dropping out from exhaustion and then jumping in again as the spirits move them. The spirits have a material form in the shape of *bubud* in big Chinese jars.

Bubud is a fairly mild alcoholic drink made from rice and the chiefs, young and old, guzzle it freely and consider it very bad form to leave a *cañao*, or feast, sober

The musical instruments are brass gongs, called *gansas*, of Chinese origin, like the *bubud* jars. They are of various tones and their harsh "ding-ding-ding-o" stirs pulses and toes. The dance of the women differs from the men's. They keep their feet on the ground and move toes and fingers in a strange fashion.

Long narrow strips of white paper, distributed among the dancers, are tied in the hair, a special insurance policy against some kind of a demon. Meanwhile the pig is being roasted, the main event of the evening, and feasting takes the place of dancing for a time.

In spite of all this savagery, the 120,000 Ifugaos are not blood-thirsty creatures today. A few years ago it was a very different story. Then they made war on other wild tribes and lay in wait for the Christian Filipinos of the nearest plain.

More than among any other primitive people, I noticed in them an appreciation of the fair treatment of the Americans. They are glad to have better trails. They rather like the idea of a "White Father" who speaks their language, as the Lieutenant-Governor does, to settle all disputes. They have found from the beginning of American rule that they will get "a square deal."

I have spoken of the Ifugaos all through as savages, and I suppose they are. But when I think of their wonderful terraces, climbing the steep slopes for thousands of feet, I feel that they can teach us a few things about ingenuity and industry.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LUZON.

SINCE the Americans came to the Philippines, head-hunting has been checked among most of the savages of northern Luzon. It still exists, however, among the Negritos of the northeast coast and a few other tribes.

The Negritos, or "Little Negroes," are the original inhabitants of the Philippines. They have been killed off and driven into the mountains by the Malay tribes which came from southern Asia, and now number only about 25,000. The fiercest among them and the only ones who hunt heads, live in an



NEGRITOS MAKING FIRE BY FRICTION

almost unexplored territory where the Sierra Madre Mountains slope into the Pacific. Here they have not come in contact with the Christian Filipino or the white man.

Each year, it is decreed, a Negrito family must take the head of an enemy, or sickness will come to the house. They chop off the heads with *bolos* and bury the bodies under their crude thatched shelters. Then they go away and build new homes, or the devil will catch them.

I made the acquaintance of a somewhat less savage tribe of Negritos in the province of Bataan, which juts out into Manila Bay. It seems strange indeed that while people are giving "charity balls" and attending aviation meets in Manila, another race, just across the bay, lives as it did thousands of years ago.

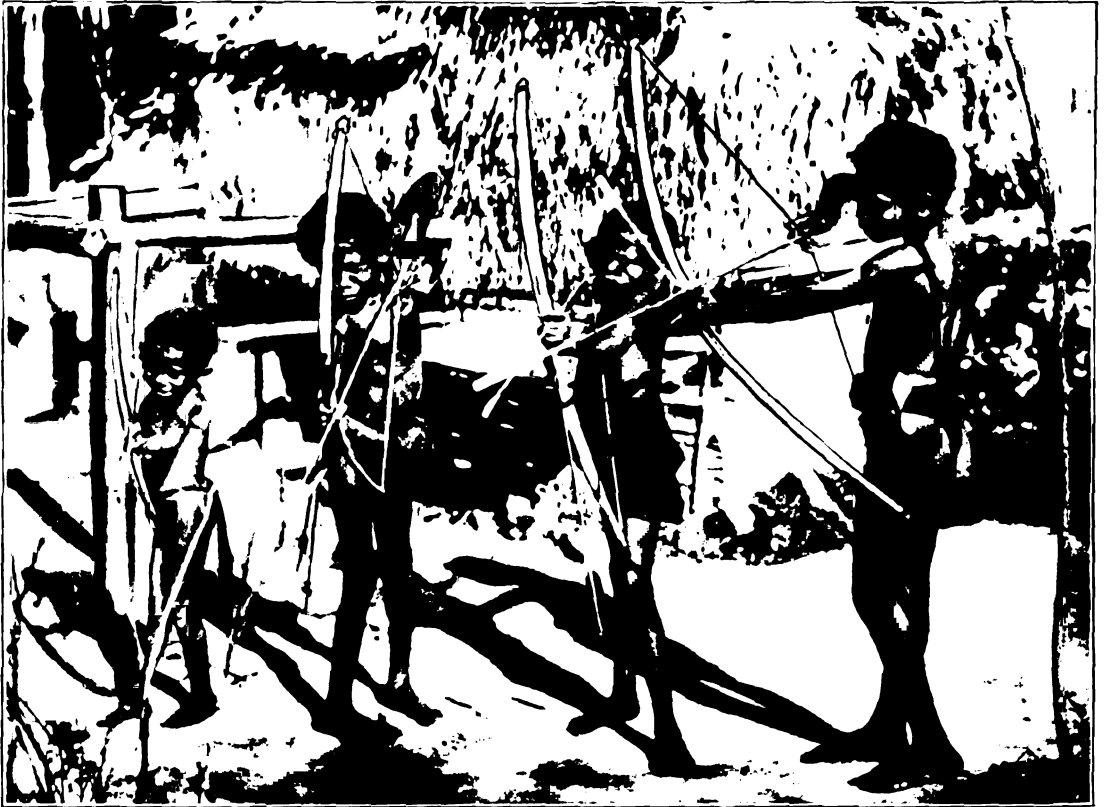
The Negritos are dwarfs in stature, with very dark brown, or black skin. Their hair is woolly, like the Africans, noses flat, lips thick, arms very long and apelike. Like people on the Dark Continent, they disfigure their bodies with scars, thinking



A QUARTET OF NEGRITO MAIDENS.

it ornamental, and point their teeth sharply to further enhance their beauty. The men wear clouts, the women short skirts, and they are very fond of bright colors. They bring wild honey to the edge of the forest to exchange for gaudy cloth.

The Negrito is the bow and arrow artist of the Philippines. He uses a poisoned barb and is a fine marksman. He is a poor



NEGRITO BOYS. ALL USE BOWS AND ARROWS.

farmer, but can live on game and fish, with the forest products.

These people belong to the same race as the Andaman Islanders and the Semang of the Malay Peninsula. They were probably widespread at one time—all over this quarter of the globe. In the Philippines they have intermarried with savage Malay tribes, and the only pure-blooded ones are found among the head-hunters of northern Luzon.

In Spanish days slavery existed in these islands. Negrito

children captured in the mountains and little Igorots from the forests of the north were brought down to the lowlands to spend their lives as servants. Spaniard and Christian Filipino offered the same defense.

"We have baptized them," they said. "We have given them our own names. Their souls are saved!"

This very matter of slavery has been the subject of a recent



controversy in the press between an American official and a Filipino politician. The American claims that slavery still exists in the Islands and there is little doubt but that he will prove his case.

Next door to the Negritos of northern Luzon are the Ilongots who number only 6,000, but are "bad actors." A good many of them absolutely refuse to give up head-hunting until



HEAD-HUNTER WITH SKULLS OF HIS VICTIMS.

they have "evened up" the count with a neighboring enemy. According to the official scorer, the other fellows are forty-six heads in the lead.

The Ilongots are almost as primitive as the Negritos. They use the bow and arrow as well as the spear. Only about six years ago an American scientist was killed by them. Dr. Jones of the Field Museum, Chicago, ventured alone into the Ilongot territory. At first, according to his own report, found after his death, the savages were friendly and assisted him in collecting articles for the museum. Trouble came when two old men were pressed into service as boatmen when they wanted to remain at home. Then the sons of these men killed the Doctor. A force of the constabulary went in search of the murderers and captured them, but on the long journey to jail across forest and plain, two of the prisoners escaped. The guards, it seems, shot a deer and unfastened the handcuffs on the Ilongots that they might bring the game to the trail. Like a flash all three jumped into the underbrush and two got back to their own country. The man who was recaptured is serving out his sentence in Bontoc and I went to see him there. He did not look very fierce and was quite a young chap.

Two constabulary expeditions have gone into the wilderness to bring out the men who escaped, but so far they have been unsuccessful. The Ilongots live in an almost inaccessible territory. Only a few of the tribe on the western frontier have made friends with the white man. The trail to the outlaws' village is among giant boulders on the bed of a river, dry only a few months of the year. On the last trip, the constabulary found the village and burned it, but the people had fled. A messenger sent out to interview the chief brought back word that Dr. Jones met his death by violating Ilongot tribal laws, and that no penalty should be paid by his executioners. Now it is "up to" the constabulary to climb over the boulders once more.

The policy of the departing Secretary of the Interior has been based on fair play. He has been the Great Father and friend of the savages, spending much time among them, pre-

serving their customs and respecting their traditions. But one fact he has impressed upon them—head-hunting must cease.

Many of the tribes have given up the practice within the last ten years. Among those who have not yet been brought under control are the mountain Tinguans, who live in Apayao, and some of the Kalingas. The American Lieutenant-Governor of Kalinga has been able to form quite a lodge of "Friendly ex-Head-Hunters."

On the Bontoc-Kalinga frontier, we camped one night in a little rest-house built of logs, high up on the mountain side. By a bonfire of snapping pines we listened to head-hunting tales from a constabulary officer who has lived for years in northern Luzon. I'll confess I looked over my shoulder, now and then, to see if any of them were sneaking up on me, for "the woods were full of 'em."

"I was riding into the village of Magapta once, in Apayao," he said, "and on both sides of the trail were rows of bamboo baskets. At first I thought they held fruit, but when I looked in, I saw half a coconut shell in every blessed basket, each holding a fragment of a human head! The avenue was supposed to frighten evil spirits from the village. Those Apayaos are wicked ones. They set sharpened bamboo spears in the thicket and bordering the trail, and I was lame for months from one that caught me in the leg."



THE MAN WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

Head-hunting festivities seem to be most elaborate. The victors are received with shouts of joy as they march into the home village. The heads of the victims are cut into pieces and distributed among the party. Of course the man who really chopped off the head gets the skull and hangs it over his door with the skulls of *carabaos* and pigs killed for feasts. A *cañao* is held, a dancing and drinking festival, and some of these events are very wild affairs.

"Oh! they don't bother white men," my bonfire host told me. "They're after other savages to even up old scores. The one family disgrace is to have a kinsman lose his head. It shows that the other fellow was more skillful with the

ax. If a chap is so unfortunate as to lose his head, there's no burial feast for him. He can't sit in state under the house, looking on at his own funeral. They just stick him in the ground in some lonely spot and the less said about him the better."

Up to a few years ago, each wild tribe of northern Luzon kept within its own territory unless on a head-hunting raid. A mountain or a river marked the spot where an invisible danger sign was posted. The Ifugao hated the Kalinga and Bontoc Igorot on the north, the timid Benguet on the west, and even made murderous expeditions down to the lowlands to the east and south where Christian Filipinos live. One day I met forty Ifugaos marching up the hillside, spear in hand, in the land of the enemy. It looked for all the world as though they were up to their old tricks, and I turned around to see how my Bontoc baggage boys took it. They did not seem at all concerned and I



YOUNG IFUGAO WARRIORS



IGOROT BRIDE AND GROOM, AGED
TWELVE AND FOURTEEN.

soon learned, from a paper the Ifugao chief carried, that the war-like troupe was bound for Baguio to work on the new railroad. This little incident told the whole story.

A head-hunter laying railway ties! A savage turned to the ways of peace and industry. The Spaniards did not accomplish this in 333 years of rule. The Spanish Christianized Filipinos are far from fitted to continue the splendid work of the Americans.

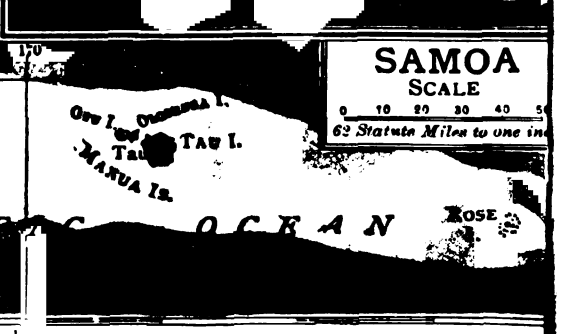
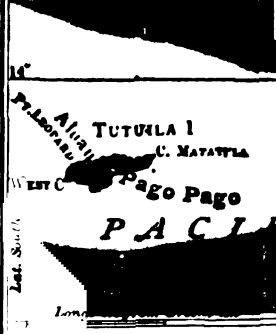
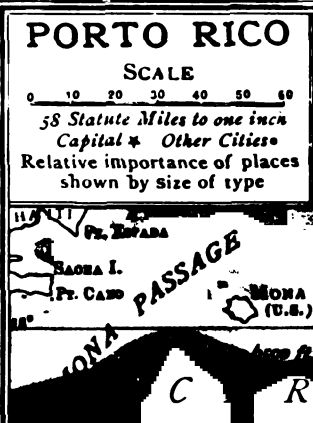
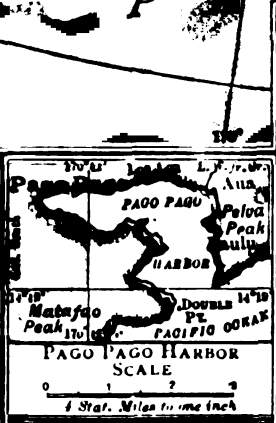
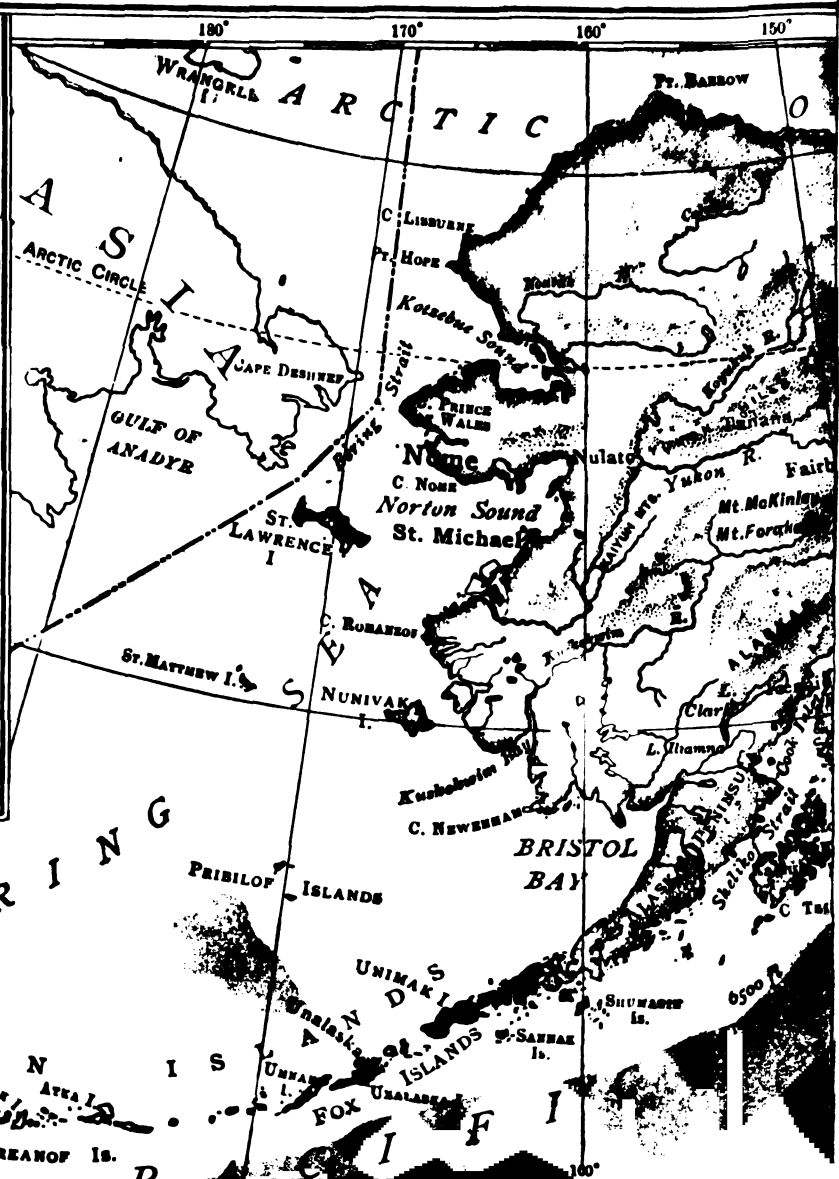
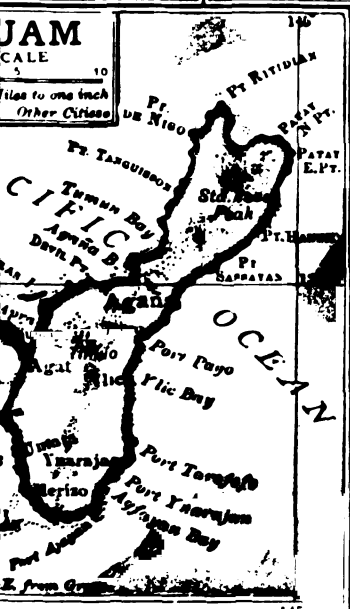
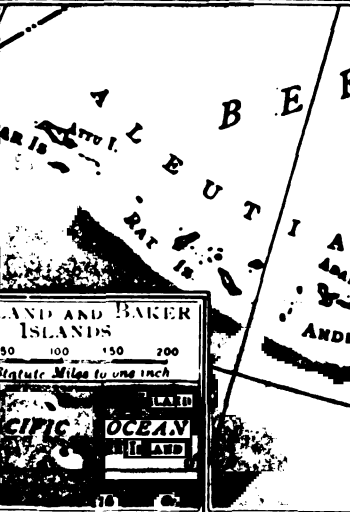
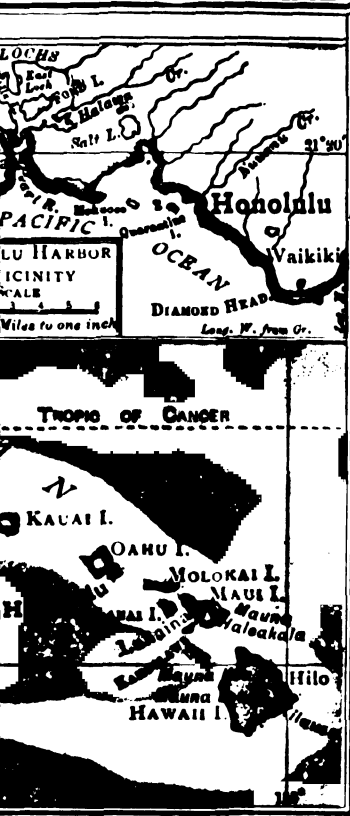
To me this is one of the most serious problems confronting Philippine independence. The only Christians among Oriental peoples, the Filipinos look with scorn on the pagan tribes. More than this, they fear "the man with the spear" as they do the devil. In return, the strong, primitive men of the highlands and the forests detest the

Christian Filipinos of the lowlands who have followed the policy of their Spanish masters. This was not the policy of "the helping hand."

The Americans have not said, "Wear clothes and become Christians, or we will make war on you. Give up your customs and traditions."

They have said, instead, "Come, be good fellows. We'll teach you all sorts of fine sports if you'll stop taking the lives and heads of your fellows."

The tug-of-war and the greased pole have found their way into northern Luzon. Baseball and the wrestling bout help to let off steam among men who have animal spirits to spare. Work is woven with play and industrial schools are doing their part in the civilizing of the Wild Tribes.



CHAPTER XXXII.

WHERE EVERYBODY SMOKES.

CAGAYAN was about the first name I memorized in the Philippines. At the Manila Club the night of our arrival, I was given a cigar with its end twisted into a "pigtail."

"You'll like it," said my host, "no paste used in its making. Leaf best in the Islands. Grown up in the Cagayan Valley "

It was good and, as it gradually turned to ash, I repeated the name of its birthplace.* Later we learned more of this valley and, at last, a visit brought us into close acquaintanceship with the peculiarly fertile strip of earth.

While tobacco is grown in virtually every province of the Philippines, no one disputes that all the high-grade leaf comes from a very limited area, the famous Cagayan tobacco valley. The original Negritos didn't have anything to smoke. The Malays, who followed, were content with chewing the betel. It remained for the Spanish friars to introduce tobacco from Mexico, soon after they landed on these shores. From the Philippines it spread into China, where its use was so general at one time that its sale was prohibited under penalty of death.

In 1781 the Spanish Government made the sale of Luzon tobacco a state monopoly, and this condition lasted for a century. The very best land was selected and each family forced to set out 4,000 plants each year, or pay a fine. Every leaf had to be turned over to the Government, not one could be reserved for home consumption. When the crop was all in, the best quality was laid aside and all the rest burned—not in the form of cigars or cigarettes, but in a good old-fashioned bonfire. As the Government paid only for leaves which escaped the bonfire, the poor farmer was encouraged to improve the quality of his

*Note:—I now have sent to me to Chicago each month 100 of these cigars, by Walter E. Olsen, a former Chicago boy, now a successful tobacco manufacturer's agent in Manila, and my friends declare them "fine." Personally I prefer them to Havana cigars.

leaf The Government ran the price up to one dollar gold a pound, so it is little wonder that a "Manila smoke" was held in high esteem in the Orient. The Spaniards gave the farmers only a small fraction of this price, so tobacco money paid half the total expenses of the colonial Government. Good business, but rather hard on the poor *tao*, toiling away up in the Cagayan Valley!

This all goes to show the advantage of being established early in the game. Today Manila cigars have first call in Japan, China and India. The Spanish mail line which has



CIGAR SMOKING IN THE CAGAYAN VALLEY.

monthly service between Cadiz and Manila, via Suez, loads up with tobacco on the home voyage.

Not all of the tobacco raised in these Islands gets away, however. To see the people smoking, you would think every leaf stayed at home! The cigarette consumption is 500 a year for every man, woman and child, and no record is kept of the cigars, made at home by the smokers out of masses of tobacco grown in the back yards.

Everywhere in the country I was impressed with the fact that tobacco is a necessity, rather than a luxury, to the Filipino. The merest infants have the habit. When the baby cries, the busy mother doesn't look about for a rubber nipple. She sticks a big cigar into the baby's mouth and goes on with her weaving. Children of five puff away at cigars as big as candles and strong enough to knock a man down.

In the Cagayan Valley the family saves lost motion by making cigars about a yard long and two inches in diameter. These are fitted into metal sleeves and suspended from the ceiling by a cord. Father, mother and children all take a puff, as they pass by, and the baby is held up for his turn.

If the Spaniards deprived the natives of tobacco for one hundred and one years, they have certainly caught up. They all keep at it pretty steadily now, excepting when they are sleeping.

This magic valley, producing practically all the export tobacco and nine-tenths of the factory-made tobacco consumed in the Islands, is in northern Luzon. The headwaters of the Cagayan River are in the isolated province of Nueva Vizcaya, on the eastern side of the Cordillera. From the mountain slopes, the streams flow through green meadows and dark forests into narrow canyons, flanked by the purple peaks of the Pacific Coast range. A third of the way down its course, the main stream emerges into a valley, about forty miles in width, and flows to its mouth, in the extreme north, through the provinces of Isabela and Cagayan.

But why, you ask, is this a magic valley, richer than all others in the Philippines? Just because Mother Nature does



A SCENE IN APARRI, THE GREAT TOBACCO PORT, NORTHERN COAST OF LUZON

the fertilizing Every season, like clockwork, about the fifteenth of December, the bottom lands of the valley are flooded. The strong winds from the China Sea, known here as the monsoon, hold the river back. For ten days the valley looks like a lake. Then the waters subside, leaving a rich coating on the overflowed land. It is a Heaven-favored valley, like the Nile. Men out here call it "The Valley with a Future," for its agricultural possibilities, other than tobacco culture, are great.

A number of companies have bought up tobacco properties. One American and two German companies are in the field besides the big Spanish "Tabacalera," organized in 1883. The bulk of the land, however, is owned by natives. In Cagayan Province there are 25,000 property holders out of 150,000 inhabitants, so, allowing six to a family, every man owns a piece of land. The same condition exists in Isabela Province, where the richest land lies.

The best grade of tobacco cannot be grown near the sea, so the estates begin about twenty-five miles up river All the

crop comes down stream to the town of Aparri, at the river's mouth, from where it is shipped to Manila. The Tabacalera Company has a fleet of a dozen steamers operating between Manila and tobacco ports, and the most of them are kept busy with the Aparri trade. The head of this concern owns the Spanish Steamship Company, operating in all parts of the world, with a line between Manila and New York, via Spain.

When the tariff bars between the Philippines and the United States were let down, millions of poor cigars flooded the market. Exporters soon saw that the goose which lays the golden egg was being killed and a better grade of cigars now reaches our shores. We even get the best Cagayan variety. The orders have gone beyond the capacity of the giant factories in Manila.

No longer can an American say, as he puffs away at a Philippine cigar: "Well, this certainly is made of Manila rope!"

We spent some time in the sparsely populated section known as Nueva Vizcaya, watered by the headstreams of the Cagayan. Many of the inhabitants, like those in the great



SCHOOL CHILDREN OF NUEVA VIZCAYA PROVINCE.

tobacco valley, are emigrants from the densely populated Ilocos provinces on the west coast.

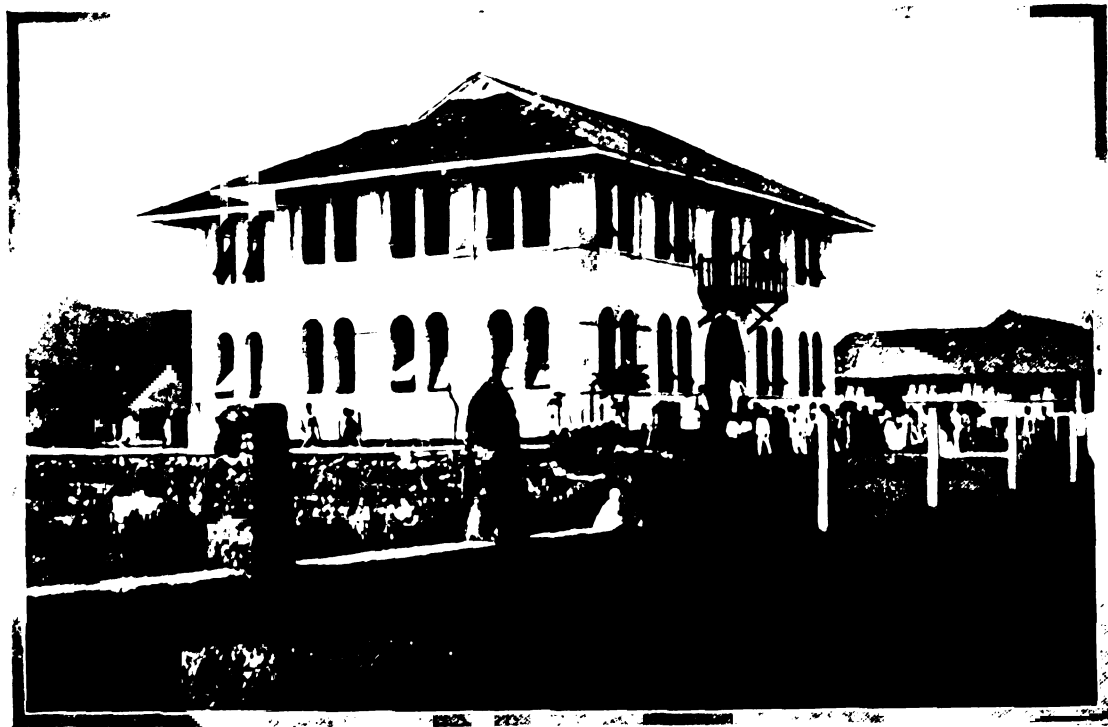
These Ilocanos are noted for their industry. The little towns in their adopted province are models of neatness. As I rode through every native was at work in the rice fields.

Rice to the Filipino is what bread is to the American. Yet with all the miles of rice we saw waving here there is not enough for home consumption. Every year shiploads of rice come to the Philippines from French Indo-China, just across the sea. This condition should be remedied. There is much good rice land idle.

The washerwoman makes starch from rice and poor women, who cannot afford soap, beat the ashes of rice straw into a foam. Most of the washing is done in the streams which border the highway. A boy visiting the Philippines for the first time wrote his mother in Chicago soon after his arrival:

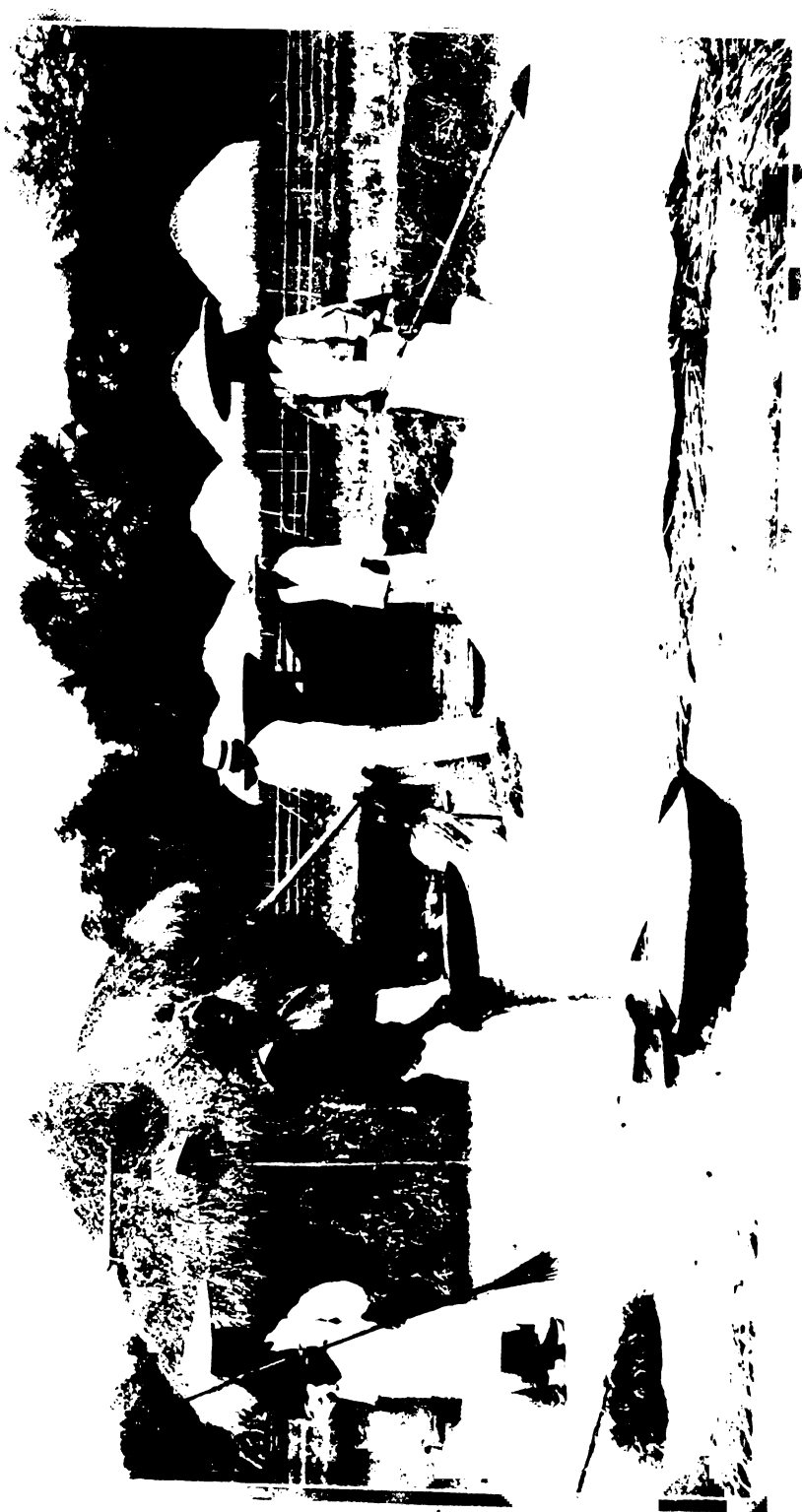
"I saw the most surprising thing the other day. I was riding along the road and down in a stream below was a woman breaking rocks with a shirt!"

This is the land of the bamboo and the forest vine. With



HIGH SCHOOL IN BAYOMBONG, PROVINCE OF NUEVA VIZCAYA.

BUSY WITH THE RICE HARVEST



these and the palm the native builds everything he needs, from a home to a raft. The great climbing vine is his rope and cord, away from the hemp districts. He even uses vines in place of nails. This giant vine split is the rattan of commerce. I saw it used for a cable in Nueva Vizcaya, a strong rope-like line over 200 feet in length. It often grows to a length of 500 and 600 feet here. This rattan canes the beds and chairs of the Filipinos, ties their packages, forms their clotheslines and is put to varied use. One day I looked up at a bamboo platform, extending from a cottage door, where two babies were tied by their ankles to a post with rattan cords, safe from a bad fall to the *carabao* stable below, while the mother went on with her cooking. This is just the way she stakes out her chickens and pigs.

Bamboo is still the water pail of the Malays. Sections five or six inches in diameter are used for bringing water from the streams, and forty-foot lengths convey it to the house from the



RATTAN, ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE ISLAND PRODUCTS.

well. Bamboo musical instruments are in use here. I saw a whole band equipped with bamboo horns in a remote village, and the strange part of it was that the music wasn't bad!

Any little *barrio* in the Islands can shake up at least one band. Often, as the sweet strains of Spanish melodies have reached me, I have said "Music is their best inheritance from their conquerors."

To reach Nueva Vizcaya from Manila means a long saddle journey from the end of the railroad. To go on to the Cagayan Valley one cannot follow the upper river of the Cagayan, excepting in a canoe, and even then with great difficulty. The trail lies across the pasture lands of Nueva Vizcaya, rich cattle ranges of the future, to Echague in Isabela Province, from where the Cagayan River is navigable. The easier way to the tobacco country is by steamer from Manila to Aparri in two and one-half days and up the river by launch to the towns of Tuguegarao and Ilagan. There are more Spaniards left here than in any other part of the Islands, for the tobacco business is still virtually in their hands.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAKING CONVICTS INTO MEN

UNCLE SAM deserves a big gold medal for his prison system in the Philippines, which ranks among the great missionary efforts of the world. "Success" should be stamped on one side of the medal with a big "S", "For Bravery" in high relief on the other side. It required courage of no mean order to bring this system into being, and the "daring experiment," as other nations termed it, has proved an unqualified success, in spite of dire predictions. The world's progress has gained more from intelligent experiments than from accidental discoveries. Away off here, on the other side of the world, Americans have patiently worked out a new penal method, step by step, recasting criminals into citizens, making the skulking convict into the industrious man.

How was it done? you ask.

You have read of the Walled City of Manila, with its age-scarred gates, narrow streets and fine old churches, but my story begins in a smaller walled city there, built also by the Spaniards—Bilibid Prison—which came into our possession in 1898. I have heard that the soldiers had to use smelling salts to get within gunshot of the place in those days. The United States army gave the prison a first-class cleaning and turned it over to the civil Government in 1901. From that date real history in Bilibid has been made.

My interview with Mr. M. L. Stewart, director of prisons, was most interesting.

"How long have you been engaged in the work here?" I asked.

"Nine years, the last three as director."

"What is there about the prison that is unusual?" (I had

touched the button this time, and the human dynamo paced the floor of his office, powerful, vital—his very soul in the work)

"There is no other prison like it under the Stars and Stripes. We have no cells here, no stripes of disgrace, unless the prisoner earns them. There is right of free speech for all. We teach them self-respect and tell them that they can go out better men, useful citizens.

"Regular hours, nourishing food, proper exercise in the open air and stated hours of work transform them physically. The system of mental development does the rest. No punishment is ever inflicted until there has been a fair trial before one of the high officials, the prisoner producing his own witnesses and speaking in his own behalf. The verdict must then have my personal 'O K.'

"Of all the prisoners discharged during the last five years, only two have returned for a second term. A man who has



his discharge from Bilibid can go down town and get a job without an hour's delay. He is a trained workman and a new man physically and morally. But, come, let's look the place over."

We passed through the gates, which slid open at our approach, and entered the great industrial departments which cover most of the twenty acres within the walls.

"When a man enters the prison he is put in quarantine," said the director. "He is freed of intestinal parasites, which are the curse of tropical countries, and cleaned up thoroughly before he can associate with the others. Then he is placed in the 'awkward squad' for a month and drilled. This over, he selects his trade. He can be a wheelwright, machinist,



GENERAL VIEW OF

blacksmith, carriage maker, carriage painter, sign painter, shoemaker, tinsmith, tailor, cabinet maker, carpenter, mason, silversmith, laundryman, cook, baker, school teacher, hospital nurse, or a musician, for we have a band here. In the shops the men are treated just as they would be in first-class factories in the States. After work hours, their lives are like the soldiers' in the barracks. They work seven and one-half hours a day and spend their free time as they see fit, with no guard nearer than the prison walls. There are 225 prisoners in each dormitory "

I asked if there was a school, since this seemed an altogether new-fangled prison.

"School? Yes. They attend class an hour each day and the teachers are prisoners. They teach in English. We have



BILIBID PRISON, MANILA.

men and women from eighteen different tribes here and they can't talk to one another unless they use English. In the shops we use English altogether "

As we went from shop to shop, I saw that this was "Spotless Town" and the men looked as clean as their surroundings.

"When a man enters he is placed in the lowest convict class," said my guide. "In six months he moves to second



BILIBID PRISONERS MAKING HEMP ROPE, MANILA.

grade if he has 80 per cent of marks to his credit. Six months more, and 90 per cent will push him into the first class, with special privileges. Over 90 per cent of all the prisoners are in the first class. First and second class men wear blue. Only the backsliders wear stripes."

We went into the rooms where the product of the prison is on sale. There were silver articles made from old Spanish and Filipino coins, baskets, tables and chairs woven from sea-grass,

bamboo and rattan. The chairs were especially attractive.

"We send the big one known as the 'Bilibid chair' all over the world. It's the best known article we make. Sixty dollars gold for an office desk," pointing to one in the beautiful Philippine hardwood, "and we can't supply the demand. Carriages and wagons? Yes, we make all kinds. Any poor farmer can have a pair of wheels, paying for them by working on the roads. We're trying to save the roads."

Canes and swagger sticks are listed in the sales catalogue, and they make special swagger sticks, which are very British, "dонтcher know," for the United States Marine Corps, the Order of Carabao, etc

Prisoners receiving sentences of five years or more are sent to Bilibid. The women make lace, embroider, and assist in the splendid hospital, erected entirely by convict labor

"Four-thirty! Time for retreat!" said Mr Stewart.

We climbed to a tower in the center of the grounds, representing the hub of a wheel. From it the dormitories radiate like spokes to the great circular wall which forms the tire

All at once the band trumpeted out the call and the triangular yards, separating the dormitories, sprang to life. Three thousand men lined up like soldiers on parade. A silence, a signal! Then each prisoner removed his hat, brought it down to his right side, then up and across to his heart, as the sweet and inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" filled the air and the flag over the tower was slowly lowered. There was a lump in my throat. This salute from thousands of men of an alien race, deprived of liberty, to the glorious banner which stands for freedom and justice and equality must pull at every man's heart-strings.

After a rhythmical drill the men marched to the kitchen door with their dinner pails, and in seven minutes every man had received his portion and marched on with it to his dormitory

While Bilibid is the penitentiary of the Islands, there are many provincial prisons, thirty-four in all, caring for 2,500 short-term convicts. At Bontoc in the Mountain Province there

is a prison for the Wild Tribes and one for the Moros at Zamboanga on the island of Mindanao. Here, as at Bilibid, the opportunity for an industrial education is eagerly embraced.

So far my story has been of prison and prisoners under the shadow of the walls, within range of the guns of the guards. Now we'll shift the scene for the strong third act, the act that many predicted would end in a bloody tragedy

As the curtain rises, we see a tropic isle, Palawan, 370 miles southwest of Manila. This island is isolated from the others of the Philippine group, lying nearer the China coast.

When the plan for establishing a unique colony for Bilibid prisoners on Palawan was brought to the Governor-General, he looked it over doubtfully. The best conduct men were to be moved to the island and a town founded, which they were to rule themselves. They were to elect their judges, select their jurors, and appoint their policemen. They were to be without guard.

"When I looked over the list of crimes committed by the prisoners chosen to start a colony, I was a bit staggered," said the ex-Governor-General, James Smith, now living in Washington, D. C. But the plan was started and the American prison assistant's wife bravely went with him to Palawan.

Today the Iwahig colony, across the bay from the town of



GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AT PENAL COLONY, ISLAND OF PALAWAN.

Puerto Princessa in Palawan, has 1,200 prisoners, and there is not a firearm on the place. There is a reservation of forty square miles. Here the original twenty-five convict colonists hewed their homes from the wilderness. As this most daring experiment showed symptoms of success, more credit men were sent down from Bilibid. They were taught agriculture in many branches—all about cattle raising.

In 1914 there isn't a town in the Philippines that can compare with Iwahig for law-abiding citizens, for honesty, or for sanitary conditions. The spotlight on this scene is "The Helping Hand."

After a six months' trial, the prisoner is given five acres of land which he may improve after working hours and on holidays. If he makes good, the Government steps in and helps him, loans him money for farming implements and for a home with furnishings. This loan he will repay out of the products of the farm. If he is married, the Government brings his family from any part of the Philippines and takes care of the wife and children until the farmer can care for them. When a man's sentence expires he can leave Palawan or remain in the colony. Over eighty families have remained. Iwahig has its own currency, its coöperative stores, its baseball league.

Since the success of the work is now proved, the town is to be moved to a better site on higher ground, well away from floods. It is to be a larger town with a civic center, parade and athletic grounds, a theater, library, schools and churches. All the buildings will be erected by the colonists and 1,000,000 bricks have already been burned. Palawan is out of the earthquake belt, so brick buildings are practicable.

At Iwahig Uncle Sam has brought criminals through imprisonment into the glorious light of day. He has made convicts into men. And which is the better method? The old one of opening the prison doors to men broken in health, forever lacking self-respect, branded as convicts? Or this last word in humane treatment to our weaker brothers, this evolution into industrious, upright citizens? Do you think the Filipino would continue this work? I don't.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COASTING THE VISAYAN ISLANDS.

ALL aboard for the Visayas! Manila may be the capital of Philippines and Luzon the largest island, but forty-six per cent of all the Filipinos live on the islands known as the Visayas, halfway down the archipelago.

Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte and Samar are the big ones of the group, surrounded by innumerable islands and islets. Here live the Visayan people, speaking one language—if you allow for differences of dialect. Here are the best sugar lands and some of the best hemp lands in the Philippines. Here are the busy cities of Cebu and Iloilo, rivals for second place after Manila.

Iloilo is our first port, 300 miles southeast of Manila Bay, on the island of Panay. Summer seas, this voyage! It is like sailing on a lake. Yet within a few weeks, or even days, this coast may be lashed by the typhoon's fury.

Iloilo looks flat and uninteresting from the sea, but we have two days in port, while the ship loads sugar, so there is time for a more favorable impression.

"You pay one *centavo* a minute for your rig," said the captain. This is equal to one-half cent in the States. On the waterfront was a vehicle which looked like a diminutive omnibus. It was drawn by an ox.

"What do you call this sort of a carriage?" I inquired of a fellow passenger.

"We call it a *tartanilla* down here," he said. "Up in Manila there are a few of 'em left from Noah's Ark, and they call 'em the *quilez*. You can't fall out, but you're always sliding backward. Don't take the ox-cart. Here comes one with a pony."

The pony-cart was about half the size of the *tartanilla*, but

I got in. My photographer was losing weight in the Philippines, so he managed to squeeze in, too, with his camera and glass plates. Films are not serviceable in this hot, moist climate.

Off we rattled to the main street, where there are first-class shops, among them a book and drug store combined, with a big soda-water fountain. While the photographer was putting away three ice cream sodas I asked the druggist how many people there were in town.

"Over 40,000—I should say nearer 45,000. There are 350 white folks and 150 of us are Americans. Panay is a rich island. Sugar? Yes, and hemp. Coconuts, of course. Then this is the chief market for the fine native cloths—*just* and *piña*. There aren't regular factories, but just drive out any country road and you'll see the women at work. At the window of every little 'straw' house there's a Filipina busy at her loom."

As we drove past the main plaza I saw the usual monument in the center and asked an American soldier, standing by the curb, whose statue it was.

"It's Josie Rizzel, sir," he answered, and it didn't dawn



THE OLD TOWER IN JARO, A VILLAGE IN ILOILO.

upon me until some time later that he meant José Rizal. Our enlisted men are not much on Spanish pronunciation.

The patriot of Luzon, then, is beloved throughout the Philippines. As a rule the Visayan has very little use for the Tagalog. In this division of interests lies the stumbling block to the unity of the Filipino people.

A well-paved road connects Iloilo with the suburb of Jaro, where we went. Passing a hoary bell tower in the plaza and other marks of early Spanish rule, we came to the market gate. Here many *carabaos* and oxen drowsed under a shelter after hard toil in country roads. Clumsy carts, covered with straw awnings, lined the highway. In one of them sat a girl weaving a hat from a fine grade of Manila hemp.

In hundreds of little booths the produce and wares of Panay were displayed, everything from the finest *piña* cloth to the coarsest basket. Here was a dainty American woman, dressed in white, bargaining, in broken Spanish, for a flimsy piece of *just*, there a dark-eyed Mestiza examining a long row of tortoise-shell combs. The Mestiza was evidently of Spanish-Filipino blood with a dash of Chinese. She wore the native costume of the Filipina, but had slippers and stockings instead of the floppy *chunclas* and bare ankles. Through the whole market was the odor of coconut oil from the women's heads and the even more pungent odor of *ilang-ilang*, the popular perfume made from the native blossom.

From one booth hung Manila hemp like strands of golden floss; in the next sat a wrinkled old witch chewing the betel—a seller of lamps, which were heaped on the ground in front of her. The lamps were simply old bottles of every size and variety, fitted with wicks and tin stoppers. These, filled with coconut oil and sometimes with kerosene, illuminate the homes of the masses.

"Well, I thought a Visayan would look altogether different from a Talalog of Manila," said my companion. I confessed that I could not see a marked difference.

"I think they do look a little more like pure Malays," he added. "There isn't so much Spanish blood down here."

"No, there isn't so much of the white blood away from Luzon," I answered, "but there is Chinese blood in all these ports and a good deal of it, too. If we want to see the Malay pure and simple, we must go back from the coast."

From Jaro we drove to other villages in the outskirts of Iloilo. At Arevalo, Legaspi's men are supposed to have landed in 1569. We saw several fine churches of great antiquity

As the druggist had said, the weavers were at work at every cottage window

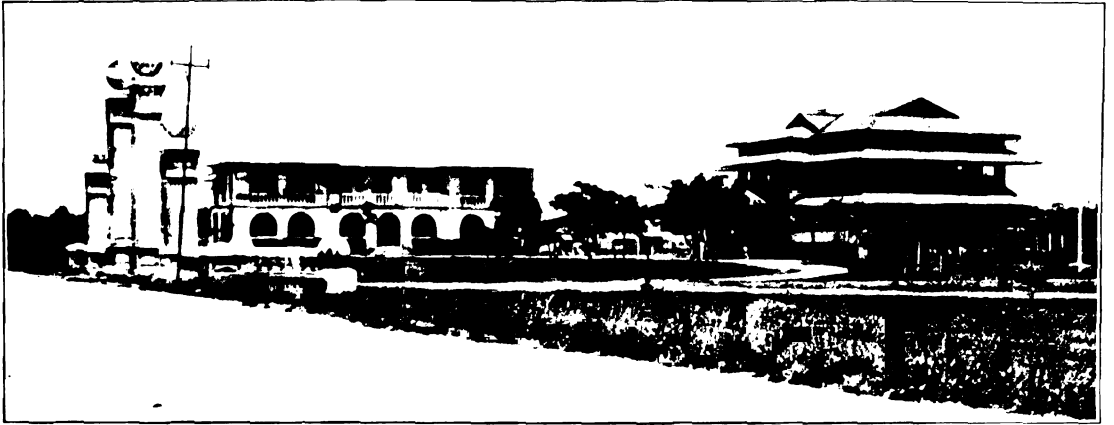
The looms looked very crude and I was pleased to learn later that a new type of loom, necessitating far less labor, has recently been invented by an American industrial teacher in the Islands.

There is a splendid trade school in Iloilo. To me the industrial schools are of prime importance throughout the Philippines. The girls, especially, eagerly embrace every opportunity to learn domestic science and make excellent nurses in the hospitals. It is harder to interest the boys in trades and in agriculture. Here, as in Luzon, they want to be doctors or lawyers, and the brightest dream of being politicians. The educating of women of the middle and lower class is new since the American *régime*. Under the Spaniards the upper-class girls alone received a convent education. Every girl we graduate now, from the school or the hospital, will make a better mother for a new type of Filipino.

There is some interesting old American history in Iloilo. Away back in the '70's there was a live American firm here—



A PRETTY WEAVER.



TRADE SCHOOL, ILOILO, ISLAND OF PANAY

Russell & Sturgis. In those days sailing vessels carried on a trade between New York and Iloilo. In the cemetery I came across the vine-covered grave of an American named Haines, from Massachusetts, who worked and died here in '64. In those days Iloilo could not have been a very sanitary place to live in. Even now it needs better sewerage. There are electric lights, telephones, ice plants, and best of all, good artesian water has just been located in the heart of the town.

On the waterfront there is much activity. Iloilo has direct shipping connections with Europe, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan and Australia, and there are many boats sailing to other parts of the archipelago, including regular service with Manila and Cebu. The fleet of little sailing boats in the harbor brings sugar, coconuts and hemp from other ports in Panay and from the neighboring island of Negros.

An American railroad crosses Panay from Iloilo to Capiz on the north coast. Iloilo harbor is protected by the island of Guimaras, where the United States army had a post until recently.

"Guimaras was the island setting in that popular light opera 'Floradora,'" said an American customs official on the ship, as we sailed away. I said I had seen "Floradora," but confessed that the tropic isle of the story seemed rather off the earth to me "at that writing."

"Guimaras is a great place for picnics," said a man who hailed from Ilcilo. "Picnics, sea-bathing and motion-picture shows are our leading diversions."

The island of Negros, across the strait from Panay, is divided into two provinces—Occidental and Oriental Negros. We made for a port on the northeast coast, where Honolulu capitalists have erected a fine modern sugar mill, grinding cane from many native plantations. The Filipinos find that they can get more sugar by turning their cane over to the "central" and the capitalists have made money out of the investment. On the island of Mindoro the Havemeyer Corporation has invested \$3,000,000 in a sugar plantation with no profit as yet.

Negros has the richest sugar land in the Philippines and among the richest in the world. Since time immemorial wild cane has been growing here, and for over a century sugar has been exported. It now ranks as the third export of the Philippines.

Until modern machinery arrived on the scene, the method of sugar-making was very crude and in many localities it is still made in the most antiquated way. The cane juice is concentrated in shallow iron vessels, placed over a fire until it



TYPICAL CANE-MILL OF THE NATIVES.

crystallizes into sugar. Then it is packed in palm-leaf bags tied with rattan. This is called "mat sugar."

Another old method, borrowed from the Chinese, consists of boiling the cane juice down to a heavy mass which is poured into big earthenware jars called *pilóns*. The *pilón* has a hole in the bottom, like a flower pot, through which the molasses drips.

The Payne tariff bill started the sugar planter of the Visayas on the up hill. He was able to pay his debts and higher wages with the increased price of sugar, and to import many *carabaos*. In facing the matter of free sugar—freight is expensive from here to the world's great markets; on the other hand, labor is cheap and much cane is grown without fertilization.

In coasting the Visayas, the traveler's attention is often called to watch-towers on the shores, reminders of those turbulent years when piratical Moro fleets infested these waters. The bloodthirsty Mohammedans swooped down on the peaceful Visayans, carrying them off to slavery in Mindanao and Jolo.

Sailing in a roundabout way from the island of Negros to Cebu, we passed Leyte and Samar to the east, with little Masbate to the north. All these islands are rich agriculturally.

And now we come to Cebu, second city of the Philippines on the island of the same name. Cebu is the oldest European settlement in the Islands—the place where Magellan landed.



A TYPICAL FISHERMAN, VISAYANS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHERE MAGELLAN WAS KILLED.

“IF YOU are really my friend,” said the Rajah of Cebu to Ferdinand Magellan, “prove it. Sail across the strait with me and help me lick those Mactans. They’ve been causing me no end of trouble for years.”

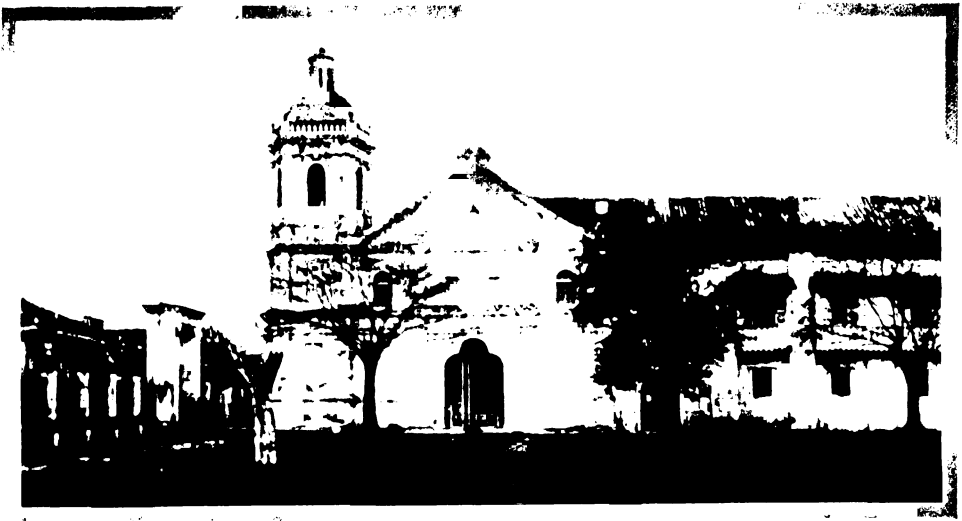
“All right!” said Magellan. What was a primitive tribal war to him who had crossed two oceans and discovered new lands? Over to Mactan with the Rajah he sailed—to be killed by the spear of a savage.

All this happened 393 years ago. Before that unlucky day, April 27, 1521, Magellan built a fortification in Sugbu (the native name for the town now known as Cebu) and converted the Rajah and his wife to Christianity. To the first lady in the land he presented a little wooden image, which he had carried with him on all his perilous voyages. Forty years later, after the landing of Legaspi from Mexico, this image was recovered, and today the sacristan of the old Augustinian Church will show you the “Holy Child of Cebu,” attired in silken robes and ornamented with precious stones, quite the most sacred relic in the Islands.

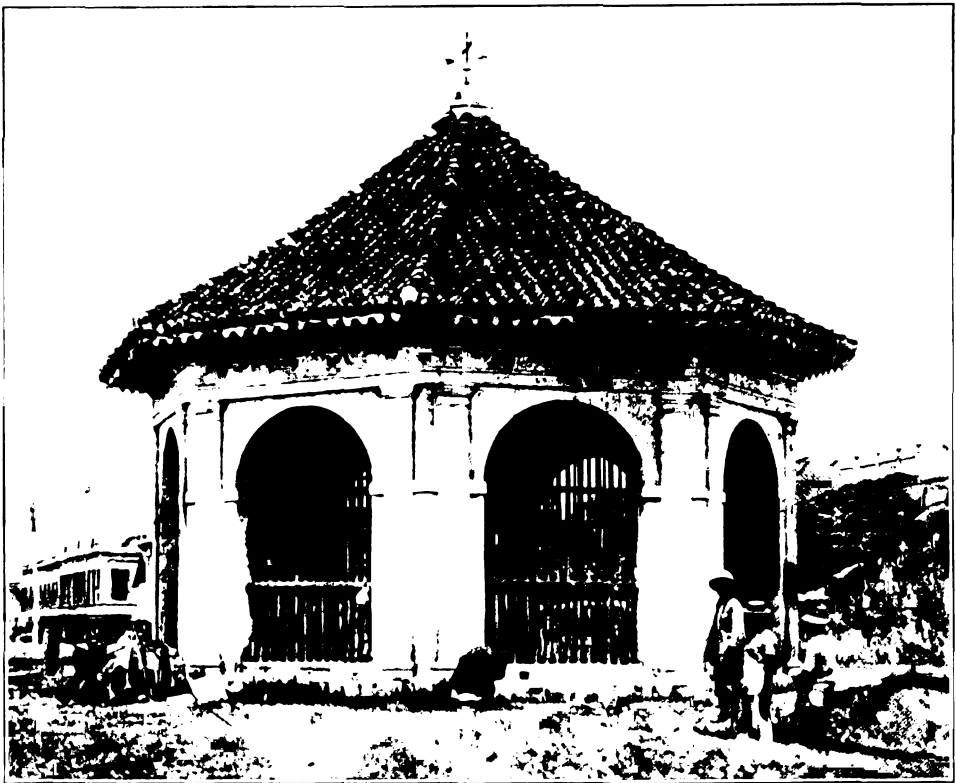
There are many reminders of the earliest Spanish days in Cebu. Calle Colón, with its tiles and arcades, is the oldest street in the Philippines. Many of the churches, convents and walls hark back to those romantic days when Europeans first reached these shores. In a little chapel on the plaza the traveler can gaze, through barred windows, on a great wooden cross. This, we are told, is hollow and within it is a similar cross,



“HOLY CHILD OF
CEBU ”



AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH, CEBU, CONTAINING THE "HOLY CHILD OF CEBU"



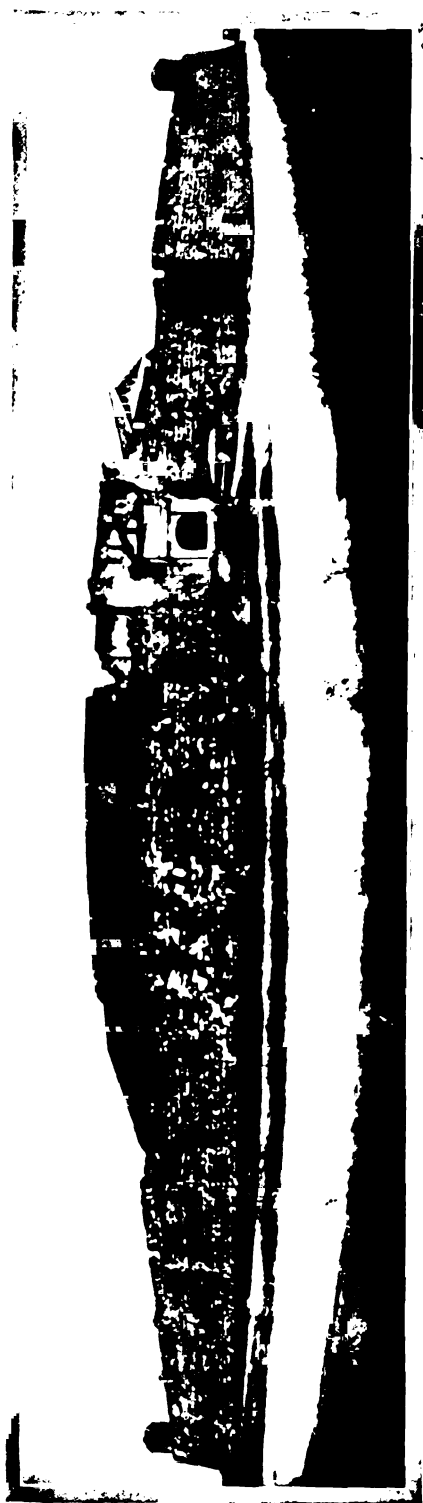
BUILDING IN CEBU CONTAINING THE ORIGINAL CROSS THAT
MARKS THE SPOT WHERE MAGELLAN CELEBRATED
THE FIRST MASS ON THE ISLAND, 1521

marking the spot where Magellan and his followers gathered for their first mass on the island. Cebu was not their first landing place in the Philippines, as some writers claim. On the way here they landed on an island to the south, where they celebrated mass.

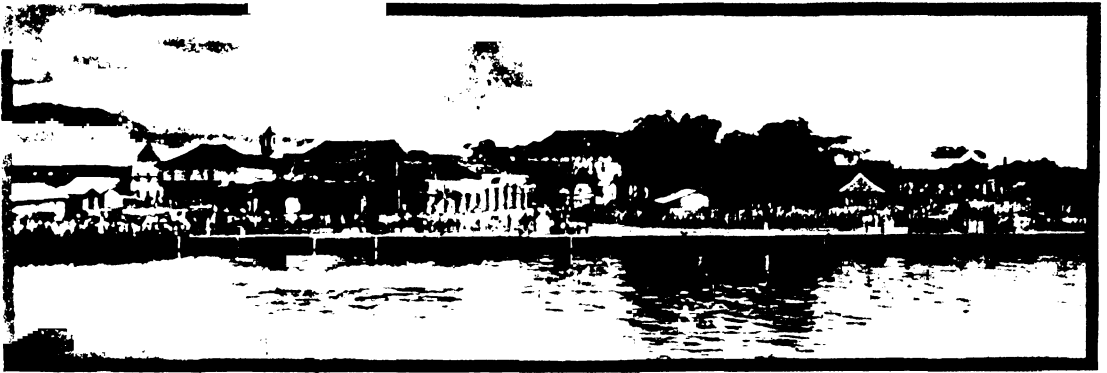
On the site of Magellan's fortification stands the time-worn triangular Fort San Pedro, one of the best preserved Spanish landmarks I have seen in the Islands.

In Cebu the old and the new are blended in a bewildering fashion. A modern concrete warehouse jostles a hoary vine-hung old convent; a big steamship from Manila docks beside a native's bamboo *banca*, a noisy automobile tears past a wooden-wheeled *carabao* cart. All is life and bustle here, in the second city of the Philippines, where the people are more concerned with the shipment of hemp, copra and sugar than with the historic associations which encircle their town and island.

They are all Visayans here, of course, with the exception of the Chinese colony and a few hundred white people—British, German and American—75,000 in all. The Chinese are the merchants in the small shops and shippers of importance. All are married to Visayan women and many are good Catholics. Unlike the Jap, the Chinaman in these Islands rears his children to be loyal Filipinos. Some of the names are a little startling to the



OLD SPANISH FORT, SAN PEDRO, CEBU



CEBU ISLAND OF CEBU, OLDEST SPANISH CITY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

stranger's ears—Superior Taling-Ting, Concepcion Ah-Fing; Roberto Ho-Lung, etc. There seems, however, to be some love for the motherland across the China Sea, for a short time ago, when the new President of China was inaugurated, the multi-colored flag of the new republic waved on every street in Cebu. The Chinese here do not speak English, but know Spanish and Visayan quite as well as their own tongue.

I was surprised to find so little English spoken among the Visayans. The great bulk of the people speak only their native tongue. Some of the older men and women know a little Spanish. At the two motion-picture theaters the titles to the films are first in English, then in Spanish. The disappointing



A TYPICAL STREET IN CEBU.

part of it is the children's not knowing English. After our sixteen years of toil over here, I expected that every youngster would be able to carry on a conversation in "the language of the flag." I asked an American teacher in Cebu about it and he said:

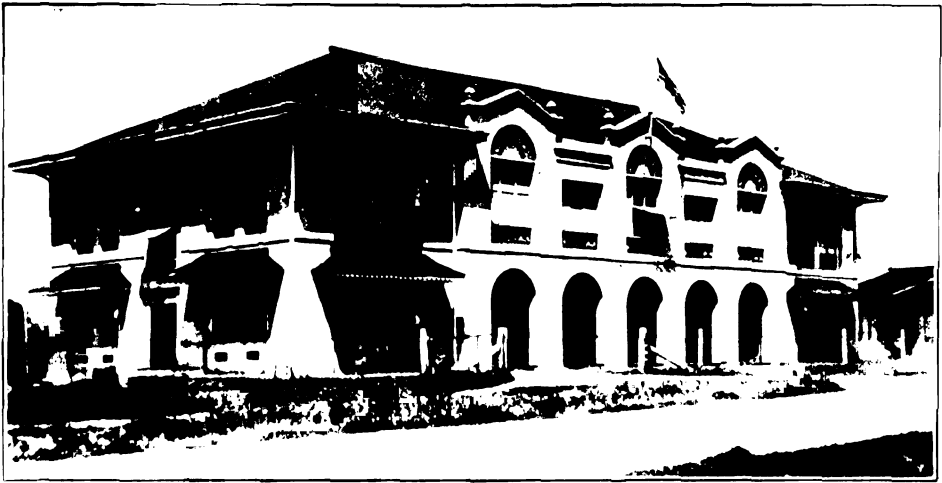
"Yes, I know the children on this island are backward, in spite of Cebu being the second city of commercial importance. This part of the country was very unsettled when the Ameri-



CALLE COLON, CEBU, THE OLDEST STREET IN THE PHILIPPINES.

cans came over. There were a lot of lawless people at large and the schools, out of town, have only just gotten a start. I think, anyway, that the Visayans are more primitive than the Tagalogs or Bicolos up in Luzon. I've worked with them all. Still, these Visayans are more faithful. They make the best servants in the Islands."

I believe that the trouble is deeper seated. It dates back to the time when the Anti-Imperialists in the States frightened the insular Government into being self-supporting. Our original



THE HIGH SCHOOL, CEBU

plan of equipping the Filipino to become a unit in a republic was most elaborate. A good general education was an important element in the prescription. To build schools and operate them requires money

All the funds available permit but one-third of the children to attend school and then the buildings are overcrowded. Lack of funds forces the employment of many Filipino teachers who speak English with such a strong accent that an American, just over, has difficulty in understanding them. I went to a school-house a few miles out of Cebu and listened to a class in arithmetic. The teacher, a young Filipina, wrestled with the children in English, but as I turned to go I heard her drop into Visayan, as she could not make the class understand otherwise. As soon as they get home, the boys and girls put their English away with their schoolbooks. American residents do not help the matter. They love to try out their "bamboo" Spanish on the natives and some even learn Visayan, instead of teaching their employes English.

The phonograph idea, which I have advanced to many teachers here, is not so impractical as some declare. Let the industrial schools turn to and manufacture phonographs. Put one in every home. The Bureau of Education can manufacture records in the native dialects with an English translation.

Advice on sanitation, care of crops and so forth can then reach the people. Until the Filipinos speak one common language, instead of forty-seven varieties, they cannot form a nation. Are they to cling to their Malay tongues and be governed by a few Spanish-speaking politicians, or is our splendid work to go on to its fulfillment? I hope for the sake of humanity it will go on.

Cebu has been nearly wiped off the map several times by fire. Today the principal buildings are of reënforced concrete. The other elements, water and wind, have also paid their visit. Tidal waves have flooded the streets and in 1912 a terrible typhoon hit poor Cebu, killing 400 people and sinking or disabling seventeen ships in harbor. Now many of the galvanized roofs carry heavy iron chains as an insurance policy and other roofs, which are chainless, are covered with "typhoon insurance."

The new municipal water works is the city's pride.

"Stores enough water for six months," the hotelkeeper told



GOING FOR WATER WITH BAMBOO TUBES, CEBU.

me. "Great fire protection! Lots put aside for a 'rainless day'!"

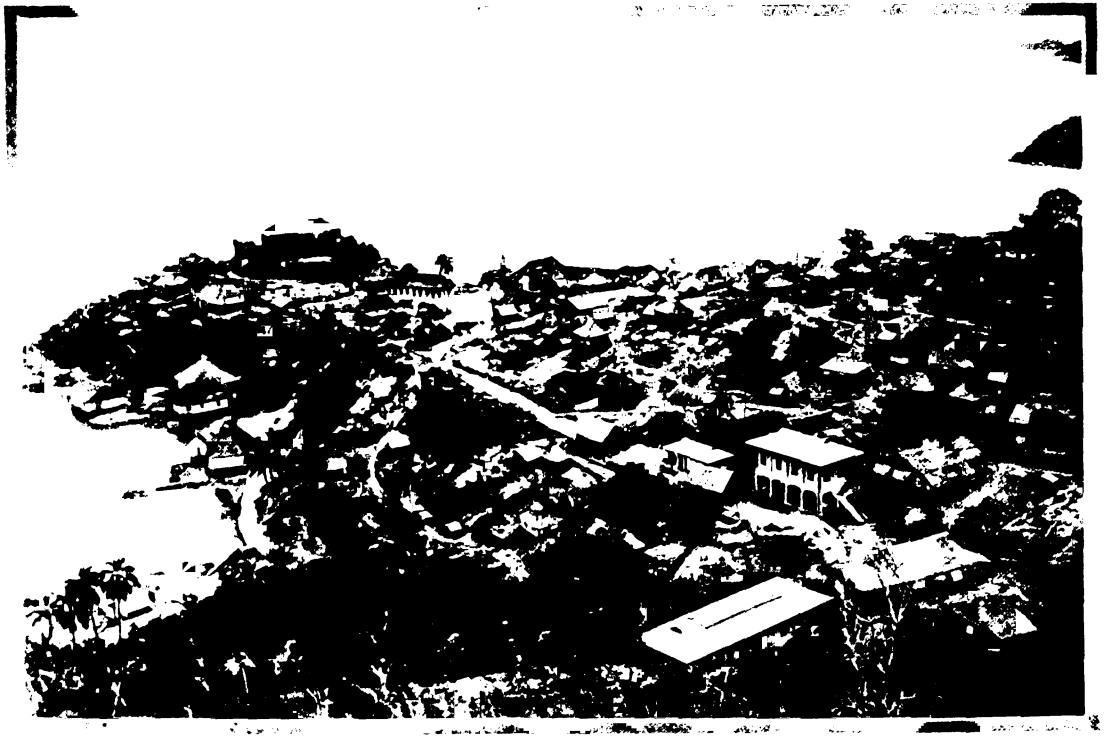
The "Osmeña Water Works," we read on the sign, and the "Osmeña Fountain" out on the new avenue. Señor Osmeña is Cebu's most distinguished citizen. Speaker of the National Assembly in Manila, he is slated for the Presidency of the Filipino republic by the Visayans.

"What would you do," I asked a native of Cebu who speaks Spanish, 'if you had independence and a Tagalog became President?"

"We would go to war," he replied. Osmeña is the only Filipino entitled to be first President."

The Philippine Government has a model leper colony on the island of Culion, between Mindoro and Palawan, and Cebu, it seems, has been its chief source of supply. I asked a health officer about it.

"Well, a hundred years ago, the Spaniards established a leper hospital here and the afflicted were shipped in from all

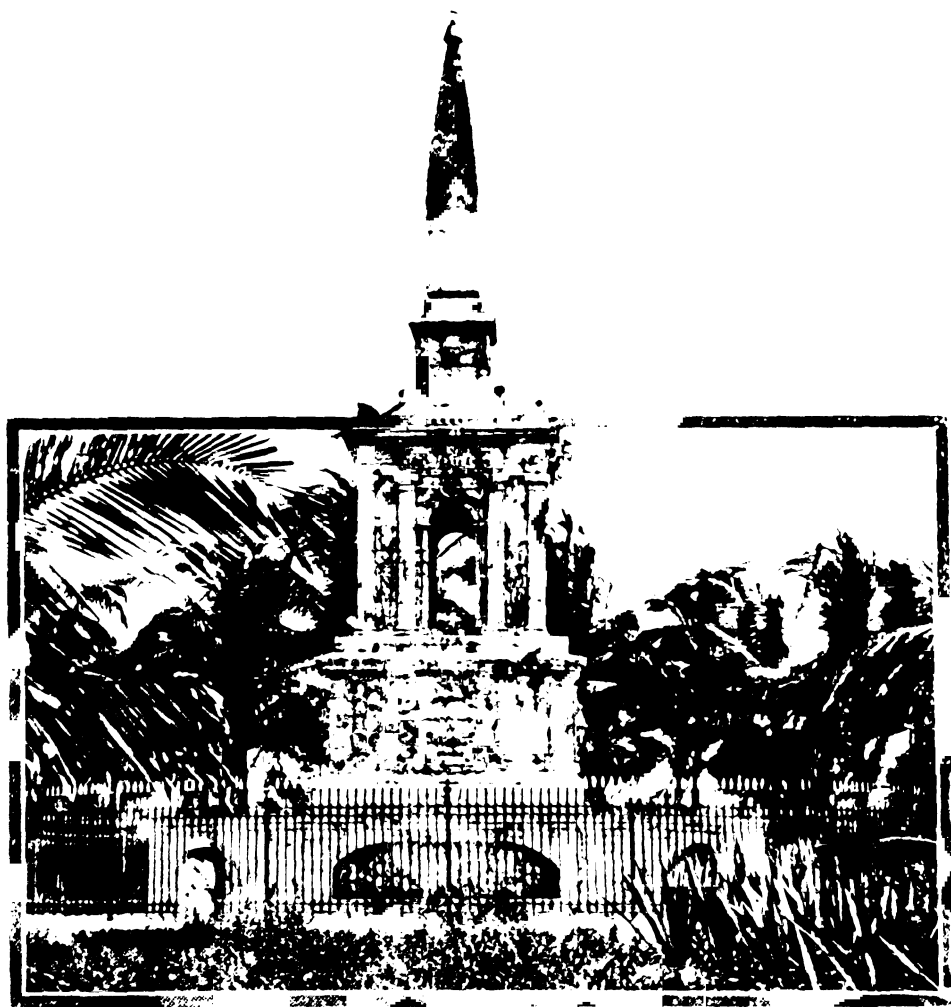


CULION LEPER COLONY. CEBU HAS SENT 4,000 LEPEERS TO THE COLONY

parts of the Visayas. The hospital overflowed and a lot of the lepers moved out, settling on the outskirts of the city and over on the little island of Mactan. They were never brought in and the disease has flourished. We've sent over 4,000 lepers to Culion, over 400 last year. Many of them have died—only about 2,500 there now."

The people in Cebu tell you that the climate is more healthful than in Manila, much drier. There were too many mosquitoes to suit me and not enough sewers. Some of the newer homes are on high ground back of the town toward the range of mountains, which forms the city's attractive background.

Dance halls are very popular here and seem quite respectable. From the hotel balcony I could look into one across the



THE TOMB OF MAGELLAN.

way, where young men and women waltzed, two-stepped and "ragged" to the latest American music. The men pay 20 *centavos* a dance and the girls get half of this. All Filipinos love dancing better than anything on earth, but how the women manage to keep the *chinelas* on their stockingless feet as they whirl about, is the deep mystery.

The traveler's Mecca in Cebu is to the island of Mactan, reached by launch in half an hour. At the village of Opon, where there is a new Osmeña pier, I hired a young Filipino to drive me to Magellan's tomb. The vehicle was a remarkable affair, called a *flecha*. You sit on a rattan-covered cart, with legs hanging out behind, and hold on hard to the railing. In about an hour we came to the end of the island, where coconut palms form a shady grove. Here, gleaming white in the sunlight, is the tomb of Ferdinand Magellan. His tomb, I say—it is his monument, rather, for his bones bleached on the nearby shore, no man knows just where. But to this point he came in the combat with the savage Malays and just over there he fell.

The monument was erected in 1866 by a Spanish Governor, but lapsed into decay. An American merchant, living in Cebu, recently restored the pile at his own expense, since the Government seemed disinterested. It is a landmark which should be reverently preserved for all time in remembrance of the greatest navigator the world has ever known.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MINDANAO.

MINDANAO, the second largest island in the Philippines, is just beaten by a nose, in the race for size, by Luzon. In fact, it took the judges some time to decide which was entitled to first prize. Both are eight times as large as Samar, winner of third place.

Mindanao, with over 40,000 square miles, is as large as Cuba and a little larger than the State of Maine. It lies 500 miles south of Manila, with which it is connected by a number of steamer lines. One of the Government's first acts was to provide transportation between these islands. Seventeen coast-guard cutters were purchased and given the task of preventing smuggling and promoting legitimate trade. Many towns which had never been visited by vessels large enough to carry cargo were put on regular routes. When the small planter found there was a market for his products he brought them to the coast. As trade developed commercial steamer lines took the place of the Government vessels, which steered off to search out other routes in need of service. Freight and passenger rates on all lines are fixed by the Bureau of Navigation in Manila, a control greatly appreciated by the shipper and the traveler.

On reaching Mindanao we were surprised to see the name spelled "Mindanaw" on the side of a British firm's warehouse. The British take great license in the spelling of foreign names in every port of the world, performing a surgical operation whenever possible. A traveler once asked an American why the Burmah of our schoolbooks is now spelled "Burma."

"Oh!" replied the Yankee, "you see the British took it and they drop their h's."

Authorities agree that, while undeveloped, Mindanao is the

richest island in the Philippines and, in many respects, the most interesting. It has 1,300 miles of coast line, a great mountain plateau, the highest peak in the archipelago and two magnificent rivers. And its people are as varied as its scenery.

In the hills of the interior are many pagan tribes, numbering over 250,000. These people were originally coast dwellers, gaining a living from fishing and the cultivation of rich valleys near the shore. Then other men arrived from Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, bloodthirsty, sea-roving pirates. They said they came to do a little trading, but pressed their bargains with free use of knife and spear. The coast people "took to the tall timber," and have never since returned to the shore. The wicked sea-gypsies, finding the country to their liking, settled, were later converted to the Mohammedan faith by an Arab from Malaya, and today there are 350,000 of these fierce followers of Mohammed occupying the greater part of Mindanao and the islands of the Sulu Sea. The Spaniards, who had warred with men of their faith in southern Europe, dubbed these people also Moros or Moors, a name which has clung to them ever since. They have been warlike first and last.



In the wake of the Spaniards, with their forts and Catholic missions, another horde of trading sharks came down in Mindanao from the Visayan Islands, settling on the northern and northeastern coast. So here we have 250,000 simple hill people, primitive farmers, who are the only real producers of the country, hemmed in on all sides by 350,000 Moros and 50,000 Visayan-Filipinos. All three races hate one another, although they sprang origi-

HOME IN TREE TOPS, MINDANAO.

nally from the same Malay stock. The Moros went up the hills, well armed, and forced the pagans to pay a tax, or tribute, of farm products and live stock. If these things were not forthcoming, the poor hill man was fined. On nonpayment he was dragged to the lowlands and added to the Sultan's ever-increasing band of slaves. The Spaniards were unable to prevent this form of graft and the merry game was in full swing when the Americans arrived.

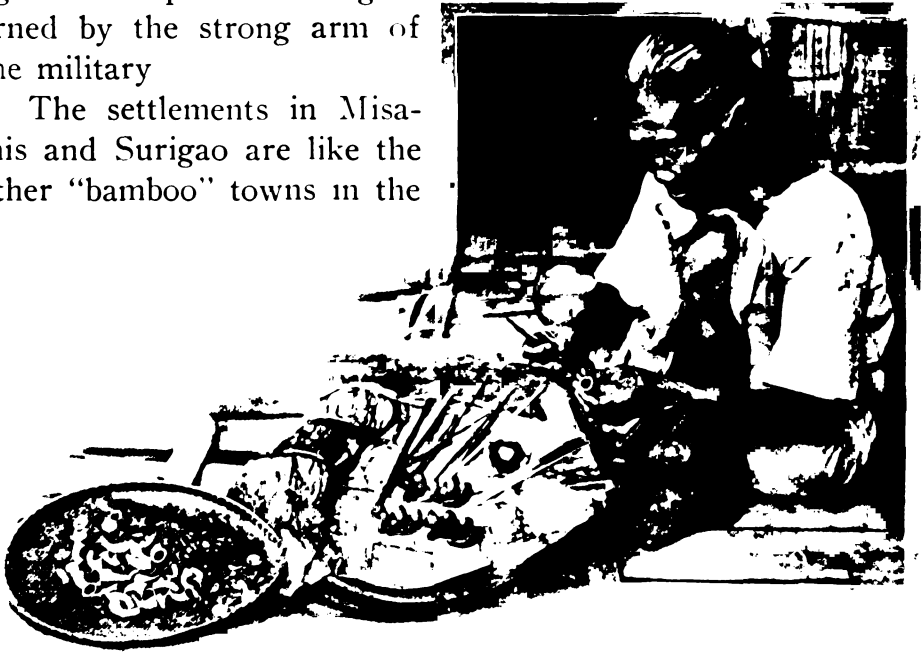
We have changed all this. We have divided the island into three parts with different forms of government.

1 Misamis and Surigao, with their Christian Filipino towns fringing the coast, have the usual form of provincial government.

2. Agusan, with its many wild pagan tribes, has a separate form of administration. The Secretary of the Interior is the Good Father here, as among the head-hunters of Luzon.

3. The Moro Province, which includes not only the greater portion of Mindanao, but also the islands of the Sulu archipelago. This province is governed by the strong arm of the military

The settlements in Misamis and Surigao are like the other "bamboo" towns in the



A MISAMIS PIPE MAKER.

Visayan Islands from whence these people came. The most imposing building is the Government school with a manual training branch.

In Luzon, rice is the leading article of diet. The hulling is the woman's work and every traveler remembers the thump! thump! of the heavy pestle in the crude wooden mortar under the house.

Farther south, in the Visayas, corn becomes the staple and each house is provided with its primitive grist mill, usually operated by men.

In Mindanao, the sago palm is the meal ticket. Nature is kind and raises them by the thousands. Each great palm produces one hundred pounds of sago, which is scraped out, washed and dried in the sun. The whole family "gets busy" here.

In Misamis I saw hanging baskets filled with rare orchids at the window of every humble home. Each house has its own squad of policemen, noisy little lizards, which scamper over walls and ceilings. Their clicking "That's so!" in the night hours sounds loud enough to have come from a crocodile, all out of proportion to their diminutive size. These little creatures are never molested, as they are the insect traps of the country. They sally forth at dusk to satisfy their magnificent appetites on mosquitoes, ants and flies and any other insects not too large for their mouths.

One of the great pests in Mindanao, as on other islands of the group, is the rat. There are many local varieties not found on other islands, but having the usual annoying and destructive appetite. Hordes of hill rats enter the village houses at night, leaving at daybreak. When the crops are in the field they do not enter the houses in such large numbers, but when outside food is scarce, it is really necessary to anchor one's shoes. I speak from first-hand knowledge, as I lost mine.

Some years ago the Government, realizing the economic loss to the farmers and the great hazard from bubonic plague, offered a bounty on rat skins. Some crafty Chinamen went

into the business of breeding rats by the wholesale, so the bounty was abolished.

The natives have devised a bow-and-arrow trap that is fairly effective at first, but the rats soon learn to avoid it. An American told me he could never catch more than five rats with the same type of trap. He has decided to import every variety of rat-trap on the market and organize a circulating club, each trap to progress to a neighbor when it has five scalps to its credit.

The death of an American editor in Manila last year from bubonic plague has caused renewed activity in the rat-killing campaign. A dead rat, infected with bubonic, was found in the editor's desk, conclusive evidence that he had been bitten by a flea from the rodent.

In a northern Mindanao market we first met the famous *durian*. No, it isn't a reptile or an animal, it's a native fruit, eight to twelve inches in diameter, with a very thick rind, covered with spines, and a "keep off" notice. If you venture to open one you will meet with an odor beside which Limburger cheese is a delicate perfume. Still, the *durian* is popular in the southern Philippines with some very brave Americans, as well as with natives. They say the wild beasts of the jungle fight for its possession and even domesticated animals yearn for this forbidden fruit.

I agreed to tackle a *durian* in the open, with a good stiff breeze blowing, but was forced to surrender before I had a fair



MAN WITH DURIAN FRUIT

chance to judge of its taste. Only a soldier, skilled in attack, should enter this contest.

In Misamis we saw many styles of hats of native manufacture, woven from the bamboo. They are made double, one inside the other, and are strong and serviceable. One we bought for six *pesos* (three dollars gold), proved a huge success. These hats are exported in large quantities to Europe and America and seem more popular with foreigners than those woven from Manila hemp.



MISAMIS HAT SELLERS.

In the market of a Christian Filipino town we met a few shy pagans from the hills. They had brought bundles of bark down to the coast, used to flavor and impart a pinkish color to the coconut-blossom *tuba* beverage.

The Bukidnon plateau is the home of many of these wild people. Of the fourteen distinct pagan tribes in Mindanao the Bagobos and Manobos are the best known. The Bagobos weave a coarse hemp cloth which they ornament most gorgeously with beads. Some of these bead patterns tell the history of the tribe and are handed down from father to son.

Our Government has done splendid work in uplifting these savages. We have stopped their being imposed upon by the Moros. Trading stores have been opened in Agusan Province, where the natives sell basket-work, wood-carving, native cloth and articles of ornamentation for a good cash price and buy foreign goods and provisions. We operate experimental farms where seeds and plants are distributed, and encourage the people to take up the forty-acre homestead allotted each male by law.

Many Manobos who used to build their homes up in the trees, far away from their neighbors, now live on the ground in farming communities. The Agusan Farm School Settlement has over 10,000 banana plants under cultivation and an equal number of *papaya* trees.

The progress toward civilization has been greater among some of these wild tribes of Mindanao than with any other people in the Philippines. They have the longest road to travel. There is much work of this nature yet to be done, as some of the tribes are still very savage.

Some years ago a Government scientist was killed by the natives while collecting geological specimens. Professor Ickis was making his way across the island from the south with only one constabulary soldier as guard. In the wilderness of the headwaters of the Agusan River, the two men were attacked by Manobos. The Professor was felled by a blow on the head, but the Filipino soldier was frightfully tortured before being killed.

It has since been learned that the wild forest folk misunderstood the gathering of so many rocks by the scientist. They thought he intended to stone them. They claimed their right to kill the soldier, as a Filipino had once mistreated a Manobo woman. After many efforts the authorities succeeded in capturing the murderers. Professor Ickis' remains were recovered and sent to the States.

This is the only case of which I have heard where an American has been killed by the pagans of Mindanao, a great contrast to the bloody record of the Moros.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ACROSS MORO LAND.

“WHY don't you go overland across Mindanao? Much more interesting than going by boat. Good automobile road part of the way and the army will provide an escort for the saddle trip through the jungle.”

This advice from an American ex-soldier sounded good to us, even though our informant owned the automobile line and had come aboard at Iligan to hustle up passengers.

The United States army has charge of the road across the Lanao district in the Moro Province from Iligan, on the Sea of Mindanao, to Malabang, on the Celebes Sea. The road follows the coast to the army post at Camp Overton. Then it strikes inland, climbing 2,300 feet in twenty-three miles, to Camp



SOME LANAOS MOROS.

Keithley, on the shore of Lake Lanao, dropping down from Camp Vicars, on the other side of the lake, to Torrey barracks at Malabang. The country, you will note, is well fortified and, although there has been no trouble with the Lanao Moros for over a year, an armed escort accompanies the few travelers who pass through.

In the Moro Province, where the Americans have met with their greatest difficulties in the Philippines, the Government positions are mainly held by army and constabulary officers. The Moro Province is divided into five districts. Four of these, Lanao, Zamboango, Cotabato and Davao, are on the island of Mindanao, the fifth district includes all the islands in the Sulu archipelago.

Lanao has long been cursed by the lawlessness of its Moro inhabitants and it is not yet considered safe to travel away from the ports unarmed. Major Gilheuser, Governor of the district, is a constabulary officer, a splendid type of American, and to his wise efforts in pacification the traveler crossing the beautiful Lanao country is indebted today. It was not long ago that wild Moros, armed with rifle, *kris* and *barong*, lay in wait along the highway.

The road from Camp Overton to the lake is through a majestic forest. It follows the foaming Agus River, leaping from highland lake to sea. Here lies a great source of hydro-electric power. At the Maria Cristina Falls the river drops 191 feet over a fern-hung precipice. We can estimate 30,000 horsepower at the falls and probably 500,000 horsepower between Lake Lanao and the coast. Some day a fraction of this force will be utilized in carrying freight and passengers to the plateau. Above the forest belt we reached an open, grassy plain where Moro ponies graze. Thousands of head of cattle could be pastured here. It certainly is a white man's country, if we can civilize the inhabitants, and I am of the opinion a Christian world demands their civilization or extinction.

On the highway we met our first Moro, a strange creature with long black hair twisted up in a rakish knot on one side of the head, while a gaudy cotton cloth, worn like a turban, slid

down toward the opposite ear. He wore a jersey-like shirt, skin-tight trousers and was barefooted. His figure was slim, almost girlish, the long hair adding to the air of femininity, but the expression of his face was very cruel. The color of his skin was brown, like that of the Filipinos farther north.

Of late the wicked Lanao Moros have turned over a new leaf. They begin to see that Uncle Sam isn't such a bad chap, after all. He treats them fairly and builds good roads, a great improvement over rocky trails. They are paying the road tax of two *pesos* and the *cédula* tax of \$1.50 without a murmur.

The authorities have arranged a native court which meets weekly to settle all petty disputes, an arrangement very satisfactory to the people. The court consists of five wise men from various parts of Lanao, four Datos and one Mohammedan priest. It meets at the village of Dansalan on Lake Lanao, where the Governor lives.

In the old days, when Sultans held sway in Mindanao, the



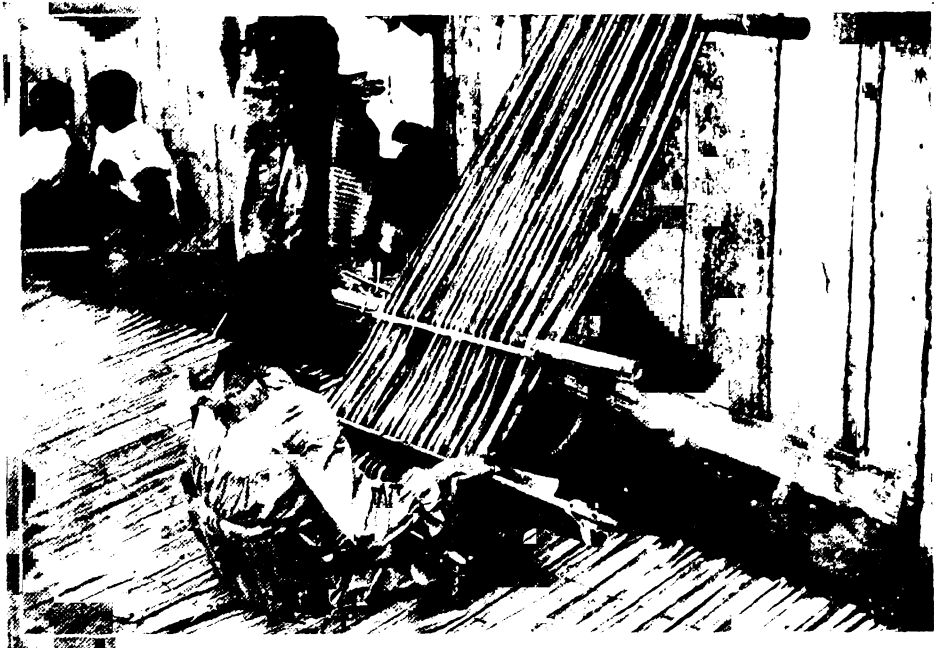
A MORO DATO WITH HIS THREE WIVES AND DAUGHTER, LAKE LANAOS.

Datos were the nobles of the country and their power is still great with the masses. Many of them have made the long pilgrimage to Mecca and have the proud title of "Hadji."

In Dansalan we met a wealthy Dato, just back from Mecca, who was enthusiastic over the journey. He owned a pony and cart and wanted to buy an automobile, but was discouraged by the Governor, who was afraid he would run into every one on the road.

When his finances permit, the Moro takes unto himself the four wives permitted by the Koran, for all are faithful followers of the Prophet and believers in his Sacred Book. Many Datos have twenty wives, assuming that the "quartet law" applies only to common Moros. Some of these women of the upper-class harems never go out of the house and are quite fair, hardly resembling Malays. A constabulary officer, who saw one of them after a combat with the Moros, told me that the woman was no darker than a brunette in the States and quite pretty.

Moro women do not fill an important position in the household. The men never forget that their Koran declares women have no souls. Men, on the other hand, have only to die on



A MORO WEAVER.

the field of battle to receive a passport to Paradise and a brand-new set of heavenly wives. Unlike Mohammedans in other lands, Moros permit their women to go with faces uncovered. They also do the heavier part of the work, leaving household tasks for the weaker sex. The men are remarkably brave, very haughty and have a violent temper

Both sexes are passionately fond of bright colors, red, yellow and green being a favorite combination. They weave the most attractive cloth in the Philippines and make excellent mats. Their inlaid work of silver and brass is quite unique, they make fine weapons and a great variety of brass dishes.

At thirteen the Moro lass reaches womanhood and is on the lookout for a suitor. She paints her underlip and finger nails a brilliant red and oils her hair. Her costume consists of a loose garment, covering the body from shoulder to knee and leaving neck, arms and legs exposed. Of course the would-be husband must pay for the girl—ponies, *carabaos*, weapons or slaves to her father. If she is especially attractive he must "put up" well and may have to pay on the installment plan. I heard of one case where a youth had paid a Dato three ponies



CAMP KEITHLEY, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE LANAO.

and two knives for a very nice girl and was still "shy" a *cara-bao*. Along came a rich man, who offered a big price for the damsel, and the suitor lost ponies and knives along with the lady.

The wife's position is never certain. Her husband can divorce her in three seconds if he is a fast talker. All he has to say is, "I divorce you!" three times, with his fingers crossed, and the separation is final. The woman does not lose standing, however, by being divorced, and may join another syndicate of wives, if the opportunity offers.

The military post, Camp Keithley, adjoins the native village of Dansalan, on the shore of Lake Lanao. This marvelously beautiful sheet of water, thirty-five miles by seventeen, surrounded by wooded hills, lies in an ancient crater. Scenery and climate combine in making it a most desirable place for an army post, a rival of Camp John Hay, near Baguio.

There is a full battalion of scouts stationed here. Native troops, under various names, have been employed in the Philippines since the beginning of American occupation. In 1901 Congress authorized the organization of the Philippine Scouts, the limit being placed at 12,000. So far only 5,000 infantry are enlisted. These men form part of our regular troops and are under United States army discipline. Privates receive \$8 gold a month, the Government furnishing quarters, food and uniforms. The scouts are a highly trained body and have done excellent work in our battles with the Moros. Besides the 5,000 native scouts, we have 12,000 American soldiers in the Islands. At one time we had 60,000 men under arms. The command of the Philippines is considered the second position of rank in the service.

Camp Keithley was named for an American hero—an enlisted man, who, although wounded, fought his way through the Moro ranks to give alarm of night attack. He died as he reached an army sentinel near the spot where the post is now situated.

We heard of another hero, a young constabulary officer, who won his medal of honor in a hand-to-hand contest with the

Moros. Although he has been dead for three years, the name Furlong is still feared by the natives of Lanao, who have great respect for bravery.

We stopped overnight at Camp Keithley, crossing the lake early next morning. At times the water is too rough to permit crossing in small steamers, so a road is being built around the lake. Three of the boats now in use are old Spanish craft which our adversaries sank before leaving the island to our mercy. They gave the machinery a coat of white lead and located the sunken boats with buoys, before departing. We availed ourselves of this act of Castilian courtesy and raised the steamers without delay.

We were two hours in crossing from Keithley to Vicars, where about one hundred Moros were in evidence, and some of them did not resent the activity of our photographer.

In the charge of two typical American packers, furnished by the army quartermaster, and armed to the teeth, we started off on Missouri cargo mules on the twenty-six-mile ride to Malabang. This proved a most interesting trip. Near the lake we saw upland rice, raised by the Moros without flooding. They also raise a very good quality of coffee. The trail soon left the open plain and entered the jungle, where giant trees,



LAKE LANAo, 2,300 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

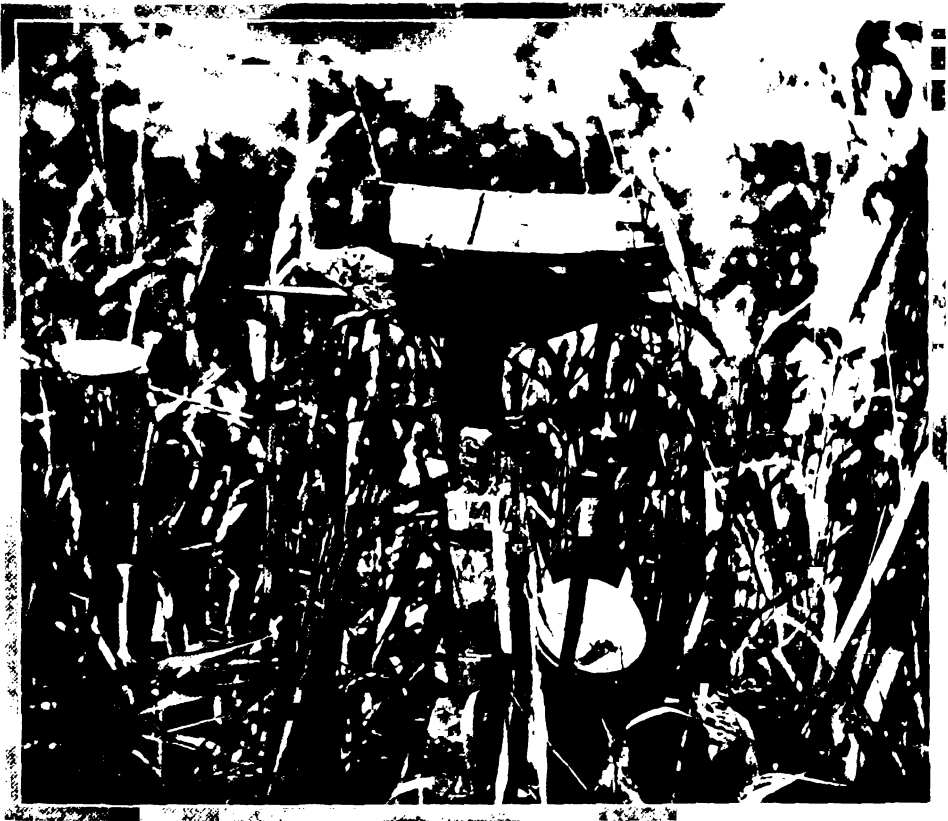
covered with creeping vines, formed a verdant wall on either side.

Our companions proved most entertaining. One had been a cattle ranger in Wyoming and the other hailed from New Mexico.

"You see," said the tall, thin one, with his hand on his pistol, "these yere Moros are bad actors. They are supposed to be peaceful now, but every now and then one of 'em breaks out wild, and cuts the boys up something fearful."

This did not sound very reassuring, but no Moros peered out from the forest. Instead we saw bands of brown monkeys, playing happily in the trees, and one big gray fellow, known as the Mindanao Macaque.

It was nightfall when we dismounted at Torrey barracks, within sight of the Celebes Sea. We had made record time, twenty-six miles in five hours, not counting the distance we traveled up and down on those trotting cargo mules!



A MORO GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DATOS OF MORO LAND.

“**Y**OU see these leading Datos in Moro Land form a sort of royalty, claiming descent from early Arab missionaries,” the American officer told me. “Their blood is a bit mixed by this time, but they are still able to get away with it and have all the people bluffed into a healthy respect for their power. You must meet some of them.”

This was in Cotabato District, on the west coast of Mindanao, where the largest river in the Philippines flows through a wide, fertile valley into the Celebes Sea. The sleepy little town of Cotabato lies five miles up stream and has been the seat of government in this part of the country since prehistoric times.

Dato Piang, an old Moro chief, lived forty miles up the river. As the officer assured us this old chap was “the whole



A MORO DATO AND HIS JUDGE.

show" in the Cotabato region and offered to go up and introduce us, we chartered a launch and set out.

The Rio Grande de Mindanao is as wide as its name, a muddy stream bordered by low banks, which are overflowed certain seasons of the year. Clusters of strange trees, with branches projecting straight out from the trunks, were pointed out as *kopoc*, or tree cotton.

"No, it isn't good for cloth," the American told us. "They ship the cotton to the States and use it for stuffing mattresses."

"What else do you export from here?" I asked.

"Gutta-percha, for one thing. The trees are thick over there in the forest. Almost half a million pounds came down the river last year. It's the only kind of rubber that will do for insulating marine cables, so it brings a good price."

We passed a sawmill and my inquiries brought forth a lot of data which checked up with the lumber information gathered in other parts of the Islands.

Lumbering in the Philippines promises to be a great business. The Islands have a virgin forest the area of Kentucky, 40,000 square miles, and half this amount as well is second-growth timber. There are over 2,500 varieties of tree species, four times as many as we have in the United States and Canada. Besides the finest hardwoods in the world, there is much timber suitable for building.

Major Ahern of the United States army, an expert forester, has been in charge of this branch of the work ever since we arrived on the grounds and has carried out a wise policy. The Government does not sell the land, only stumpage, and this at a very low figure—from \$1 gold per thousand feet for building timber, up to \$5 for *narra*, the native mahogany. Nature provides many of the tropical trees with a swelling buttress, as an additional brace for their great weight in shallow soil. This bulge, often three times the diameter of the main trunk, forms the material from which marvelous table tops are cut.

China paid a high tribute to Philippine hardwoods when the last Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom selected them for

his palace, after inspecting samples from all over the world. Thousands of specimens are sent to the United States for paperweights, the Bureau of Forestry charging twenty cents gold and four cents postage.

While the Philippine Government holds 99 per cent of all the standing timber, estimated at \$20,000,000,000, a great deal of Oregon pine is shipped over here. This is due to lack of capital. Modern logging machinery has only just reached the Islands. It will be well for our lumbermen to cast an eye over the water to these undeveloped isles, where giant trees stand, like turkeys before Thanksgiving, "just waiting for the ax." If we ever give up the Philippines we will give up \$20,000,000,000 worth of timber that we are going to need in the United States. Dato Piang, we learned, is a partner in the lumber business with an American in Cotabato. The Dato gets the wood out and the American saws it.



DATO PIANG.

The droll old Dato was at the landing of "Piang's Place" to meet our launch. I had heard so much of his power and wealth that I had pictured a very gorgeous creature, a character from the "Arabian Nights," all decked out in brocade and jewels. Instead I saw a grizzled old Malay, whose costume was not worth thirty cents. It was of dirty white cotton, and so was his turban. Some of his finger nails were an inch long and his teeth were stained black from betel.

We soon saw, however, that the greasy old Piang was a shrewd chap. They say he has Chinese blood, which accounts

for his intelligence. He speaks Spanish quite well and understands a little English. As a host we found him most agreeable. Food and drinks were served on a soiled tablecloth in the front room of his two-story house, and we were introduced to several minor Datos, who dance attendance on Piang.

One of these Moros was quite elaborately dressed and was followed by two bearers, one with a large umbrella, the other with a handsome brass spittoon.

"Doesn't Dato Piang ever rig himself up?" I asked the army officer, who knew the old chief well.

"Oh, you should have seen him when they had the fair at Cotabato," said the American, with a smile. "He came down the river in a barge of state, propelled by seventy rowers. From the mast flew his own peculiar flag, yellow, red and purple—and I can tell you the bamboo craft was 'some decorated.' There was a clown at the bow, who performed antics, and a dancing fool—just like the kings of old. There were twelve male drummers, dressed in scarlet, and a row of female tomtom players. As for Dato Piang, I haven't enough adjectives to describe his splendor. You can bet that barge made a hit!"

Piang has a large harem. He has had forty-eight children and twenty-eight are still alive. Two of his sons speak English and one has traveled in the States. His settlement consists of many houses and shops. Among his varied business interests, I heard most of the manufactory, farther up the river, where articles of great beauty are made. There are wonderfully embossed "chow" dishes of metal, used for food, with gayly colored straw covers, brass gongs of many tones, and some of the finest weapons made in Moro Land—*krises*, *campilans* and *barongs*, inlaid with gold and silver.

The most elaborate household in Mindanao does not belong to a Dato, but to a mere woman, the "Princessa," as she is called in Cotabato. This Malay lady, tracing her lineage from the Mohammedan conqueror of the island, has, as our American friend expressed it, "a most marvelous collection of junk." I have never seen so many barbaric urns, vases and trays outside of a curio shop. A dozen dancing girls attend

her highness, who takes herself very seriously Her hair is piled high in a peak and she wears a gold-embroidered gown. Not long ago the "Princessa" left her own home to enter the harem of the Sultan of Maguindanao, who does not seem to cut much of a figure, although his title sounds pretty high. There are many Sultanates in Mindanao, but none of prime importance, like the Sultanate of Sulu.

The history of the Moros is only traditional before their conversion to the faith of Islam. With Mohammedanism came knowledge, art and a degree of civilization, and the old manuscripts, in the possession of the Datos, record family history in a systematic manner

Cotabato's fertile acres are but sparsely populated. As large quantities of rice are annually imported into the Philippines from French Cochín-China, the Government decided to bring Visayans down from the crowded island of Cebu to the rich lands bordering the Mindanao River This tract, forty



THE "PRINCESSA" OF COTABATO AND HER ATTENDANTS.



PLOWING A RICE FIELD.

miles above Dato Piang's place, is called the Carpenter Rice Colony, after the former executive secretary. Five hundred families from an alien isle have settled here among the Moros, each receiving forty acres, a *carabao* and a credit of 500 *pesos*. This loan is to be repaid in four annual payments. A company of constabulary soldiers, stationed near by, furnishes protection to the immigrants.

In the southeast corner of Mindanao is the District of Davao, which contains some of the best hemp land in the archipelago. There are over forty American settlers in this section and they are prospering, now that hemp has gone up. Some of them raise Davao lemons, on the side, the size and shape of an orange, and filled with juice. The highest mountain in the Philippines is in this part of the country. Apo, reaching to 10,311 feet; and just off the coast is the greatest ocean depth in the world. A German vessel, sounding two years ago, marked off six miles, which puts Guam's coast record in second place.

Our last port in Mindanao was Zamboanga, on the tip

end of the western peninsula, capital of the Moro Province. This, to my mind, is the most beautiful city in the Islands, a little spotless town, kept spick and span by military rule. With its time-worn fortress, wide, shaded avenues, coral-surfaced streets, cool parks and attractive homes, Zamboanga is in a class by itself. The old gray fort tells the story of a mellow past. For centuries this has been the borderland of Christian invasion against the Mohammedans.

We met another Dato here, Dato Mandi, who was no less than Deputy Governor of the whole Zamboanga District, a proof that the Americans appreciated his power with the Moros.

Fourteen miles from the city, by a splendid motor road, is San Ramon prison, built in the midst of a coconut grove, overlooking the sea. The five hundred Moro prisoners have built their own home—burned the brick and put up the buildings. Instead of a grim, stone wall, shutting off God's air and sunshine, an open grating surrounds these buildings. This is unique and a vast improvement over prisons in the States. The men who are not busy on road work split and dry coconuts, for San Ramon is a great plantation. Work in the open air proves the best method of redemption.

In regard to helping the wicked, weak or ignorant toward better things, I heard of an unusual method employed by a capable American woman in charge of a school for Moro girls. The first day the pupils appeared she gave them a bath with palm-olive soap; the second day she washed their heads in coal oil, the third day they got a dose of castor oil. Then she began the lessons.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BLOOD-SOAKED JOLO.

OF THE two hundred and fifty palm-fringed, sun-kissed isles which form a chain from Mindanao to Borneo, one—the island of Sulu—has stamped its name on the entire archipelago. Popularly known as Jolo, after its chief city, it has been the scene of almost constant bloodshed for over three hundred years.

While all Moros are “poor benighted heathen, but first-class fightin’ men,” the Sulu brand is rated as the world’s greatest scrapper. He has always fought, and to a finish. The Spaniards learned this, for their soldiers, sent to maintain peace, returned in “pieces.” Bitter, bloody battles have marked our sixteen years’ effort to subdue these fanatical fatalists, yet today they are still defiant.

Long before Magellan reached the Philippines, the Sulus had become Mohammedans. Their ruler, the Sultan, was recognized throughout the archipelago. They had laws and an organized government, an alphabet and a system of education. They fished and planted, had firearms and forts. Natural-born navigators with speedy craft, they lorded it over the Southern seas.

When the Spaniards expelled the Sulus’ brother Mohammedans from Manila, the real contest began. Moro warcraft harried the coast towns of the northern islands. Ten thousand Christian Filipinos were captured and enslaved. The women were distributed among the chiefs, the men among the warriors as field hands. The aged were



A TYPICAL S U L U M O R O
FACE.

frequently sold to wild tribes in Borneo to be sacrificed in pagan rites.

As a proof of the fear inspired by these pirates, watch-towers stand today in many ports of the islands, where Spanish sentinels kept a sharp lookout for "those cursed Sulus." Their reputation has worn well. A merchant on the island of Cebu told me that even now, if some one would stand in the middle



JOLO PIER, ISLAND OF SULU

of a village street on a dark night and yell "Moros!" half the town would take to the woods.

The Spaniards retaliated. They sent seasoned troops, commanded by their ablest generals, to Jolo, the Wasps' Nest. They were practically exterminated by the brass cannon of the Sulus.

More troops! More slaughter! Then whole fleets were dispatched from Manila, a regular Armada! A landing was finally effected and the town of Jolo fortified. But holding it was as hard as handling a pack of wildcats. The Spaniards had to build a wall around the place.

Killing Christian soldiers continued to be a popular Sulu pastime. It was not until 1878 that Spain at last succeeded in securing a protectorate over the islands, paying annual tribute to the Sultan and his leading Datos. Even then some Moros not on the salary list kept on with the fireworks and the city's gates were closed for months at a time.

Moslems have a very unpleasant habit of going *juramentado*. The British call it "running amuck," in their Mohammedan colonies. A man gets all worked up about something, makes an oath to kill a Christian and cuts up every foreigner in sight. A Spanish general lost twelve men by this form of attack.

"Go up to the Sultan's house," he commanded, "and shoot it up!" The soldiers obeyed. This brought the Sultan to the fort in a rush.

"General! General!" he cried. "Your men are shooting into my house!"

"Can't help it," replied the General. "They've all gone *juramentado*!"



Spain was still fighting the Sulus when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. The Spanish troops left Jolo in May, 1899, and we garrisoned the fort the same day. What we have learned at first hand about the Sulu Moros since then would fill volumes!

From time to time a brief synopsis of this experience has flashed by wireless from Jolo to Zamboanga and on to make headlines for the press. A bit of sameness, perhaps, in these dispatches to the stay-at-homes.

"Heroic Dash Up to Moro Cotta! Hand-to-Hand Conflict With Demons!" But to the men making history there is variety enough!

Not many of us in the States know exactly what a Moro *cotta* is; but we do know that Jolo is on the map and we have a wholesome respect for their fighting men.

I, for one, did not appreciate what a wonderful series of fortifications Nature had given the Sulus until I visited Jolo. Thirteen hours out from Zamboanga we steamed past the battle-scarred island. Its sky-line showed a series of extinct volcanoes, their bowl-shaped craters plainly visible. As I stood gazing at the port we were nearing, a ship's officer came on deck.

"Do you see that peak back of the town?" he asked. "That's Dajo, where General Wood rounded up a band of renegades back in '96—killed every Moro in the bunch, 1,400 of 'em. You see these craters make great defenses," he went on. "Every one of them has been a Moro *cotta* some time or other. You heard about Bagsak? Forgotten? Well, look up some of the boys in Jolo who were in the fight. They'll give you a story worth while."

As we came alongside the dock I saw a familiar scene, although I had never before been in Jolo. There they were—the old lighthouse, the great stone gate, the waving palms—all the first-act setting of George Ade's comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu."

I looked about for a *jinrikisha*, as we had used them in Zamboanga and found them very comfortable.



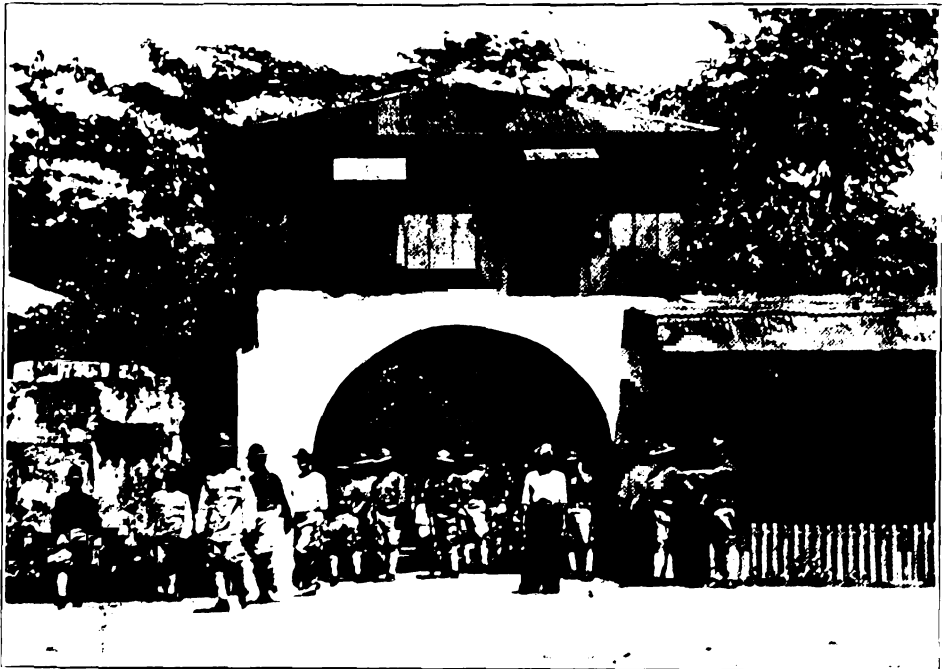
ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF JOLO FROM THE PIER. GEORGE ADE REPRODUCED THIS SCENE IN HIS COMIC OPERA, "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

"We don't have rickshaws here," said an American on the pier. "Zambo's the only place you'll find them in the Philippines. This town is too small for them, anyway, and no one would care to go outside the walls in that sort of a rig. Too easy for a Moro to give you a *bolo* in the back."

Walled Jolo is a tabloid town, not over five hundred yards square. It is beautifully laid out, with broad, clean streets, lined with double rows of flame trees, and three attractive little parks. The wall has five gates, but only two are now open—the pier entrance and one land gate. Outside the walls is the Moro village of Tulay, and the Chinese settlement. A part of the outer town, called Busbus, received its name from a place of execution in the days of the independent Sultanate. Persons convicted of capital crimes were tied to a tree here and hacked to pieces. Hence the name Busbus—to chop up. You cannot get away from bloodstains in Jolo. I became saturated

with tales of courage and daring, feats of little bands of soldiers who have kept Uncle Sam busy stamping medals of honor

When the Stars and Stripes were raised on the island, we had visions of a peaceful rule. We had the experience of other nations ruling Mohammedan subjects to draw on—England in India, Egypt, Borneo and British Malaya; France in Algiers, Italy in Tripoli; Holland in the East Indies; to say nothing of Spain's long years with Moors and Moros. We knew that the



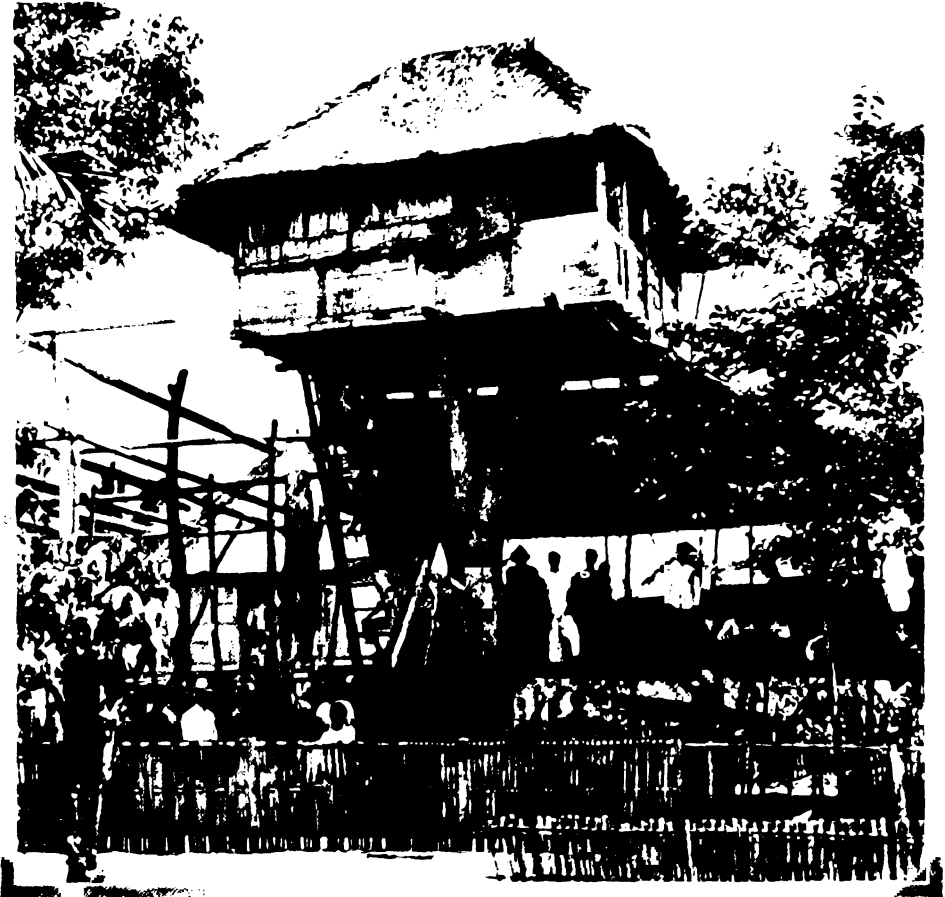
UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ENTERING THE GATE TO JOLO.

Moros had refused to join Aguinaldo's revolt against us. We began gently

Colonel Scott, who had turned Apaches into farmers in the States, brought fatherly methods to Jolo. He was patient and kind. But the Sulu is ruled only by fire and iron. The Colonel was obliged to fight a powerful chief and his followers near Crater Lake, where he was terribly wounded, losing half his fingers in a *bolo* rush. Unwilling to give up until he conquered them, the gallant soldier tracked the fanatics, with open wounds, for three dreadful months.

Then came the big Dajo battle, where our troops, with slight loss, climbed the mountain and killed every Moro in the crater. Orders were issued for all Sulus to give up their weapons, the Government agreeing to pay a fixed price for every gun and *kris*. As a Moro's standing among his fellows is dependent on the quantity and quality of his weapons, this command was resisted. We then began a vigorous campaign to collect them and we are still at it. Originally we estimated the guns on the island to number 1,500. Already we have gathered in 5,000, a most marvelous assortment, from ancient Spanish to modern types. *Krises* and *campilans* must also be given up, but a man is allowed to keep his working *bolos*.

This weapon-collecting has been grilling work. We have



A MORO TREE HOUSE.

used scouts, including several companies of Mindanao Moros, and constabulary, besides our regular soldiers.

Six battles were fought in a year's time, Bagsak, in June, 1913, being the fiercest engagement of American arms in the Philippines. In fact, the history of modern warfare contains no parallel to the five days of incessant battle on this mountain slope and crest.

Bagsak, with its six cultivated acres within the crater, has long been the stronghold for rebels. All around the mountain the Moros built unusually strong defenses, or *cottas*, consisting of adobe walls on bamboo framework, reënforced by loop-holed logs. Our troops surrounded Bagsak at night and at dawn the mountain batteries started the attack on the lowest *cottas*. As these were demolished, the plucky Mindanao scouts led the slow ascent to the crater. Every inch was contested. At night our men built barbed-wire entanglements around their camps as a protection from knife thrusts, but the loss, even then, was heavier than by day. It took one hundred and twenty hours to crawl up 2,000 feet.



A MORO WAR DANCE.

On the fifth day the Sulus were driven to their last *cotta*. They knew that the end had come and they laughed at death, for death on the battleground means Paradise Eternal to the Moslem. Two hours of desperate hand-to-hand fighting and our men reached the crater's brink. For an hour a leaden hail poured in on the wild-eyed warriors—and it was the end.

The end? Yes—of Bagsak, which will long be remembered for contempt of danger, the testing of men by fire and sword—but not the end of the Sulu resistance.

"Were any women killed at Bagsak?" I asked an officer, just out of the hospital. He eyed me cautiously before replying

"You people over in the States don't understand," he said. "Moro women dress like men and fight quite as desperately. In the heat of battle we can't stop to inquire the sex. I got that *bolo* thrust in my side from a woman." The subject was dropped.

"How many Moros were killed at Bagsak?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he said, "the crater wasn't quite full. We got over six hundred guns."

Lieutenant Whitney of the Philippine constabulary, who received his medal of honor at Bagsak, where he was seriously wounded, was made Governor of Jolo. Not long afterward he was attacked by two Sulus armed with *bolos*. Grasping the nearer with his left arm in such a manner that he was unable to use his knife, the Governor, who was still badly crippled, shot the second man, then turned his pistol on the one at near range. I saw the knives which were taken from the dead Moros and heard much of Whitney's coolness and courage. He was ruling the Sulus with a rod of iron and, if only he is allowed to carry out his policy, all the bad Moros will soon be below ground.

CHAPTER XL.

THE SULTAN OF SULU.

“I’M AFRAID you can’t see the Sultan of Sulu. He’s not in Jolo just now—living on the other side of the island.”

My looks must have shown my disappointment, for coming to Sulu and not seeing the Sultan was like a visit to Washington with the Capitol left out.

Sulu is only a ten by thirty island, so “the other side” did not sound very far away.

“Why can’t we ride over to see the Sultan?” I asked. “We want to take his photograph.”

It was unsafe, they said. Sulu was filled with bad Moros. No civilians wanted at large. This seemed to settle it. A few



MORO SPEAR DANCE.

hours later, however, we were gliding away from Jolo's pier on a small steamer which we had chartered, bound for "the other side."

We had heard much about the Sultan. In these sunny isles, within striking distance of the equator, where the even climate hardly permits of weather conversation, the void is filled by anecdotes of this representative of Allah. There is nothing wrong with the Sultan's ancestral tree. He can trace his royal branch back to the first Moslem ruler of the Sulu archipelago.

When the *Mayflower* anchored at Plymouth Rock, sovereignty on this edge of the world was maintained by three Sultans. One was at Johore on the Malay Peninsula, another at Brunei in North Borneo; a third on the island of Sulu. Though all were Mohammedans, there was great rivalry and jealousy among them. Each was supreme over a large territory, each ruled many subjects, had many ships, and made quite a display of royal splendor.

The Sultans of Johore and Sulu were on bad terms with the ruler of Brunei, whose territory lay between, so they arranged an alliance against him. A princess of Johore was given in marriage to the Sultan of Sulu. In those days the bride went to the home of the groom, so a gorgeous fleet was equipped to escort the lady to the Sulu Sea. Many gifts were sent to the prospective bridegroom, half a dozen elephants being a special feature.

But alas and alack! The wicked Borneo Sultan heard of the program. Out on the China Sea went his armed fleet to intercept the Johore flotilla. The bride was captured and taken to Brunei, where she was added to the Sultan's harem. The elephants sailed on in safety to Sulu. There they multiplied, but had such an unpleasant habit of pulling up young coconut trees that they were finally killed off by the Sulus.

The forlorn bridegroom did not overlook the bad turn done him by Brunei. At the very first opportunity he sent a raiding expedition to Borneo, capturing many headsmen, whom he held as hostages until exchanged for a large section of territory.



MAIBUN, OLDEST SETTLEMENT ON ISLAND OF SULU SULTANS
HAVE ALWAYS HAD A PALACE HERE.

This land in Borneo remained subject to Sulu rule through many reigns, until 1865, when a British company offered the Sultan and his heirs \$5,000 (Mexican currency) annually for 30,000 square miles, including 600 miles of coast line. This offer was too tempting to be refused, and the British flag now flies over North Borneo. So you see the Sultan of Brunei, whose entire territory became in time British owned or protected, paid quite a penalty for bride-stealing.

"There's Maibun," said the captain, "that bunch of shacks over to the right." I had expected more than this, for the place is the oldest settlement on the island and has long been the home of Sultans. We approached at low tide and the odor from the mud was almost unbearable. Most of the town is built on piles over the water, a popular method in the Sulu country. About 1,000 inhabitants would be a generous estimate. A motley crowd assembled, as visitors are rare here, and word was sent to the Sultan, who lives on a hill half a mile from the town. Before we could call on him, he called on us.

Down the road he came, Jamalul Kiram II., not as I pic-

tured his ancestors, mounted on bespangled elephants, but astride a somewhat moth-eaten pony and carrying a big yellow umbrella. A member of his court followed, also mounted. Behind him came the rabble.

His highness was most gracious, shook hands, offered us a chew of betel from his highly ornate brass box and conversed in rather poor Spanish. He posed for his photograph and seemed pleased when told that it would be published later. He is forty-seven years old and has been Sultan since 1894. The Spaniards put one of his relatives on the throne in 1886, but as Jamalul Kiram was in direct line, his father and brother having ruled, the Sulus backed him almost to a man. They made it so warm for the usurper that he was forced to retire.

The present Sultan's rule, however, has been disappointing. He seems to have lost much of his influence with his people and his reign has been as bloody as any in Moro history, although he has taken no part in the conflicts. His palace in Jolo is as



HIS HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF SULU

unpretentious as his home in Maibun, but in Singapore, down in the Straits Settlements, he owns a real palace which he rents to a Chinese gentleman.

Some years ago the Sultan made a tour of the world, visiting many cities in the United States, and has made several trips to Singapore. He usually travels with four wives and a retinue, putting on quite a little style.

His income is considerable. Besides his annual revenue from the North Borneo Company, Uncle Sam pays him \$5,000 a year, for which amount he is supposed to use his influence toward peace. As one of the boys in Jolo expressed it, "We aren't getting a run for our money "

Then he has quite a revenue from the rent of pearling grounds and takes many of the large pearls as his right from native divers. Altogether he should be a rich man, but unfortunately he is an inveterate gambler and loses money and pearls to the crafty Chinese fan-tan players.

Our tour of the Philippines was nearing its end as we



MORO CHILDREN READY TO DIVE FOR COINS, ISLAND OF SULU



SOME SULU SMUGGLERS.

reached the southernmost islands. The two hundred and fifty isles of the Sulu archipelago form a long chain stretching from Mindanao southwestward to Borneo.

Although the Sulus have long cultivated the land, their principal revenue has come from the sea—in piracy, smuggling and pearling. It is difficult to say which has been the most profitable; certainly piracy has been the most popular and held its own until the advent of steam. Smuggling is a comparatively modern business. Pearling is a very ancient occupation.

The forefathers of the Sulus ate oysters, using the shells for plates, and ornamented their children with pearl necklaces. Long ago the Chinese sailed down to the Sulu Sea in

their junks to trade silks and porcelain for pearls and pearl shells.

In the old days all the large pearls were the private property of the Sultan, furnishing him a splendid income, as the vast pearling grounds of the Sulu and Celebes Seas give the finest round pearls in the world. But it is not the pearls, strange to say, that make the business so attractive today. Less than five per cent of the shells contain pearls, so they supply the "sporting chance." It is the shell known commercially as mother-of-pearl which brings the steady income.

The town of Jolo is the trade center for a vast stretch of tropic sea and here congregate the buyers from Europe on the lookout for the only gems produced in the "Kingdom of the Sea." Over forty sailing vessels with diving apparatus make their headquarters at Jolo. There is considerable outlay in the equipment, each vessel costing \$4,000. They make two ten-day trips a month. Each boat carries a crew of eight, two of them divers. The divers are the important men, receiving a percentage of the haul besides a monthly salary. The pearling boats are chiefly owned by Chinese and Japanese, the Sultan of Sulu owning one.

At daylight the divers descend to the ocean floor and are carried along by the current, the vessels following. When their baskets are filled they are ready to ascend.

"Do they have much trouble with sharks?" I asked the captain, as we passed a pearler on our way south from Maibun.

"No, that's not what bothers them," said the skipper, well acquainted with Sulu waters. "It's paralysis that gets them, caused by pulling them up to the surface too quickly. They should be pulled out on the installment plan, giving



SHARKS' FINS.

them a chance to work their arms and legs and get the excess of nitrogen out of their systems. You see, the great pressure of the water forces it into their blood."

Natives still dive for pearls without the modern air-pump, and some operate a dredge, but the majority of the shells are gathered by the new method.

"Did you ever hear how the sea became phosphorescent?" asked the captain that night, as we plowed our way through gleaming water.

"The natives say that long ago a brave Rajah fought a wicked giant. The Rajah killed his enemy, but in pulling back his *kris* his magic golden ring flew off and rolled into the sea. He saw it gleaming near the shore and reached for it, but it broke into a thousand dazzling lights which scattered over the water. And that's why the sea down here is phosphorescent."

From Jolo we sailed south to Siasi, Tawi-Tawi and Bongao, isles not far from the coast of Borneo. The southernmost constabulary post in the Philippines is stationed on Bongao and the brave young officer in charge here keeps peace, far away from reënforcements from Jolo. Swallows' nests and sharks' fins, so prized by the Chinese as food, are among the strange shipments from this part of the world.

These are the islands which give Uncle Sam's representatives a tropical nightmare, for this is the principal smuggling ground. It is just an easy hop from Borneo over to these southern islands, then smooth sailing on to Jolo and Mindanao, with transshipment to the northern Philippines.



EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS FOR SALE.



OPIUM BALLS.

Speedy craft, sneaking over with firearms, keep the Sulus well supplied. Opium, too, which is under Government ban in the Philippines, comes over in this manner, its price being so attractive that the natives will resort to any device to evade official vigilance. They even fill the bamboo masts of their fleet *vintas*, as the boats are known, with opium, and hang it to the keels. The Government has put a fast cruiser on this trail, hoping to stop the traffic.

In North Borneo the British company "farms out" the opium monopoly to Chinamen, the poppy from which it is made coming from India in round balls the size of a Dutch cheese. Water is added and the mass is boiled into a paste. The opium farm's plant is being increased to supply Philippine trade, so business looks good

for the Sulus, superb smugglers of the Southern seas.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

WE NOW have arrived at the point where it is necessary to sum up the result of our investigations and observations in the Philippines. Clearly, the United States Government under past administrations has achieved splendid results in these Islands. The change and improvements effected have been, in fact, surprising. From a stagnant, almost barbarous condition at the time of American occupation, the interests and population of the Islands have been lifted toward a distinctly higher plane.

Consider what is being done in the matter of the education of the rising generation of these tribes. Not much can be expected of the adults, to be sure, but the future of the Islands may be molded for good by the educating of the young. In that lies the real hope for the Philippines. English is now taught in the almost 3,000 public schools, and to an average enrollment in 1913 of 329,756 pupils. That is mainly the work of the United States, and it means something. Turn the Islands over to the Filipinos, and unquestionably the school system will retrograde and culture decline.

There are successful trade and industrial schools in the Islands, and elementary agriculture is taught in all the public schools. For higher education there is the free State-supported University of the Philippines, with colleges of Liberal Arts, Medicine and Surgery, Engineering, Agriculture and a School of Fine Arts. In 1913 there were 704 students in the collegiate departments and 694 in the School of Fine Arts. A very good showing, you observe. It would be a pity to put this fine school system into the hands of half-baked native Filipino politicians. We have done things well in the Philippines mainly because they have been done by intelligent authority, much

as we have done things in the Panama Canal Zone, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Besides establishing the school system, we have done many other praiseworthy things. We have enormously increased the commerce of the Islands and expanded the agricultural area, we have installed 590 postoffices with 437 postal savings banks, which have 39,909 accounts; we have strung the Islands with telegraph lines and cables; we have increased the railroads from 120 miles in 1898 to 604 miles, with 440 miles building; we have extended the system of roads until they comprise 4,531 miles, about one-half of which is hard-surfaced, and having 5,660 permanent bridges and culverts. We have established successful newspapers and banks in the Islands, as well as courts of justice, we have liberalized religion, and put the money of the country on a secure gold basis. In my opinion, we have done exceedingly well.

However, having done well thus far, it is unfortunately now the policy of the American administration to undo much of what we have done. In my opinion, that will be the result of the present administration's policy of Filipino independence, if carried into effect. A bill has recently been introduced in the United States Congress the ultimate intention of which is to give the Filipinos entire self-government. The bill has been approved by the President and leaders of the administration. The measure provides for a Government in which the Governor-General and the members of the Supreme Court are the only officials to be appointed by the President, and does away with the Philippine Commission. An upper and lower house of legislature are to be voted for by the people, and the preamble states that it never was the intention of the people of the United States to hold the Islands permanently, which means that presently they are to be handed back to the natives. In my belief, a distinct and disastrous blunder is being perpetrated.

I am convinced by what I saw in the Islands that it would be, ultimately, injurious to the Filipinos themselves to give them independence, because they will be incapable of progres-

sive self-government for generations to come, and *always* unable to protect themselves against conquest by any nation that sees fit to attack them. I predict that, if given independence, the passing of a year or two would see them convulsed by revolutions, for the reason that the country consists of separate islands and the population of mixed, inharmonious races. Besides, great as has been our influence in teaching them civilized ways, they are, and will be for a long time to come, entirely unfit to use the franchise *intelligently* and *peacefully*, an absolute essential in self-government. They have no proper conception of what liberty and equality mean, and are wholly unfit for a republic.

The mistake has been that from the first we have encouraged the Filipinos to look forward to the day when they will have complete control of their Government. This has kept them stirred up and dissatisfied, and has concentrated the attention of the people on political conditions rather than on economic affairs, an influence that has worked them injury.

Business institutions in the Islands are, naturally, at a loss to know what to look forward to in the future. If the United States remains in charge, they feel that things will be stable, if the Islands are turned back into the hands of the natives, business men do not know whether the Government will hang together, or what the laws will be. Depression has begun in the Philippines; the Islands are rich in resources, and capital is needed, but capital fears to invest where there is so much uncertainty.

True, there is a certain demand for independence in the Islands, but it is mainly made by the native politicians, who would be freed of all restraint, and with what results you have but to remember the revolutionary history of most tropic countries. Still, admitting that it is possible that they might maintain self-government against internal disruption, how long would their independence last? If they are not able to protect themselves against outside aggression, what is to become of their independence?

We propose to hand them something which they cannot

keep unless we protect them, and when they have involved themselves in trouble with other nations, we will have to go to war in their behalf about disputes in which we have no part and over which we have no control.

If we are to assume responsibility, it is my conviction that we should have control, especially of a territory so distant as the Philippines, and one so obviously unfit for self-government. On our part, responsibility without control has the appearance of sheer foolishness, nothing less. In point of fact, the Filipinos are not fitted for wisely using the partial governmental control which has already been given them, much less complete mastery of the Islands. This fact is clinched by the unsatisfactory conditions developing in the Islands.

Here are some items to consider

1 The Filipinization of the military service has continued with greater activity than formerly

2. Governor Harrison, who stated in his first address to the Philippine people that he owed his appointment to the activity of Manuel Quezon, Philippine Commissioner in Washington, is not popular with the Americans in Manila.

3. A number of departments have been discontinued, the reason given being that the Philippine Government cannot properly maintain them, indicating inefficiency

4. Many Americans are out of employment, and have not sufficient funds to pay their passage home to the States, the result of a bad policy

5. The Moro Province is no longer under military control. The scouts have been replaced by native constabulary soldiers, in smaller numbers, a bad thing.

6. The condition of sanitation is bad in Manila, owing to the appointment of Filipinos as inspectors. If the flies have come into Manila in great numbers because of neglected garbage cans, etc., the condition must be doubly bad in cities like Cebu and Iloilo, where sanitary conditions are not so advanced as in the capital.

7 There is no longer work to take young American engineers to the Philippines. The stage of construction seems

to have ended, for the present, at least. We need these islands for our young men to go to instead of to some country south of the equator, under a different flag.

8. The business men of the Islands are uncertain about the future, a fact that makes depression.

9. The custom collections fell off 2,889,765 *pesos* in the last six months of 1913. In the first three months of 1914 the total trade of the principal ports of the Islands decreased 1,525,500 *pesos*, showing the effect of mistaken administrative policy.

However, the gravest question of all is our moral responsibility to this people, a people that we liberated from the tyranny of Spain, and now propose to turn loose to probable self-destruction or the questionable mercies of Japan or China. We have done them much good, we should continue to teach and develop them; it is a plain case of moral obligation, as well as good business. If we wish to avoid war about the Philippines, we should make them a permanent, integral part of the United States, if we wish to invite war concerning them, a sure way is to throw them on their own childish resources, then attempt to protect them from other nations. To "make good" the platform of the political party at present dominant in the United States, this course is now contemplated. I sincerely hope that it may not be carried forward to its inevitable disastrous conclusion. We need the Philippines in the Orient as we need the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific on the road to that Orient, and I enter my everlasting protest against the abandoning of the people of these beautiful islands to the disastrous destiny which almost surely must be theirs if the difficult task of self-government is placed in their childish hands. We need not fear, bread cast upon the water returns, and with time we will find the Philippines valuable and profitable, as well as an example of what strong, civilized nations should do in the uplifting of the younger, weaker branches of the human race. Where the Stars and Stripes once float they should never be pulled down.

PORTO RICO

Area, 3,606 square miles—Population, present estimate, 1,200,000, according to 1910 census there were 732,555 whites, 50,245 negroes, 335,192 mulattoes and a few Chinese and Japanese—Capital, San Juan; population, about 50,000—Governor, Arthur Yager—Chief products, sugar, tobacco, coffee, pineapples, grapefruit, oranges, sea island cotton, textile fibers, phosphate and vegetables—Assessed property valuation, 1913, \$179,271,023; public debt, \$4,876,747; police force, 700 men; military force, 590—Exports to the United States, 1913, \$40,536,623, imports from United States, \$33,155,005, foreign exports, \$8,564,942, foreign imports, \$3,745,057—Highways, over 1,000 miles; railway, 220 miles

CHAPTER XLII.

FIRST GLIMPSES.

MY INTEREST in Porto Rico dates from the turbulent months just preceding the Spanish-American War. At that time I had seen that the conflict was inevitable and had determined to give the readers of my papers first-hand information from the prospective seat of war. With this in view I hastened to Cuban waters and chartered the *Three Friends*. She was a filibustering steam tug that had done good work for the Cuban Junta, and had a record for speed.

At the time I took command of the *Three Friends* her captain was under arrest for violation of the neutrality laws. The United States marshals were aboard the vessel to keep the captain in custody. Even when war was declared against Spain no word was received from the United States authorities releasing my captain. The marshals did not know just what to do, and I took them to sea with me and boarded them during my activities in Cuban waters.

To keep the Spaniards interested the United States fleet bombarded Havana occasionally, but took care to do no great

damage to the city, because we knew it would soon be under American protection. Before our fleet landed General Miles and his army in Porto Rico, I headed for that island with the *Three Friends*. A general order had been issued, however, that no vessels were to be allowed to precede the naval flotilla, and I was turned back. So, you see, I was interested in Porto Rico before the United States flag was raised there.

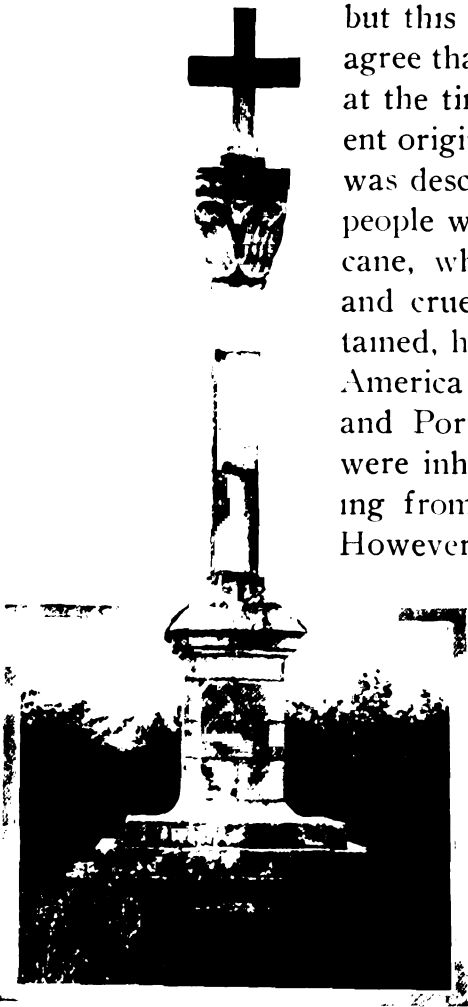
Porto Rico (rich port) is an island lying in the Atlantic 1,420 miles southeast of New York, about 1,000 miles east of Key West, 1,200 miles from the Panama Canal Zone, and 3,450 miles from Land's End, England. It approximates 100 miles in length, with an average width of about thirty-four miles. It is fourth in size of the Greater Antilles. Its position is peculiarly favorable for commerce, since it lies contiguous to the English and French Windward Islands, the islands of Saint Thomas, Saint John and Santa Cruz, and only a few days' sail from the coast of Venezuela. It is striking and picturesque in appearance, a kind of mountainous tropic garden, with stretches of lofty table-lands in the interior and fertile valleys opening out upon the surrounding sea in all directions. It is well watered and one of the most healthful islands of the West Indies. The present population is estimated at 1,200,000.

The history of Porto Rico is a strange, romantic and, in many respects, awful story. From the date of its discovery by Christopher Columbus in 1493 until it came under the American flag in 1898, the island was continuously a Spanish possession. Being a small country, only three times the size of our smallest State, Rhode Island, the Spaniards were able to keep it under the iron heel of subjection through four centuries. The people who colonized it were a mixture of criminals and peasant stock and accustomed to a harsh form of government. There were no general revolutions such as made Cuba often a great battlefield, although Porto Rico sympathized with the sister island. Once a liberating army from South America reached Porto Rico, but it was unsuccessful.

Columbus sighted the south coast November 16, 1493, then sailed along until he came to "the last angle in the west coast." Here he landed, near the present town of Aguadilla, and filled his casks at a spring still known as the Columbus Spring. I visited the spot where the great discoverer came ashore and found it almost as wild as when he claimed it for Ferdinand and Isabella. Under the palms in an open pasture stands a cross, a monument erected by local patriotism in 1893, that commemorates the momentous event.

The natives whom Columbus found in this region some investigators have claimed were members of the Carib race, but this has been disputed. The best authorities agree that the West Indian Islands were occupied at the time of discovery by three races of different origin. The race that inhabited the Bahamas was described by Columbus as a simple, peaceful people whose only weapon was a sort of pointed cane, while the Caribs were a savage, warlike and cruel race who, as nearly as can be ascertained, had invaded the West Indies from South America by way of the Orinoco River. Cuba and Porto Rico and some of the other islands were inhabited, it is believed, by a race originating from the southern part of North America. However this may be, clearly the original inhabitants

of Porto Rico were powerless to combat the aggressions of the Spaniards and became their slaves. The story is a terrible one. Some old historians believed that there were at least 600,000 of these natives. I hardly think it possible, because twenty-five years later word was sent to Spain that there were not enough Indians left to work the mines. In 1543 the Bishop of San Juan reported

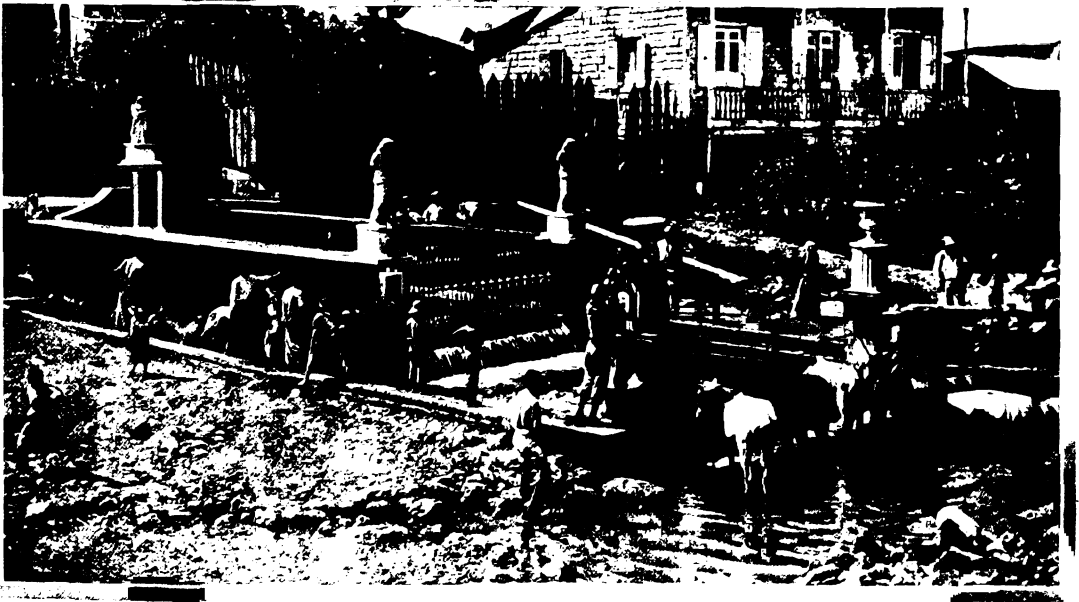


MONUMENT ON SPOT WHERE
COLUMBUS FIRST LANDED
NEAR AGUADILLA.

that only sixty Indians remained on the island. The original number was probably 6,000 instead of 600,000.

As was the case elsewhere, at first the Indians looked on the Spaniards as visitors from Heaven. They thought the white men were immortal, but Spanish cruelty goaded them into putting their theory to the test. Catching a settler named Salcedo, they held him under water until life was extinct. Then to make certain that he would not rise from the dead they watched beside the body for a number of days. One by one they were convinced by the odor of decay. When it was impossible to stay longer in the neighborhood they started out to massacre every white person on the island.

One man escaped from a settlement on the west coast and made his way to Ponce de León, the Governor, at San Juan. On hearing the news, the man who was later to seek for the fountain of youth in Florida set about exterminating the natives. He killed so many that there was never any organized resistance afterward. In San Juan now an imposing statue is being erected to honor Ponce de León. In the illustration given on the next page may be noted a hollowed-out place in the pedestal. In this small place will finally lie all



SPRING IN AGUADILLA AT WHICH COLUMBUS FILLED HIS CASKS ON
LANDING IN 1493.

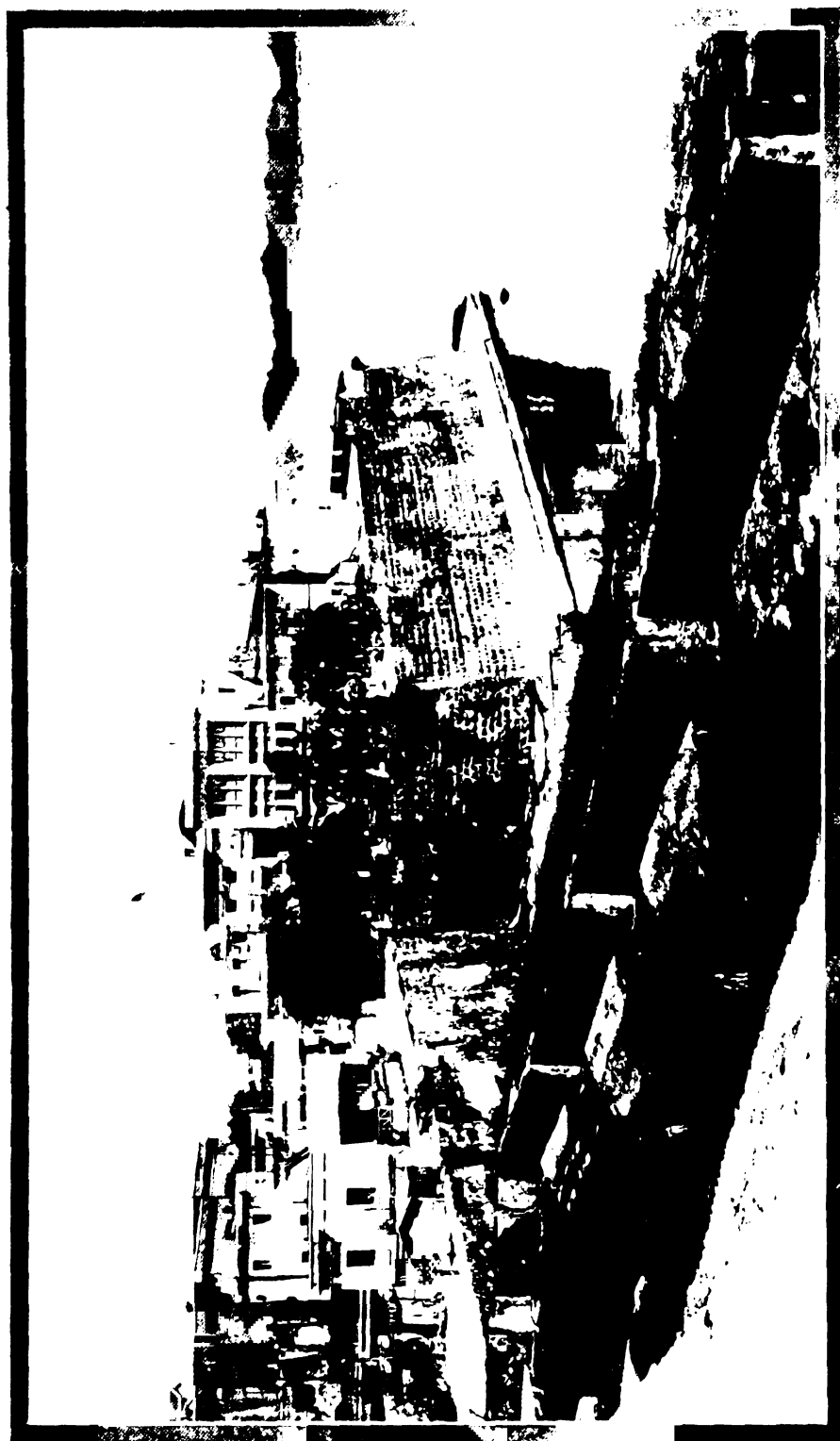
that is mortal of the adventurous man whose greatest wish was to remain forever young.

Christopher Columbus, it is only just to say, was not responsible for the extermination through toil and slavery of the natives of Porto Rico. Columbus left the island behind him immediately after discovering it. Ponce de León, learning that there was gold in the streams, began the real colonization of the island in 1508. The natives were given into slavery to individual members of these Spanish adventurers in lots ranging from fifty to five hundred, according to the importance or official position of the individual. This hideous proceeding was approved by direct orders from the King of Spain. He of course got his share of the gold. The natives were compelled to work in the water of the streams and toil on the plantations. They were beaten and sometimes killed. Not being used to labor, they died rapidly, in fact, were ruthlessly exterminated by toil and abuse. Then the Spaniards brought in hundreds of slaves captured in Africa. And the men who did this considered themselves Castilian Christian gentlemen.

However, Porto Rico was never exploited by Spain to the same extent as was Cuba. At the time of the American occupation Porto Rico had no debt. The island was ruled by a military Governor General George W Davis in his report to Washington in 1902 said that under Spain the Government was in



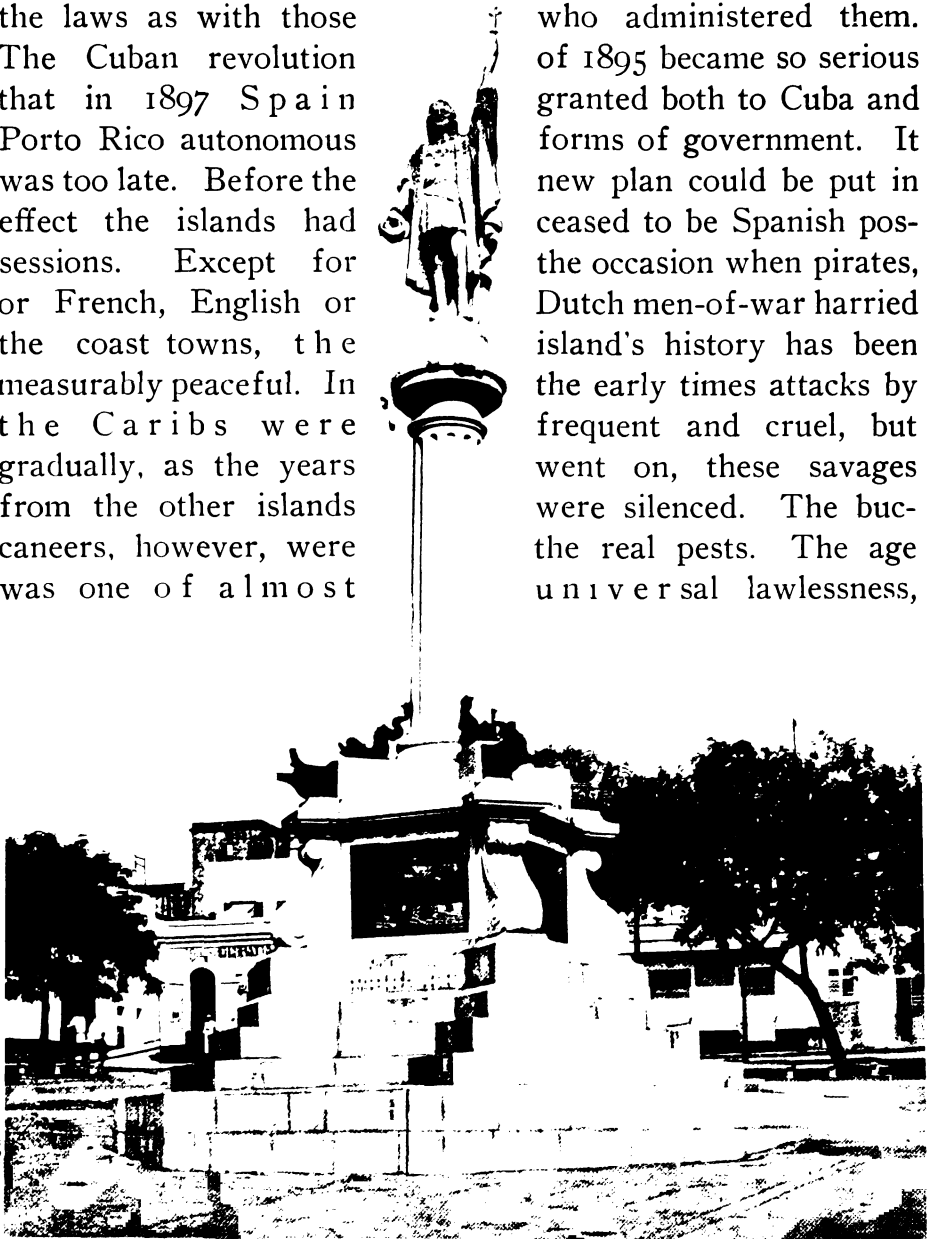
STATUE TO PONCE DE LEON IN CATHEDRAL, SAN JUAN NICHE IN BASE IS WHERE THE BONES OF THE EXPLORER ARE TO REST.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

fact, though not in form, military The Governor was the supreme executive, legislative and judicial authority

In 1870 Porto Rico was changed from a colony to a province of Spain. This lasted until 1874. Then it became a colony again, through the restoration of the Spanish monarchy. In 1877 a more liberal government was granted. The trouble here, as in other Spanish possessions, was not so much with the laws as with those who administered them. The Cuban revolution of 1895 became so serious that in 1897 Spain granted both to Cuba and Porto Rico autonomous forms of government. It was too late. Before the new plan could be put in effect the islands had ceased to be Spanish possessions. Except for the occasion when pirates, or French, English or Dutch men-of-war harried the coast towns, the island's history has been the early times attacks by the Caribs were frequent and cruel, but gradually, as the years went on, these savages from the other islands were silenced. The buccaneers, however, were the real pests. The age was one of almost universal lawlessness,



STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN PLAZA, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

breeding bands of lawless men in different quarters of the world. The Antilles, these warm, pleasant fruit-bearing islands, became infested with groups of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Hollanders, all enemies of Spain, and as bloodthirsty a lot of human devils as ever went hunting for gold and blood. The groups were made up largely of human refuse from the seaports of northern Europe. Ostensibly they were making war on Spain, but the movement crystallized in red-handed piracy that continued through many years. The Spaniards were bad, the buccaneers were, if possible, worse. Signs of the millennium were scarce in those days. Naturally, Porto Rico had numerous visits from these exponents of wholesale grand larceny, but survived to find real and, we hope, lasting peace beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

When we acquired Porto Rico we had no experience as a colonial power. The inhabitants of the island welcomed us with open arms, thinking that we would give them freedom just as we had pledged it to Cuba. As it was necessary to give some form of government to the island, an act of Con-



HON. GEORGE R. COLTON, FORMER GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.
MUCH OF THE GOOD WORK IN THE ISLAND WAS ACCOM-
PLISHED UNDER HIS ADMINISTRATION

gress, drawn by Senator Foraker, was passed in 1900. The Foraker Act, regarded by its framer as only temporary, is still the "Constitution" of Porto Rico. Although outgrown, nothing better has been offered.

The Government is vested in a Governor, appointed by the President, and a Legislature with an upper and a lower elective house. The latter is entirely Porto Rican. The majority in the upper house is composed of Americans, who are also heads of important departments, appointed by the President. Thus control is always maintained through the power of the American members of the Senate to reject or change legislation proposed by the other house.

The un-American part of this system is that in the cases of the American members of the upper house one man is both legislator and executive. The secretary of education, for example, will have a hand in making an educational law, then he will be the person to enforce the law he himself has made. In the United States we are careful to keep the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the Government entirely separate.

The Porto Ricans are anxious for a larger measure of self-government immediately. Ultimately they seek independence under American protection or admission to the Union as a State. The Americans resident in Porto Rico have the same point of view that I have—it would not be the part of wisdom for us to surrender the Government entirely into their hands, since they are of a different civilization, not looking upon



HON. ARTHUR YAGER, PRESENT GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.

matters of Government in the same light as the Anglo-Saxon. They really have no conception of the true meaning of equality and liberty. Political orators say one thing to the American and quite another thing when addressing an audience of Porto Ricans. They take delight in insulting us. Call them to account afterward and they say that they did not mean it, that their oratorical exaggeration was responsible. Yet the apology is made privately and the ignorant mass of the people are not undeceived. Nearly every American I met said that he would have to leave the island by the first boat were it given independence.

The towns have their own self-government, but the police are under an American chief who has his headquarters in San Juan. There is a regiment of Porto Rican infantry that is a credit to its American officers. The Government was willing to admit men below the height required in the American army, because the Porto Ricans were supposed to be shorter in stature. There was no need for this, however. All except one company are stationed at San Juan. This one is at Cayey, in the center of the island. It can thus be sent on short notice to any point where trouble threatens.

We cannot teach the Porto Ricans anything about practical politics. At an election I heard of, the price of a vote was \$3. The voters received a pair of shoes worth \$2 and a hat worth \$1. Looking down from a hotel balcony at the election crowd, the new white straw hats stood out among the dingy, discolored ones like daisies thickly scattered in a field of



SNAPSHOT OF NATIVE VOTERS NEAR A POLLING PLACE AT
MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.



CELEBRATING A UNIONIST VICTORY AT MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

brown. One firm was said to have had orders for \$600 worth of merchandise the day before the election. There is no more voting in country districts. The voters are brought into the towns, because supervision was impossible at remote places. One party would surround the polls and only let its side vote.

Ten years ago it was worse. One side would even seize a town. At Patillas one election day the party in control of the town stood in respectful attitudes with hats off, while a funeral made its way toward the church. In the middle of the plaza the coffin was set down. Throwing back the lid those nearest began to hand out the guns, revolvers and *machetes* it concealed. In fifteen minutes twelve men were dead. Thanks to this stratagem, those on the outside forced their opponents to change places with them.

As was the case in all countries under Spanish rule, the Roman Catholic was formerly the State religion. Since the

American occupation there has been no bond between Church and State. The present head of the Church is Bishop William A. Jones. He is a native of New York State, and for a number of years was stationed in Cuba. As I found in my South American travels, the Catholic Church in Spanish countries differs from that in the United States. Bishop Jones believes that one of his big problems is the Americanizing of his clergy in Porto Rico.

"Outside of Arizona and New Mexico," he told me, "there are probably not more than twenty priests in the United States who speak Spanish. For that reason you can see that it is slow work. Since 95 per cent of the people here are of my faith, I am kept busy trying to visit every parish at least once a year. My church in Porto Rico is very poor, indeed, and we have to leave education largely to the Government. Where a man and his family may not make \$100 a year, we cannot expect him to be a heavy contributor to the church."

Since the American occupation the Protestant churches have established many mission schools. In these education is largely along industrial lines. All the larger towns have Protestant churches. Usually the services are in Spanish, except one Sunday in the month. Some churches have both Spanish and English services each Sunday, at different hours, which is a wise and generous proceeding.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PORTO RICO'S PEOPLE.

ONCE upon a time a historian wrote of the English people that they were like a barrel of beer—foam at the top and dregs at the bottom, but with a good substantial liquor in between. I cannot say that of the Porto Ricans, because there is practically no middle class, and neither can the upper class be called foam nor the lower class dregs. There is a distinct line of cleavage between the two, and the peasant under the Spanish rule always felt that there was absolutely no chance of lifting himself out of the peon class. He had to be content. He seems measurably content today

Less than 10 per cent of the population of Porto Rico live in towns of over 8,000. In these larger places there is of course a middle class of artisans and clerks, but these are few in number



AMERICAN HOMES NEAR SAN JUAN AS WITH ALL HOUSES IN
PORTO RICO, THERE IS NO GLASS IN WINDOWS,
ONLY SHUTTERS.

San Juan, the capital, was built upon an island, but now is connected with the mainland by a bridge over the narrow, shallow channel. There is an American colony at Santurce, a fashionable suburb southeast of the city. Here they rejoice in an American butcher who does not send a square of beef when the housewife orders tenderloin steak. To the Spanish butcher meat is meat, and he cuts it off almost at random. There are several pretty American suburbs about San Juan.



SOME REAL NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR, PORTO RICO.

In the country live the vast majority of the people; the small upper class of planters and the large lower class of peons or *jibaros*. The former have suffered from crop failures and consequent financial reverses, but those who managed to live through the hard times are now in comfortable circumstances. The planter has been nearly as improvident as is the *jibaro*. He was accustomed to mortgage his next year's crop in order to go to Madrid or Paris, where he would live like a

lord as long as his money lasted, or until he had to come home to gather the next crop of cane, tobacco or coffee. Unfortunately, Porto Rico had several bad years in succession, and the banks had to foreclose many of their mortgages after carrying the planters for two or three seasons. Some who were once wealthy now live with their former peons.

The physical and mental characteristics of the masses of the people are not easily described. Consider that during the early years of colonization no Spanish females came to Porto Rico, but soldiers, marines, monks and adventurers; these bred with the Indians, then negroes, almost exclusively males, were brought in, and these, too, bred with the Indians and the offspring of Spaniards and Indians, then came negro women from Santo Domingo and added to the "mongrel mess." Obviously, to tell "which is which" at the present day is not easy. From the original blend of Indian, negro and Castilian stock, and later crossings and recrossings, have come what are generally called *jibaros*, the Porto Rican peasants.

The *jibaro* leads an extremely simple life. It is difficult



A NATIVE PORTO RICAN CABIN, PATCHED WITH BARK OF ROYAL PALMS AND THATCHED WITH PALM LEAVES.

for Americans to understand him, since they belong to different civilizations. He is extremely poor, but he is extremely proud. While he is accused of working only four days a week, it must be remembered that he has no incentive beyond providing for a day-to-day existence. The landed proprietors do not permit the peons to own real estate, and they can be dispossessed from their wretched huts on short notice. What incentive is there for a man to take pride in a home from which he may be driven at any time?

Domestic labor is cheap in Porto Rico. In San Juan the usual wages of a cook is six dollars a month. One man I knew paid ten dollars, but his friends complained that he was making other cooks dissatisfied. Every one in San Juan who wishes to work is at work. Prices are high and the town is prosperous. Every day the street railway carries over 16,000 passengers.

The American occupation has brought about great changes for the laborer. Living conditions are being bettered and he receives a higher wage. When our troops landed, laborers on



A WAYSIDE STORE. ALMOST EVERY MILE OF ROAD IN PORTO RICO HAS SUCH A STORE.

plantations received thirty cents a day. The average now is seventy-five cents a day. The actual earning power, or efficiency, of "colored" labor has been more than doubled by better food and conditions and the dethroning of the hook-worm. This to a large degree has been accomplished by the scientific methods of the so-called Sugar Trust and Tobacco Trust, which have very large interests in the island. They have "speeded up" the negro, you observe. The question is, Can the tropical negro stand the pressure? The Spaniards "speeded up" the indolent native Indians in early times and the Indians died like flies. However, present conditions are more favorable, no doubt, for the survival of the negroes and *jibaros* of Porto Rico. Nevertheless, things in this possession of ours are not wholly as they should be. For example, most of the States of the Union have passed laws against company and plantation stores, but they still flourish in Porto Rico. The laborer merely gets credit, and at the end of the season he is fortunate if he is not in debt to the store.

Usually only a penny's worth of anything is bought at a time, the most expensive method of buying. When she goes to the store the peasant woman will buy one cent's worth of sugar or one cent's worth of rice. In the course of a day should she need five cents' worth of rice, she would send a child five times or go herself. Perhaps she goes on the theory of the man who refused to buy a cornsheller for his hogs with the remark, "What's time to a hog?" No one in Porto Rico is ever in a hurry.

There never is a time here when you are out of sight of some human habitation. There seldom was a time that I could not, on looking about me, see some human being. With 320 inhabitants to the square mile, Porto Rico is one of the most densely populated spots on the globe. Thirty per cent of the population are under ten years of age, a greater percentage than any other civilized country in the world. Notwithstanding the wonderful work of the American physicians, only 10 per cent are over fifty years. In the United States the percentage is 13.4.

The customs and morals of every country are largely the product of geographical and climatic conditions. In Porto Rico we can attribute much of the present civilization to the island's formation. It is a mountainous country surrounded by a coastal plain never more than five miles in width. Upon this fringe of coast the population is mixed in character, because the negro loves the hot lowlands. Back in the mountains the whites have been more successful in maintaining their purity of blood.



MR. BOYCE EXAMINING CACTUS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The Porto Rico peon is ordinarily a peaceful man. He never molests an American. I have been alone in the poorest quarters of the towns and upon the wildest mountain trails, yet have never experienced the least fear nor had the slightest trouble. They fight sometimes among themselves, using their *machetes*. These are knives used for cutting cane, the sharp, heavy blades being about two feet long. Once two men were caught by the police fighting a duel upon the public highway. Although one man had his face cut to ribbons, he begged the officer to let the fight go on, as it was "purely a private affair." They were first taken to the hospital and then to jail.

I asked many persons what good things there were in the Spanish civilization as I found it in Porto Rico that could be adopted profitably by Americans. Invariably the reply was,

"Their unfailing politeness and courtesy." The poorest country man will make you welcome, dividing with you his simple repast of rice or beans.



He will go miles out of his way to set you upon the right road, and feel hurt if you seek to recompense him for his trouble. That sort



WAYSIDE SCENES IN PORTO RICO.

of thing is not very common in the United States, is it? With us the hand seems always itching for a tip. Possession is the prime American motive. No doubt you remember the instance of the young lady who, after adjusting her finery, descended the stairs to the parlor and found the family pet sitting upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself! Get right down."

"Sha'n't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first." The true American spirit.

Before the American occupation of Porto Rico marriage was such an expense that few of the lower class were able to pay for the ceremony, a religious function. As there were no civil marriages, the contracting parties were bound by nothing more formal than their promises to each other. These were religiously kept. By an edict, Governor William H. Hunt legalized all these unions in 1902. Any couple can now get married anywhere on the island as cheaply as in the United States.

In the poorer part of a town all the landlord provides is the ground. The tenant builds his own house out of thatch, wooden soap boxes or tin from gasoline cans. The ground rent is from fifty cents to four dollars a month. As twenty of these one-room houses can be crowded upon an acre of ground, it can be seen that the landowner has a steady income without troubling over repairs or insurance. If the tenant does not pay his rent he is thrown out. On the plantations no rent is paid, but the peon builds his own hut. What he grows on a patch of ground about it belongs to him. He is also given his bananas.

The diet of a Porto Rican of the lower class is extremely simple. The meal corresponding to our breakfast consists of a cup of strong coffee and possibly a piece of bread. With no other food to sustain him the laborer works from dawn until eleven o'clock. Then he has a more substantial meal of codfish and some one Porto Rican vegetable, such as the

batata, a sweet potato. About the middle of the afternoon he may have more black coffee. When he reaches his hut at nightfall he has his big meal of the day. This consists of rice, codfish and whatever vegetable may be ripe.

Although the *jibaro* is fond of pork, not many are forehanded enough to keep a pig. In one little settlement I visited, only one family had enough money or enough foresight to go to the market town and buy a suckling pig for one dollar. When this had been raised and fattened it was either eaten, or sold for twelve or fourteen dollars.

I sat with a family of these people one evening and listened to their conversation. The talk was not inspiring, confined principally to plantation topics. It had to do with boasts of how much more cane the head of the family could cut than could a neighbor, and how much more coffee he could pick. The affairs of the plantation owner were also discussed; but as for talk of the outside world, there was none. Thanks to the schools, conditions are improving. Another generation will put the peon on a far higher intellectual plane.

Notwithstanding his hookworm troubles and his day-to-day existence, the peasant is not an unhappy fellow. He is bound to those of his class both by ties of blood and that of *compadre* or godfather. An orphan or a widow finds shelter in the meanest neighbor's home. The *jibaro* looks to the planter for guidance and protection. He regards himself as dependent upon those in authority over him.

It is just as natural for a native to put his burden on his head as it is for a baby to put its toe in its mouth. As they passed me, I was reminded of the long train of negroes I employed for



TYPICAL STREET OF AN INTERIOR VILLAGE,
PORTO RICO.

my African *safari*. Here in Porto Rico, however, they have not reduced their clothing to a minimum, although away from the main roads the inhabitants are more careless in their dress. The garments of both men and women do not differ from the summer clothing of the poorest Americans. What is different is the usual lack of shoes. The Union party intends to introduce a bill for the purchase of 200,000 pairs of shoes. These will be given to the *jibaros*, and thereafter a man found going barefoot will be subjected to a fine. This will prevent the spread of hookworm.

I first went from San Juan to Ponce by way of the Government road around the east coast. The towns through which I passed were of remarkable sameness. There was usually a plaza. Facing it were the church, the municipal buildings and the stores. Above the stores were residences.

In most Porto Rican towns there is no one quarter better than another. A millionaire sugar planter may have a family of peons next door to him. He may live upstairs, and rent the first floor as a grocery store or bicycle shop. Most houses are built to the pavement line. In place of front yards there are *patios*, inclosed courtyards, at the back. Here the families congregate. In short, the architectural style is Spanish.

In the homes of the better class, because of tropical conditions, housekeeping is far different from that in the States. As the insects would infest carpets, draperies and closets, the Porto Rican householder must do without the luxuries. The floors are often of Spanish tile. Instead of sweeping, you merely turn on the hose in your parlor. No food supplies are bought for more than the one day. Each morning a servant goes to market and returns with what things are needed. The cooking is done over an open charcoal fire. On arising, as in the case of the peon, coffee and bread are served. Sometimes butter, imported from outside, is added. The American will have eggs, also, because he is not accustomed to so light a breakfast. The next meal comes at about 11 30 a. m., and is a substantial repast. Then there follows the tropical *siesta* before work is resumed. The evening meal is at six o'clock.

It is remarkable for the number of meats. (I am of course speaking of the wealthier class.) Potatoes are only a garnish for meat. Rice and beans are served the year around at noon and night. Most other vegetables are bought canned.

On the way from San Juan to Ponce by the east coast are two large sugar centrals or mills. The one at Fajardo is owned by New York capitalists. That at Aguirre is owned in Boston. Both are little empires. The former has forty-five miles of railway to and in its cane-fields. It owns 25,000 acres and rents as many more for cane and grazing purposes. In addition, it buys cane from other planters. The vastness of the enterprise may be judged from the fact that good cane land is worth \$300 an acre and a mill may cost from three-quarters to a million dollars. Aguirre grinds all the cane grown between Guayama and Ponce. It is the second largest mill on the island and has several thousand acres of irrigated land worth up to \$500 an acre. The mill at Fajardo is the third largest.

Among the towns between these two centrals is Humacao.



A SUGAR MILL, FAJARDO, PORTO RICO.



A TRAIN LOADED WITH CANE.



HOMES OF OFFICIALS OF THE FAJARDO SUGAR COMPANY

It has 8,000 inhabitants and not a bank. Money is sent to San Juan, forty-five miles away, for deposit. The rate of interest here, as it is in most United States colonies, is 12 per cent a year, payable 1 per cent a month. Another town nearby is Guayama. It is the terminus of a Government road over the mountains to connect the Military Road and San Juan. This cleft through the mountains, known as Guayama Pass, is one of the most beautiful roads in Porto Rico.

I went up the pass as far as Jajome Alto, the official summer home of the Governor. This is at the highest point of the pass, 2,400 feet above sea level. The view is exquisite. The valley is devoted to the cultivation of tobacco, and cheesecloth to protect it from the sun is spread above it like a vast canopy. It makes the fields appear as if covered with snow, and is very picturesque.

CHAPTER XLIV

HOOKWORM AND PLAGUE.

WHEN the United States Government took over the Panama Canal Zone, the first thing the Government did was to make it fit to live in. The first thing the United States did when it took over Porto Rico was to begin the work of improving conditions so that nearly a million of dirty people crowded on the island at that time could live longer, and that our white American officials might escape death in doing their duty

Thousands of Porto Ricans are alive today who would have died had it not been for the effective measures taken by the United States health officials. In their work on the island, which is one of the most densely populated places on the globe, these officials have successfully battled the hookworm, the bubonic plague, malaria and other scourges which had fastened

themselves on the people. Like the other islands of the West Indies, Porto Rico has been menaced by leprosy, but this peril has now been guarded against. Yellow fever has been wiped from the list of Porto Rican plagues by our quarantine service; smallpox has been driven out by the army, which in the days of the United States military Government vaccinated virtually the entire population.

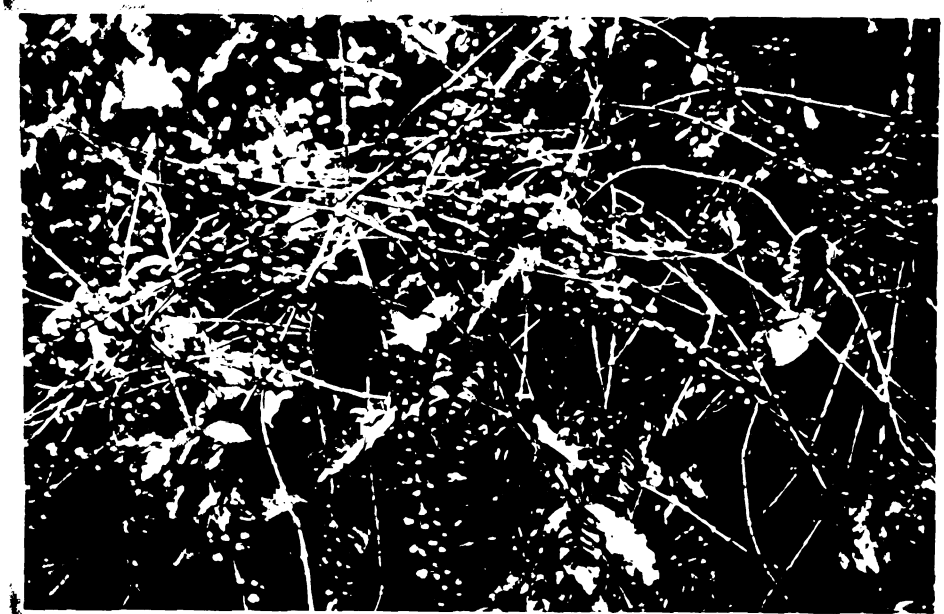


R. B. K. ASHFORD, DISCOVERER OF THE
HOOKWORM IN PORTO RICO.

When the dreadful toll formerly taken by disease is considered, it can be seen that for nearly four hundred years historical writers had slandered the people of Porto Rico. Lazy many of them undoubtedly are, but the natives as a class have not deserved the stigma of indolence and sloth that observers from other lands have put upon them. Instead of being lazy they were the victims of an insidious disease. This disease is popularly known as hookworm, or anemia. It is preëminently caused by filth in hot climates. It is believed that the hookworm was brought to Porto Rico from Europe as early as 1530. It is still found in some parts of the European Continent and it is also distributed throughout our Southern States. In our country the danger is not so much from the possibility of death as from that of incapacity to labor. A person afflicted with hookworm cannot do hard work.

The most disastrous cyclone in the history of Porto Rico swept the island August 8, 1899. The anti-American sentiment was so extreme at that time that some of the people even blamed us for the cyclone. Since people were starving, the Government immediately established camps and distributed provisions. In command of one camp was Dr Bailey K. Ashford, an army surgeon. Soon he saw that something other than hunger was the matter with the people. He discovered the trouble—it was hookworm. An attempt was made to rob him of the credit for the discovery of the scourge and its remedy, but now the medical world has acknowledged that civilization has him to thank for its conquest of a dangerous disease.

"In 1900 thirty per cent of all the deaths in Porto Rico were due to hookworm," Dr Ashford says. "The death rate at that time was forty-two per thousand. It is now only twenty-two per thousand, since we are also combating other diseases, such as malaria and tuberculosis. I believe that 800,000 out of a population, at that time, of 950,000 were afflicted with the hookworm. Since the average anemic peon could do only half his normal amount of work, you can see how great an annual loss there was both to the laborer and to the island itself



SNAPSHOT OF COFFEE BERRIES ON A PORTO RICAN PLANTATION

"The hookworm enters the body through the soles of the feet from infested soil. Those who work on coffee plantations are the most liable to contract the disease, because here are found ideal conditions for its transmission. The coffee groves are well shaded and usually undrained. Above all, the coffee must be frequently worked, thus requiring many laborers.

"The peon has a constitution weakened by the damp and chilling winds. He has insufficient clothing, and insufficient and improper food. How can a man buy shoes, when the wages of an entire family may not be more than \$100 a year? Shoes are an impossible luxury. Hundreds of barefoot laborers, therefore, congregate daily in the coffee groves. There have been practically no sanitary conveniences, and thus in time the laborer, tramping about everywhere, was certain to be brought in contact with the disease. If the plantation owners were forced to build water-closets, and the laborers forced to use them, there would be no hookworm in Porto Rico, in our Southern States, or anywhere else.

29 "The owner of the coffee plantation also was losing money

Even when he only paid thirty cents a day—in 1904—he was not getting its equivalent in labor. From that date to 1910, inclusive, under the direction of the Medical Corps of the United States Army 300,000 hookworm cases were treated. In Aibonito, a mountain district with 8,598 inhabitants, every person was treated for this disease.

“Unless checked, the feeling of lassitude noticeable in the first stages of the disease gives way to actual inability to work. The patient may linger a long time in this absolutely useless condition. The cure consists principally of a powerful purgative. In five or six weeks the patient should be restored to health. If properly treated all the worms should be out of his system by that time.”

Dr Ashford is now a major in the Medical Corps with headquarters in San Juan.

And yet the Porto Rican is not wholly happy or satisfied with us, notwithstanding all we have done for him. There has been a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars and many lives through the efficient manner in which American doctors have handled the bubonic plague. Yet the ignorant people could not see the need for cleaning their premises and killing the rats that might harbor the plague. The landlords protested loudly against rat-proofing their buildings.

Hit a man in his pocketbook and you hit him very close to his heart. For a couple of years, at least, there had been plague in the Canary Islands. Instead of trying to clean up there, the Spanish Government promptly pigeonholed the plague report, and let the world take its chances of being caught in the grip of a terrible epidemic. When the United States and Cuba began to suspect the Canaries, a Cuban investigator went to Madrid. He bribed an official and thus saw the document setting before the Government the existence of the plague.

As soon as the plague was discovered the Government sent to Porto Rico Dr R. H. Creel, who had done valuable plague work on the Pacific Coast. This was in the latter part of June, 1912. The plague is called a “rat disease” because of

the activity of the little animals in spreading it. A rat catches the plague from another rat. A flea bites the rat. Then the flea bites a human being, thus transmitting the disease. Three out of five persons who catch the plague die of it. Dr Creel immediately began a determined war on the rat. He began to rat-proof, rat-poison and rat-trap.

Forty trappers worked in San Juan alone with 3,000 rat traps. They put out six or seven hundred pounds of poison. Twenty-five thousand rats were examined in the San Juan laboratory. A rat catcher is paid seventy-five cents a day and a bonus of ten cents for every rat he brings in. There were fifty-six cases of bubonic in San Juan, the last one September 13, 1912. About that time the last plague rat the investigators have been able to capture was brought into the laboratory. San Juan today is declared by the health officers to be more

nearly rat-proof than any seaport of which they know. All establishments such as groceries, warehouses, markets and restaurants have been made rat-proof by concrete floors, with concrete walls extending two feet into the ground. Dwellings have either been elevated or have been protected from rats by concrete. Rats that may carry the plague infest the thatched roofs of the native huts. For that reason the Government prohibits such roofs. The price of lumber makes shingles out of the question and the use of iron sheeting is becoming general. A cheaper and better roofing would be tarred and saturated roofing papers, like that made by the General Roofing Company of East St. Louis, Illinois.

At Humacao people still talk of an episode in which Dr J W Brice, the American health officer there, played a leading part. Word came from Playa de Humacao that a schooner anchored off shore was flying



AN OFFICIAL RAT CATCH-
ER, PORTO RICO.

signals of distress. According to law the first person who could visit the vessel was the quarantine officer, in this case Dr Brice. He put off in a yawl and went aboard in a driving tropical rain. The boat prove to be *The Success* from St. Kitts, Danish West Indies, under command of Captain William Broadbelt, an Englishman.

"I told the captain to line his people up so that I could make my health inspection," said Dr Brice, in telling the story "There were a number huddled together in the bow, all bent over with their heads covered from the rain. Captain Broadbelt merely said that he could do nothing with them, and I went forward to get them into line. Lifting up the coffee sack that covered one, I was shocked to find that I was gazing upon a leper. In the group there were six others—all lepers. Immediately I told Captain Broadbelt that I could not let him land because he had on board this dread contagious disease.

"'Then we are all doomed,' he answered. '*The Success* struck a rock off the southern end of Vieques and stove a hole in her side. I put in here because we are sinking'

"Here was a dilemma indeed. There were thirty passengers altogether, including the lepers. They and the crew were prisoners on a sinking ship. The law would not let them land, and I could not see them drown. When the townspeople learned of the leper ship there was a veritable panic in Humacao. I was besieged on all sides not to let them come ashore. Finally I found a way out of the difficulty. There is a small uninhabited island in the harbor and on its shore I had the boat beached. Here the prisoners of *The Success* were guarded during the eighteen days required to repair the vessel and get her out of my jurisdiction.

"Strangest of all is how Captain Broadbelt happened to have his leper passengers. Just as he was about to sail for St. Kitts from San Pedro de Macoris, San Domingo, these lepers were brought down to the ship under guard of a squad of soldiers. Broadbelt was informed that they had come originally from St. Kitts and that as the Dominican Government did not wish to take care of them he would have to take them

back. Since the Dominican order was made at the point of the bayonet, the captain was forced to comply. Then had come the added misfortune of shipwreck off Vieques.

"When the hole in her side had been patched up, *The Success* was towed into deep water where she immediately keeled over. Here was another delay while the revenue cutter *Algonquin* was sent for to right her and bail her out. Altogether Humacao acted as unwilling host for eighteen days. Finally the ship sailed away and what happened to her after that the town has never learned."

In talking with leading physicians I was told that tuberculosis claims more lives in Porto Rico than any other disease. It is especially prevalent in the cities and towns. I did not marvel at it, because of the manner in which many of the people live. To bring it home to you, let me picture it in this fashion. Take your small woodshed on a hot August night, board up the one window, close and bolt the door. Then make six or eight people pass the night in that small space. The result is inevitable. Where one falls a victim to tuberculosis, it follows that almost without exception the others are doomed. They said in the towns that they closed and bolted the doors because they were afraid of robbers.

In years past the little town of Barceloneta had the reputation of being the worst malarial spot on the island. A few years ago in this municipality—which corresponds to a county in the United States—there was an average of 500 cases of malaria a month and fifty deaths. Now the worst month does not develop more than twenty-five cases, and none of these results in death.

For these changed conditions the inhabitants have to thank a Porto Rican health officer, Dr. R. C. Vergne. He is a recent graduate of Syracuse University, and has brought to his work the latest American scientific training.

"When I looked at the town closely," Dr. Vergne said, "I did not wonder that it was afflicted with malaria. Breeding spots for mosquitoes were everywhere. In some cases I had to threaten certain persons with punishment as the United

States Government administers it before they would mosquito-proof their barrels, wells and drains. The town has even cut down its banana trees, because right where the leaf joins the trunk a cup is formed that holds rain water. It is the ideal place for a malarial mosquito to raise a large family."

Rum, too, has weakened the natives of Porto Rico. Some of the vile stuff they drink is like the miserable gin sold in parts of the United States, which has well earned for itself the name "Aviator's Booze"—one drop and you die.

As might naturally be supposed, the cemetery is an important part of Porto Rican life—or rather, death. It is the custom to rent tombs, and at one cemetery I was told of an incident that happened recently. A man came over from the island of St. Thomas to visit his grandmother's grave. When he arrived at the cemetery he was horrified to find the caretaker sweeping out the tomb in which she had reposed.

"What are you doing?" demanded the man, hotly.

"Well," replied the caretaker, "you didn't send money for the rent and I have just rented this tomb to some one else. I have just thrown your grandmother's bones on the bone pile."

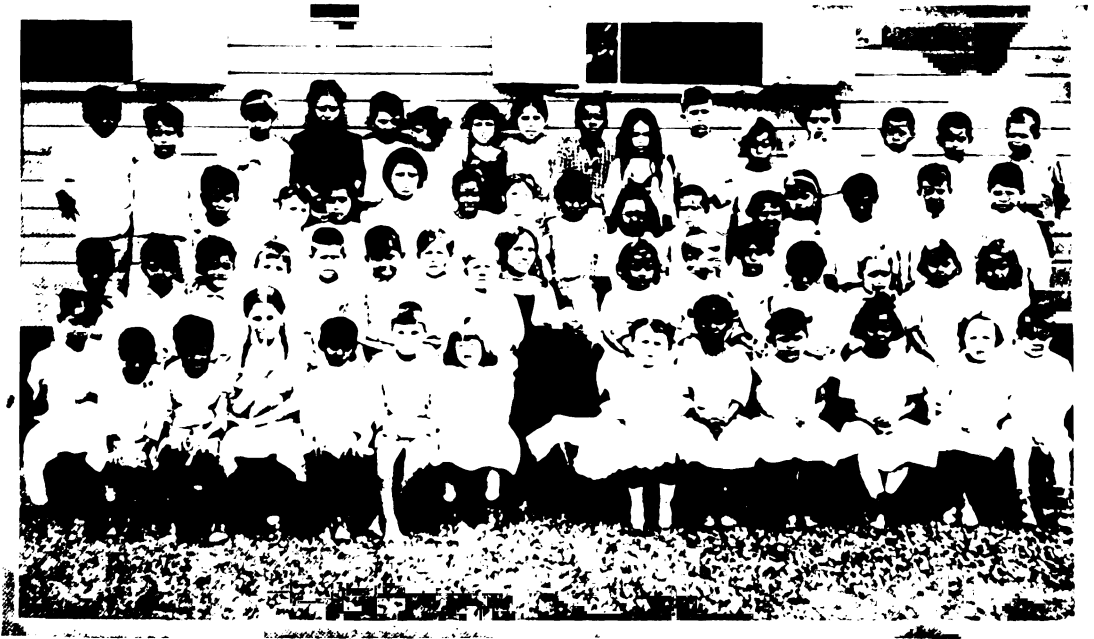
In a dilapidated tomb the only thing I could see was a set of false teeth. I was told that a pleasant profession is the stealing of wreaths from tombs and selling them again.

CHAPTER XLV.

PORTO RICO'S SCHOOLS.

LOOKING into an old Spanish fort at Aguadilla, Porto Rico, near where Christopher Columbus is reported to have landed in 1493, one sees blackboards and desks and little Porto Ricans busy with their lessons. The fort has been transformed into a schoolhouse, the change being indicative of the difference between the two civilizations. The Spaniards came centuries ago with swords and guns. The Americans came a few years ago with schools.

When the United States took over Porto Rico in 1898 there were 528 public schools, with an actual attendance of 18,243. The teachers and their families lived in rented school buildings. The teachers were subject to no efficiency tests and were inadequately and irregularly paid. Now there are 3,000 schools



A CLASS OF PORTO RICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

on the island, with an average daily attendance of 118,000. In 1913 the Legislative Assembly voted an extra million dollars for education, which will permit of the employment of 800 additional teachers and provide accommodations for at least 30,000 more pupils. Over 300 night schools have been established, and at some of them trades are taught, including carpentry, bricklaying, plumbing and automobile mechanics.

As those of you who are familiar with the history of the Spanish War will remember, the Porto Ricans looked upon us as liberators. They thought that we had come to free them as we have freed the Cubans. Events have since shown that



A TYPICAL GROUP OF SCHOOL TEACHERS, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

it would be better for Cuba today if we had not given up control over the island. As a race the Porto Ricans are polite and hospitable and I am sorry to say that in many cases after the war their kindness was grossly imposed upon. Sharpers who trailed the American troops took advantage of the unsuspecting natives and caused no small part of the anti-American sentiment, which is now dying out except for the fanning of the cooling embers by political agitators. To save the good name of the United States, on more than one occasion the Governor has rounded up tricksters and vagabonds and shipped them to New York, and an American tramp is now seldom found on the island. If we cannot be proud of some of the Americans who inflicted themselves on Porto Rico, we can take pride in the greater number who are now there, and especially our school teachers. We traveled entirely around Porto Rico and several times across it, and failed to find an American school teacher who was not a credit to our country. They are a fine set of young men and women and the good they are doing is incalculable.

Here is something that will surprise the boy and girl readers of this book. Every teacher who has had experience both in the United States and Porto Rico said that he preferred to teach the Porto Rican children. The teachers explained that the children of Porto Rico seemed more eager to learn than children of the United States, and that they are even brighter. I questioned the soundness of this view, but, as the children in a class are usually older than in a corresponding class in the United States, I believe the difference in years itself really makes a difference in the ease with which they learn.

Some mistakes have marked the establishing of our schools in Porto Rico, but improvement is being made every year. The city schools are the equals of any in the States. The secret of this is that the schools are directly under Government control. English is the language of the schoolroom (except for a daily lesson in Spanish grammar), after the fourth grade. It has now been decided that the recitations in the lower grades are all to be given in English as soon as possible.

The first day upon which the little child now comes to school in Porto Rico the work of making an English-speaking American citizen out of him begins. It is all done unconsciously, in the form of play. Everything is dramatized and acted. "Come away, let us play," sings the teacher. Then the children play a while, to associate the idea with the words. "Run with me to the tree" is the next jingle. Taking a child



HIGH SCHOOL CLASS, ROOSEVELT SCHOOL, MAYAGÜEZ, PORTO RICO.

by the hand, she runs to a tree in the school yard. It is in this fashion the children learn our language. (Of course cleanliness is insisted upon. Illustrative of the difficulties encountered in this direction a teacher told me how one day she said to one of the little fellows. "Juan, your face is fairly clean, but how did you get your hands so dirty?"

"Washin' my face," was the reply

The same teacher related that one day she overheard an extraordinary explanation of the source of human language. A little girl was turning the leaves of a dictionary when she looked up and asked: "How did there come to be so many words in the world?"

"Oh," replied a ten-year-old boy, with sudden inspiration, "they come through folks quarreling. You know, one word brings on another!"

The Porto Rican teachers must pass examinations in English. The trouble with the English of the children is that often it is learned from a native teacher who still speaks with a foreign accent. This makes the pupil's English sound artificial. But, as Americans have been at work for more than twelve years teaching school in Porto Rico, there is not a place on the island where some young person cannot be found to interpret for you.

The form of salutation in Porto Rico is "*Adios.*" Literally translated, this means "Good-by." Whenever a child meets you and wishes to open a conversation he usually begins by saying, "Good-by." All over the island I was greeted with smiles and "Good-bys." As is natural, Spanish is used almost exclusively outside the schoolroom. We are doing as well as can be expected, but it will be forty or fifty years probably before we can hope to have English in anything like general use.

The greatest stumbling block is the home life. Just as many Carlisle Indian students revert to their blankets and ancestral ways on returning to the reservation, the school children of Porto Rico drop back to their Spanish civilization at home. How we are to graft what is best in American life to this Spanish stock and make it grow is going to be a difficult question to answer. As may be imagined, books are not often to be seen on the island. It will take at least two generations, in my opinion, to accustom these people to the things in our American civilization which make for comfort and broad culture. Of course, I am referring to the masses.

An American school teacher who occupies the guest-room

of a Porto Rican home told me of the color scheme of her room.

"The walls are pink," she said. "One door is green, a second is green and white, and a third is blue. The mosquito bar is a flaming red. The cloth over my center table is a red blanket. The floor has inch cracks between most of the boards, and there are iron bars on the windows."

The native teachers in graded schools are paid \$30 a month, and when a girl gets a position in the schools it is the custom for her relatives to quit work and assist her in spending the \$30. American teachers in the graded schools are started at \$75 a month. Through their work the standards of the native teachers are continually being raised.

In the schools, as everywhere else, the blacks and whites get along most amicably. A black man, the same as a white man, can occupy any position his intelligence or wealth may secure for him. Those with negro blood may even visit with some of the best white families. There is only one place where the color line is drawn. In every town there is a club known as the Casino, about which the social life centers. No one with negro blood is permitted to become a member of the Casino.

At the Jefferson School at Arecibo, the largest graded school on the island, it was an inspiring sight to see the 1,400 pupils salute the American flag as it fluttered in the morning sunlight.

At Mayagüez, the third city of Porto Rico, the Government has established an agricultural college and agricultural



JEFFERSON SCHOOL, ARECIBO. THE LARGEST GRADED SCHOOL
IN PORTO RICO.

experiment station. At the village of Hatillo the George O. Robinson Industrial and Training School is conducted for boys by the Rev R. E. Pearce. The school is the gift of Judge Robinson of Detroit, Michigan, to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Having established a home for girls in San Juan, he gave this one for the boys. There were thirty boys in attendance.

"We are teaching them farming, carpentry and shoe-making," Mr Pearce said. "Although the boys have been gathered from all over the island, not more than three or four knew how to plant beans when they came here. The trouble with the owners of the land is that they have made such big money out of crops like sugar, tobacco and coffee that they are contemptuous of all others. It follows that the peasant, therefore, knows nothing of agriculture other than what he gets in the cultivation of these few staples. In the past a planter never thought of having a kitchen garden. Today they are becoming more provident."

Speaking Spanish at home and on the street and then reciting at school in English, the children sometimes have a hard time of it. One boy sent the following note to his teacher to explain his absence from school

Dear Teacher: I am sick with the mumps. You know perfectly well a boy cannot go to school sick with that disease. So please excuse me while I mump. Your truly pupil, JUAN PEREZ.

Another one wrote

Dear Teacher: I am sick with a cold, home all day drinking medicine. Your dutiful pupil, JOSE DELGADO.

Not only do they write notes from home, but they also write them in class and give them to the teacher on leaving. One American teacher is treasuring this

Dear Teacher: When you spoke to me about talking, I was not talking. I was sick. These words are no lie. Your sick pupil, PEDRO RUIZ.

At the beginning of the school year a teacher asked each pupil to write on a slip of paper his father's name and what he was doing. One boy disturbed the class by his loud laughter

"What is the matter, Juan?" asked the teacher

"I can't tell what my father is doing," he managed to gasp between peals of laughter, "because he's in the cemetery "

Then the teacher was the only one who did not laugh.

A school baseball game or a track meet in Porto Rico is just like one in the United States. There are the same songs, the same school yells and the same cheer leaders. I should like to see a picked team of Porto Rican athletes sent to the United States to compete with American boys. The records here are good. Ponce had a youth of 18, Cosme Beitia, who was one of the best all-around young athletes of whom I have heard. In a contest at San Juan he won five events, won the relay race for his team, and was second in the hurdles and high jump. His firsts were 100-

yard dash, 10 1-5 seconds, 220-yard dash, 24 seconds, pole vault, 11 feet; broad jump, 21 feet, and 440-yard run, 51 seconds. You will have to look a long time in the United States to find a boy to equal those records on one day, I fancy

Here are a couple of stories that Martin G Brumbaugh, the first American commissioner of education, told. When he made his first inspection of one school he noticed that one bright little negro boy always faced him. When he went out at recess and at noon he turned at the teacher's desk and

backed out as if in the presence of royalty. He came into the room in the same fashion, turning at the desk and backing to his seat.

"Why does that little boy act so peculiarly?" asked Brumbaugh, pointing at the little pickaninny

"Well," answered the teacher, "he has only half a shirt and he is wearing that in front."



YOUNG PORTO RICAN
IN HIS SUNDAY
CLOTHES.



A RURAL SCHOOL. SUCH SCHOOLS
ARE FOUND EVERYWHERE
IN PORTO RICO.



FAMILY OF TOLL-BRIDGE KEEPER ON THE RIO GRANDE. SOME
LIVELY CANDIDATES FOR SCHOOL.

At another place a pupil was not so particular. As he marched out of school, Mr Brumbaugh read this astonishing sign on the seat of his trousers: "XXN Flour"

Children who go to school in such clothes certainly are eager for an education, and they are getting it.

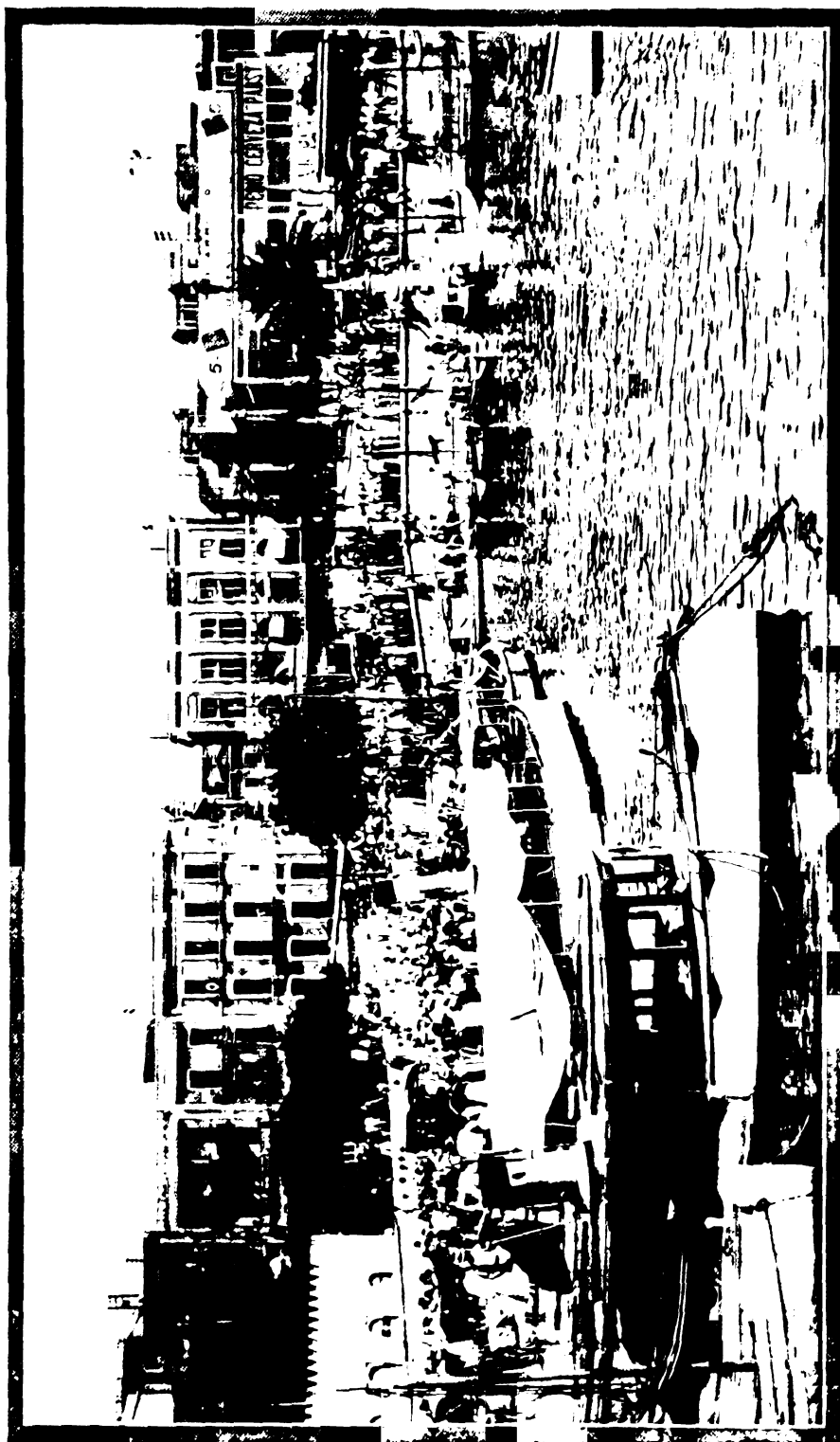
CHAPTER XLVI.

RESOURCES AND TRADE.

PORTO RICO has been called the "gem of our colonial possessions." Commercially it is increasing in importance with the passing of each year. As a purchaser of American goods the island now ranks thirteenth. The United States is Porto Rico's best customer. In the fiscal year closing June 30, 1913, 86 per cent of the trade of the island was with this country.

Porto Rico sold last year to the United States products valued at \$40,536,623, a loss of \$2,334,778. The drop of \$16 per ton in the price of sugar was responsible for the decrease in the total value of shipments to the U. S. A. Exports to foreign countries amounted to \$8,564,942, an increase of \$1,732,930. Imports from foreign countries were \$3,745,057, a loss of \$1,756,871. The total foreign trade was \$49,103,565, a loss of \$601,848 over 1912.

As Porto Rico progresses, its desire to buy is bound to increase. Human wants and tastes increase in the ratio of increase in wealth and civilization. In 1896 the share of the United States in the world's commerce with Porto Rico was but 18 per cent. In 1901, the first year after the establishment of free trade between Porto Rico and the United States, the island imported merchandise from the United States valued at \$6,965,408, our share of the world's commerce with the island that year being 71 per cent. During the year ending June 30, 1913, Porto Rico bought merchandise from the United States valued at \$33,155,005, a decrease of \$4,269,540. For breadstuffs the island sent \$7,655,353 to the United States, buying \$5,069,527 worth of rice and \$1,786,589 worth of flour. Cotton goods valued at \$3,821,535 were bought and the island took \$2,939,442 worth of manufactures of iron and steel.



A PORTION OF THE WATERFRONT, SAN JUAN, THE ISLAND'S PRINCIPAL SEAPORT

Other big purchases from Uncle Sam included meats and meat products valued at \$3,211,247, and leather goods valued at \$1,441,605. The commodities mentioned composed most of the imports from the United States, the remainder being as varied as the imports of any growing country, but not extensive.

Notwithstanding the fact that unusual purchases were made for internal improvements, there was the large balance of trade in favor of the island of \$12,000,000, nearly twice as much as ever before shown on that side of the trade ledger. This result would be more gratifying if it had been produced in an increase of the value of products sold instead of a decrease in the value of purchases made.

As one can readily understand, the chief commercial center of the island is San Juan. It is the leading shipping point to the United States and foreign countries as well as the largest port of entry. Small freighters ply around the island. It sometimes takes a month for goods to go by water to points



SAN FRANCISCO STREET, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.



THE BALLROOM OF THE CASINO, PONCE, PORTO RICO.

off the railroad, such as Fajardo and Humacao. The port next in importance to San Juan is Ponce, on the south side of the island.

Ponce does not show the same Americanization as does San Juan. Some of its main thoroughfares are wider, but it is essentially Spanish in its mode of life. Many persons familiar with both towns prefer Ponce to the capital. It has 35,027 inhabitants. The first landing of American troops was to the west. Two days later, July 27, 1898, the squadron reached Ponce. As there were no fortifications to protect it, under an agreement that saved it from bombardment, the Spanish forces withdrew.

Ponce is the terminus of the railway from San Juan. It is the shipping point for most of the sugar and coffee produced on the south side of the island. From it diverge two roads over the mountains, the Military Road to San Juan and the road across Arecibo Pass to Arecibo. I took the latter, passing through a rich coffee district where rain falls almost every day. From some of the summits of the mountains that shadow



A REFRESHMENT BOOTH IN THE PLAZA, PONCE, PORTO RICO.

Arecibo Pass both the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean can be seen. In the valley of the Arecibo River the palisades are of imposing grandeur.

Coffee in this region sometimes does not make a normal crop because of the very heavy rainfall. The planters also suffer more or less loss through the scarcity of laborers, since so many of the peons now find that they can make a better living on the coast, where there are no dangers and discomforts from rain and the hookworm. Coffee is a peculiar plant.



NATIVE WOMEN SORTING COFFEE BERRIES PORTO RICO.

It here depends for its growth on shady, damp ground. Being a compact, imperishable product, it can be transported profitably long distances over bad roads and mountain trails. The Porto Rican acreage will probably not increase, however, because better means of transportation makes perishable crops more remunerative.

The crop last year was the largest in the history of the island. Coffee to the extent of \$8,511,316 was exported, its value furnishing almost one-fifth of the receipts from foreign trade. France and Cuba were among the heaviest purchasers.

The coffee planters once occupied the supremacy now enjoyed by the sugar men because they had a favorable Spanish tariff. The American occupation took that away. The planters also suffered from the great production of Brazilian coffee and the terrible cyclone that swept the island bare in 1899.

Arecibo, said to have been founded in 1616, is one of the most progressive towns on the island. Its streets are well paved, and the plaza is the most attractive I saw, with the possible exception of that at Mayagüez. The harbor is poor, and now almost entire dependence is placed on the railroad.

From Arecibo I returned to San Juan in order to go over the Military Road which runs through the heart of a rich tobacco district. The mountainous parts of Porto Rico are usually in great "hog back" ridges. On top of a mountain there is no plateau space, between two elevations there is seldom a valley of cultivable width. The Military Road, however, winds its way through some wide valleys that belie the general character of the island by rolling in gentle undulations to the heights.

The town of Caguas is surrounded by fields shaded with cheesecloth, under which grows the choice Porto Rican tobacco. The land is worth from \$60 to \$350 an acre. Since the American occupation land values have been steadily going up. One tract that cost \$8,000 ten years ago sold last year for \$35,000. There are a number of cigar factories. The wages of the cigar makers average about \$10 a week.

In 1913 the island's output of cigars was more than fourteen times greater than it was ten years ago. Two hundred and eighty-four million cigars were made, one hundred and sixty-five million of these being shipped to the United States. The tobacco exported last year was valued at \$7,000,000. In its manufacture a larger number are engaged than in any other manufacturing industry on the island. Owing to the demand, the manufacture of tobacco has increased at a greater rate than the production. The native cigarettes retail in packages of ten for three cents. Cigars cost from one cent up. The tobacco grown on the island of Porto Rico is not equal in



FIELDS OF TOBACCO COVERED WITH CHEESECLOTH ON THE
PORTO RICAN MILITARY ROAD.

flavor to the Cuban tobacco, nor does it bring so high a price.

The divides on the Military Road are crossed at heights of from 1,300 to 2,000 feet. Cayey and Aibonito are tobacco towns. Beyond the latter the valleys are remarkable for their long and gentle slopes. When the road begins to fall toward the Caribbean Sea, in one stretch of six miles it drops 1,400 feet. Off the road a few miles is the island's watering place, Coamo Springs. It is noted for its social life and its medicinal baths.

There is a long plain traversed by the road just before reaching Ponce. Through it runs a river that gives a great deal of trouble when rains are unusually heavy. A downpour in the mountains converts it into a raging torrent. This is characteristic of all the mountain streams. Until the water subsides, passage is impossible. Not long since one of the rains

flooded Ponce, and one block from the plaza the water was three feet deep in the streets.

From Ponce I went west to Yauco, a prosperous coffee town which boasts of the first public library on the island. It is seven miles from Yauco to Guánica, where American troops first landed. Here is Porto Rico's largest sugar central.

The greatest crop in Porto Rico is sugar cane. The old tariff upon sugar was just the same as giving the Porto Rican planter a bounty of \$33 a ton. The sugar men are very blue over free sugar. They now admit that they could stand a cut, but free sugar will ruin many. The average American consumes eighty-three pounds of sugar a year, and only ten pounds of this is produced in the United States. We even import two million short tons of sugar beets annually. Of course, the Porto Rico sugar formerly came in duty free, so Porto Ricans got the benefit, in higher prices, of the duty assessed on the sugar of other countries.

Some of the sugar planters of Porto Rico went to Washington and for the purpose of securing a sympathetic hearing told how they would be ruined if the duty on sugar were lowered even a fraction of a cent. The Porto Rican banks began to think that the sugar industry must really be in a serious condition. To protect themselves they began to call the sugar loans of the men who had told Congress that they were facing ruin. So it came about that several planters failed when there was no need for it, and others had to do a great deal of explaining to make their bankers understand that they were merely talking to influence public opinion.

The sugar exports last year amounted to 382,700 tons, over five times greater than the amount exported eleven years ago. The sales outside the island amounted to \$26,619,158, over fifty per cent of Porto Rico's external sales. Cuba, owing to climatic and soil conditions, can grow cane cheaper than Porto Rico, and the cane is richer in sugar. Porto Rico produces about as much sugar as Louisiana, and twice as much as the Philippines. Hawaii's production about equals that of Porto Rico and the Philippines combined.

Although Porto Rico depends for the most part upon its staples, sugar, tobacco, and coffee, there are other products that are of importance. The shipments of fruit in 1913 amounted to \$3,120,919. These included oranges, pineapples, coconuts and grapefruit. Coconuts are grown anywhere upon the coast. The citrus fruits seem to thrive best on the north coast, although large investments have been made also at the western end of the island.

The leading western port and the third town in size is Mayagüez with 16,591 inhabitants. In 1763 the excellence of the harbor was recognized and the town accordingly founded. Other towns in the vicinity are far older. San Germán was founded in 1512 and named by Diego Columbus, a son of the great discoverer. The island's oldest church is a picturesque structure which the Dominican friars built in San Germán in 1538. When the Spaniards moved a settlement from one location to another they usually kept the same name. San Germán was first situated nearer the coast than it is today. Pirates laid it waste and the French sacked it in 1526. Then it was moved inland.



THE OLDEST CHURCH IN PORTO RICO, SAN GERMAN, ERECTED
IN 1538.

The assessed valuation of property on the island, which is, of course, estimated to be somewhat below the actual value, is \$179,271,023. The per capita wealth, based on the census of 1910, is \$175. As I have said before, the American occupation brought great changes for the poorer classes, and wages as well as living conditions are improving every year. Porto Rico's total indebtedness is only \$4,876,747, the per capita indebtedness being \$4.18 as against \$10.83 in the United States. The insular Government derives virtually all the money needed for support from the customs and excise taxes which in the States and Territories go to the Federal Treasury. In this respect Porto Rico is particularly favored.

A good indication of the growing prosperity of the island is the fact that since 1908 deposits in the eleven recognized banking institutions have doubled. On June 30, 1913, the deposits aggregated \$21,316,027. These figures do not represent the banking business of the island, as many commercial houses, following the custom of Spanish times, are still performing the functions usually reserved to banks. There is no official record of their resources.

The Porto Rican Government maintains a commercial agency at 569 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It welcomes inquiries and furnishes descriptive literature and specific information. Porto Rico is an agricultural country almost exclusively and will always remain so. Intensified farming will make the island more prosperous, and it is already being realized that this is the only progressive step, in view of the large rural population.

It was during February, 1913, that I visited Porto Rico with Mr. Harold Sanderson, president of the White Star Steamship Company. Before reaching Porto Rico we had visited Jamaica, Trinidad and other British island possessions of the West Indies that had been under British rule for three hundred years or more. After looking over Porto Rico, and comparing its improvement under United States rule with what Great Britain has done in other West India islands, and finding everything immensely in our favor, I said to my Eng-



SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE, PORTO RICO.

lish friend, "Mr Sanderson, what do you think of what we have done in Porto Rico in twelve years?" He just shrugged his shoulders and replied, "You people of the United States are wonderful people." I have been under every flag in the world, except three, and I know that the United States handles colonies better than any other nation. While Porto Rico's discoverers saw in the island the promise of gold, we can see treasure in its fertile soil. Located within easy access of the big cities and markets of our Eastern States, it can become a much greater credit to the United States as a colony than it is even now.

THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE AND REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Canal Zone, contains 286,720 acres—United States paid Republic of Panama \$10,000,000 for the land, paid France \$40,000,000 for Canal work and Panama Railway—Panama Railway, 48 miles long—Canal 50 miles long, cost to United States over \$400,000,000, cost to France \$340,000,000, total final cost, including interest, over \$1,000,000,000—People employed in Canal during construction 40,000—Governor, Colonel George W. Goethals Republic of Panama, area 32,000 square miles—Present population, estimated, 400,000—Free public schools 364—Chief resources, bananas, coffee, cacao, coconuts, cattle, rubber, vanilla, sugar, valuable woods, tobacco, pearls, minerals, excepting coal—Exports, 1913, \$4,234,010, imports, \$23,547,000—Capital, Panama City, population, estimated, 50,000—Governor, until 1916, Belisario Porras.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CANAL AND REPUBLIC.

IT WAS my good fortune to go through the Panama Canal Zone on foot at the beginning of my travels in South America, over three years ago, and to study in this intimate way the work on what has been justly called the greatest engineering feat mankind ever attempted. When I was there in 1911 the Big Ditch was only partly completed, a vast army of men was busy with excavators, explosives and dredges, our engineers were in the midst of a struggle with Nature that called into play every resource of modern science and skill. Returning to the Isthmus recently, I saw the barriers torn away and the Canal an accomplished fact, a wonderful new highway "free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality," in accordance to the provisions of our treaties.

Though cargo ships are being floated from ocean to ocean,

there is much work to be done and many details to be completed before the plans of the Canal builders are fully realized. Nature has not yet been permanently subdued by the engineers. The great expenditure of treasure is by no means ended. But in giving the world this object lesson in American enterprise, ingenuity and perseverance, we have let no monetary considerations stand in our way I can only repeat what I said



PROFILE MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

two years ago in *Illustrated South America*. "We are shortening distance and thereby saving time, and, consequently, lengthening human lives. We must take our reward and satisfaction in that.

The final, ultimate effect on humanity of the expenditure of money by Governments must, of course, be considered, rather than whether or not the expenditure will make returns in cash, for the civilizing and broadening of the minds of men is, in the final analysis, the true profit."

The Panama Canal Zone is the most important of our outlying possessions. In many respects it is the most vitally valuable bit of land owned by the United States, internal or external. Because this peculiarly important possession of ours cuts directly through the heart of the Republic of Panama, from which country we obtained it, and because the United States has guaranteed the independence of this Republic in which the Canal Zone lies, it is only proper to take a glance at the land in which we have planted this great enterprise. The Republic of Panama is distinctly a United States dependency, and when one promises to "shoulder the



MR. BOYCE ON THE BAYANO RIVER, INTERIOR PANAMA.



NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE BAYANO RIVER, INTERIOR OF
PANAMA REPUBLIC.

fighths" of a country, however small, that country becomes interesting.

The Republic of Panama is not of very great area, though it embraces within its limits practically the whole of the American Isthmus. The area of the country is approximately 32,000 square miles. This is an estimate only, as no actual, careful survey has ever been made. Its total land frontier—that is, between Costa Rica on the north and Colombia on the south—is about 350 miles, while its combined coast line upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans aggregates 1,245 miles. Its greatest length is about 430 miles, with a varving width of 37 to 110 miles. Both coasts are studded with islands and indented with bays. The islands have been estimated to number something over 1,700, small and great. A backbone of mountains runs throughout the length of the country, rising into peaks at some points and falling to comparatively low elevations at others, as in the pass of Culebra, which we pierced in digging the Canal.

The country is bisected with hills and valleys, running up into the mountains, with alluvial stretches of level land along the seacoast upon either side. From this crooked, rambling

land 300 streams flow into the Pacific Ocean and 150 into the Atlantic Ocean waters. The slopes of the mountains and much of the low lands are covered with jungle and forest. This, briefly, is the topography of the Republic, the "baby brother" we have pledged ourselves to protect.

It has improved since we began associating with it. The Panama of today "shows off well" in contrast with the Panama of yesterday. While little more than a decade has passed since it became self-governing, its improvement and progress are very marked. All investigators agree on this point. Panama people may not exactly like to have it openly stated, but the fact remains that the rapid and great improvement in their national life could hardly have taken place without the helpful influence of their big Northern neighbor. Before we indirectly helped them to independence and separation from Colombia the history of the Isthmus was one of bickerings and revolutions. Since the bloodless revolution of November 3, 1903, which set them free, they have had peace, and have reaped the harvest of peace, which is progress.

One important thing we did, we made it possible for them to disband their standing army. This they did in 1904. This was a distinct blessing, since it is a fact that the army in almost every Latin-American country is a bone of contention between the rival political parties. Whichever party wins over the army is practically assured of gaining the Presidency and offices, and incidentally the treasury. Within a year after Panama gained its independence the Commander-in-Chief of the army laid a plot to overthrow the President of the Republic. The United States Government told him plainly that if he made a single move we would take charge. He "wilted" and quit. The standing army was no longer of any use in gathering political spoils, so it was disbanded. In point of fact, the Republic of Panama needs no army, since its peace and defense are guaranteed by the United States.

The human element of this tropical dependency of ours consisted of 386,745 persons, according to the last census taken, which was in 1911. This included 36,000 Indians, and 50,000

people under the jurisdiction of the Canal Zone. The latter number, which has greatly diminished since the practical completion of the Canal, should, of course, be deducted from the enumeration. Still, counting its natural increase since the last census, the Republic probably contains close to 400,000 people. The native inhabitants are mingled Spanish, Indian and Negro, speaking a Spanish dialect. There are some immigrants from Europe and the United States, and some 3,500 Chinese.

The country is divided into seven provinces, administered by Governors appointed by the President of the Republic. The principal towns are Panama City, upon the Pacific side, with an estimated present population of 50,000; Colon, on the Atlantic, with 25,000 or more, David, in the northern part, with something over 10,000; Los Santos with 8,000; Santiago, with some 7,000, and Bocas del Toro, built up by the banana interests of the United Fruit Company, with 6,000. Some of these cities have grown with great rapidity since the advent of the Canal builders in 1904. The city of Panama then had about 20,000 inhabitants, an old-fashioned, unsanitary Spanish town. Now it enjoys most of the conveniences of other modern cities, including taxicabs and an electric street railway. Colon also is rapidly being modernized. Their nearness to the eastern and western terminals of the great Canal of course stimulates them, to be near a big, vital thing like the Canal naturally "starts things."

However, outside the big centers, the wheels do not turn very rapidly. The great lack is adequate transportation facilities from the interior to the ports. One sees far too





CORNER OF A PUBLIC SQUARE IN PANAMA CITY

much produce going to market on pack-ponies and two-wheeled ox-carts over very poor roads. When Panama became a republic there was scarcely a road in it worthy of the name. Recently they have begun to "get busy" in road-building, the Government assisting with large sums of money. They have improved the cities, and are beginning to realize that to sustain the cities they must help the country, where agriculture has been in a primitive, backward condition.

Since the North Americans arrived in 1904, the Panama people have constructed municipal buildings, including school-



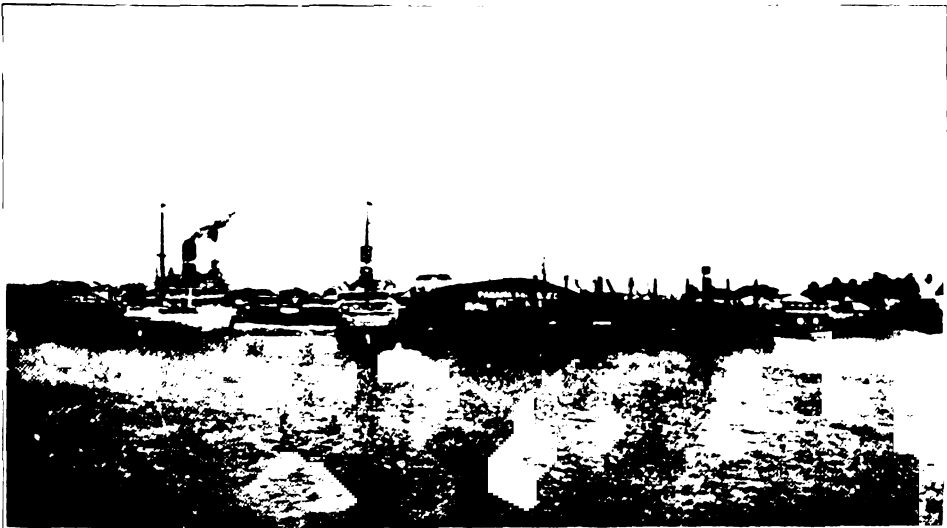
RAILWAY STATION, PANAMA CITY

houses, in all of the important towns; a \$1,000,000 national palace and theater in Panama City, a national institute for boys costing \$800,000, and numerous other fine improvements, but they are painfully "shy" on railroads. Outside the Canal Zone line, they have only about 150 miles of track, consisting mainly of the United Fruit Company's road and branches in the province of Bocas del Toro, principally a banana-carrying road. However, the present administration of the Republic is planning the building of several electric lines, which, when they materialize, will aid the much needed development of the country

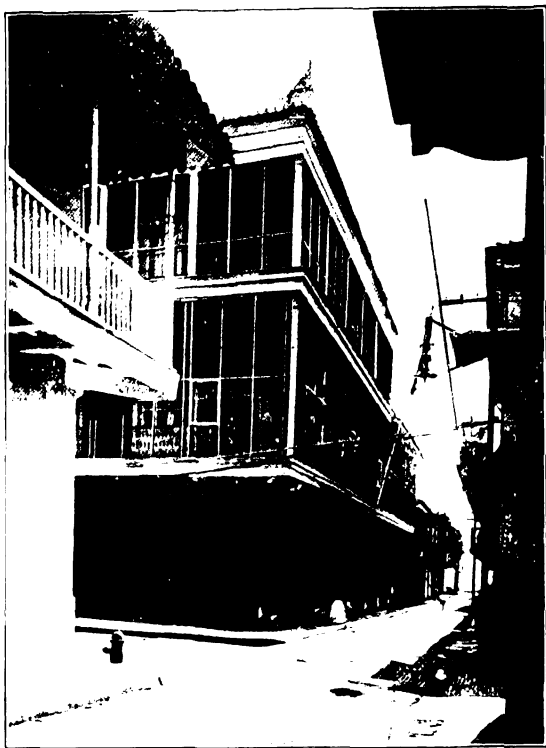
They have a lot of resources in the Republic; bananas galore, coffee and cacao, sugar, tobacco, mahogany and other valuable woods, and almost every common mineral except coal. It is an old volcanic region with a rich soil, and all it needs is the application of muscle and brains. It is begin-



CITY HALL, PANAMA CITY



A GLIMPSE OF COLON HARBOR.



UNITED STATES LEGATION BUILDING,
PANAMA CITY BUILT BY
THE FRENCH

ning to look as if these requisites were going to be brought to bear

They have some wise laws and a pretty sound constitution. The President of the Republic is elected for a term of four years and cannot succeed himself, which tends to curtail political plotting. He is elected by popular vote, and is assisted by three Vice-Presidents and a Cabinet of five members. The law-making body consists of a single National Assembly containing twenty-eight members elected by the people. The present incumbent of the presidential chair is Dr Belisario Porras, an able and progressive man.

Financially the little Republic is in good condition, its total governmental revenues for 1913 amounting to \$5,300,000, with a budget of expense estimated at \$3,840,000. It has no national debt and is not likely to contract one. Evidently we are to be free of monetary trouble concerning it, at least for some time to come. Agriculturally the soil of the Republic has hardly been scratched; its immense resources in fruits have only been developed in respect to the banana, the United Fruit Company having shipped from the Bocas del Toro district alone last year over 6,000,000 bunches of that fruit; it has capacity for the raising of beef cattle by the million, though it has at present probably not more than 100,000 within its limits. Plainly the Republic has a future if it can once get started, and there are signs that it is getting under way

This is a very brief outline of the country in which we

have planted our gigantic enterprise, the Canal, the country we have contracted to protect and to insure a continuous peace.

At present the task is almost nothing; what the future may bring forth no man can tell. Our guardianship of the Republic is a mild one, but necessity might compel us to shut out intruders, safeguard the health of the Republic, or supervise its elections, though it is not the wish or intention of the people of the United States to annex Panama. At present we have all the fish we can fry, what may be the inclinations or desires of our children's children, however, we do not know. We hope it may not be conquest, only helpfulness and peace.

Having hurriedly sketched the country containing the Canal, we will return to the "Great Furrow" itself. It is worth looking at and justifies "tall talk."

The history of the Isthmus and the building of the Canal is a kind of wonder story, the story of a world-dream that continued through 400 years and finally came true. The early Spanish explorers had a vision of it. Balboa's first report to Spain, after he had climbed the forest-covered hills and discovered the Pacific, was accompanied by a recommendation that a canal be immediately dug across the Isthmus. Evidently Balboa, or rather Saavedra, his lieutenant, who



A STREET IN COLON

made the suggestion, did not wholly appreciate how difficult the job would be. What the Spaniard had in view was a sea-level canal, and when one considers, for instance, the excavation of Culebra Cut with the tools of Balboa's day, one sees that the explorer's recommendation was slightly premature. It is an interesting fact, however, that in Balboa's time the hydraulic lock system had been invented. The great locks of the Panama Canal are the same in principle as a lock produced four centuries ago by Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian artist-engineer, for lifting vessels over elevations—a most important discovery, but the Spaniards seem not to have considered it. At any rate, they dismissed the canal project, some historians say because of the adverse influence of the Church. The wise Spanish bishops, quoting Sacred Scripture, declared, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then again, long-haired professors told the public that if a canal were dug across the Isthmus it would change the Gulf Stream and make an iceberg out of England! Their acumen was about on a par with that of a certain Western woman who, when told of the trouble and unsanitary conditions at first encountered on the Isthmus, said, "Well, if it was so hot and unhealthy, why on earth did they go away off down there to dig the Canal, anyhow!"

As was natural, almost immediately upon its discovery the Isthmus of Panama became an important trade route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The principal modes of transit were mule trains, canoes and small boats part of the way, and often human backs. Out of this traffic grew the first European settlement on the mainland of America, the old city of Panama, founded in 1519. For over 150 years Panama remained the chief city on the Pacific Coast. The Europeans found it difficult to believe that there wasn't some natural waterway across the Isthmus. In fact, some of the early maps published in Europe showed an imaginary "Strait of Panama." Finally they got it through their heads that the barrier between the two oceans was a real one. After that the idea of cutting a way through never wholly died.

Surveys were first made by the Spanish in 1581. They reported that the scheme was impossible. Then the idea simmered for over a century, when it took root in the mind of a famous Scotchman, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. Paterson's project was to establish a settlement on the Isthmus, cut a canal, and through its control "hold the key to the commerce of the world." The great banker's idea is the one we should now develop, by making the Canal a port free of import and export custom duties, as I will later point out. Paterson's attempt failed, at that time the carrying out of so difficult and tremendous an engineering feat was impossible.

Again the Spanish surveyed the Isthmus for a canal. That was in 1771. The movement ended in smoke, and once more the idea simmered. Then in 1855 Americans opened a railroad across the Isthmus. The exploration and surveys for this railroad are said to have cost the life of a man for every tie.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the great Suez Canal, formed a company in Paris in 1877 to dig a shipway through the Panama Isthmus. Actual work was started in the next year. A red letter day on the calendar of the De Lesseps company was January 20, 1880, when, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, the engineers fired the first blast for tearing a way through Culebra Mountain. But after seven years, when the impossibility of building a sea-level canal within the estimated twelve years became apparent, De Lesseps quit the project. It was announced that the work could not be completed for the estimated cost of \$240,000,000, for the very good reason that \$300,000,000 had already been spent. The company went into bankruptcy. In 1894 a new French company started work again, but in five years' time little was accomplished, and finally operations ceased.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BUILDING AND OPERATION

EVERY one is so familiar with the story of how we obtained the Canal Zone and "made the dirt fly" that it is not necessary to go into extended detail here. In 1904 the rights and property of the French companies were taken over at an agreed price of \$40,000,000, that being the extravagantly appraised value of the initial excavation work, the Panama Railroad, maps and data, buildings and machinery. Territorial rights came to the United States from a treaty with the new Republic of Panama, which came into being through a revolt from Colombia. Colombia had refused to grant us the rights necessary to insure our position in constructing the Canal. The treaty with Panama included the payment of \$10,000,000 and an annuity of \$250,000, to begin nine years after the treaty was signed. At the conclusion of negotiations the rival Nicaraguan Canal project was discarded and the United States was ready to begin digging, assured of the use and absolute control of a canal zone ten miles wide across the Isthmus, having an area of 286,720 acres, and jurisdiction over waters three miles from either side of the zone. By a new treaty recently signed between the United States and Panama, we are given sovereign rights in the waters of Colon and Ancon, the harbor towns at the ends of the Canal. This settles the last question as to complete American control of the waterway.

The decision that made Panama a high-level lock canal was not made by Congress until 1906. In the meantime yellow fever and malaria had caused alarming mortality, the same terrors which baffled the French having appeared in the workers' camps, and the problem of safeguarding health loomed up as greater than the one of engineering. Vigorous

sanitary measures were undertaken. Colonel William C Gorgas began his remarkable work, and through his untiring efforts and those of his able assistants, the Canal Zone was made a safe place in which to work. Without these brave, skillful men of the medical department, the building of the Canal would not have been accomplished. The death rate in the Canal Zone is lower than in most American cities.

In 1907 came the man who has really built the Canal. Colonel George W Goethals of the United States army headed a commission which took the place of the first one, on which men had been appointed from civil life. Colonel Goethals and the new Commission have been united in action and unusually efficient. Colonel Goethals is now Governor of the Canal Zone.

When the Government steamship *Ancon* made her trip through the Canal August 15, 1914, officially opening the new ocean highway to traffic, many notable people were there. The most modest man was one holding an umbrella over his head and keeping as much in the background as possible. That was Colonel Goethals. His country has learned to appreciate his worth, quiet though he has been about the work and the trials he has had. The task in itself has been of a magnitude that is difficult to realize, and in addition there have been the influences of tropical conditions, of Government control and of uncertain labor markets to deal with. For the efficient Goethals and those under him there is all honor. The mistakes that have been charged have been dwarfed by the successes of the herculean undertaking, and in the history of

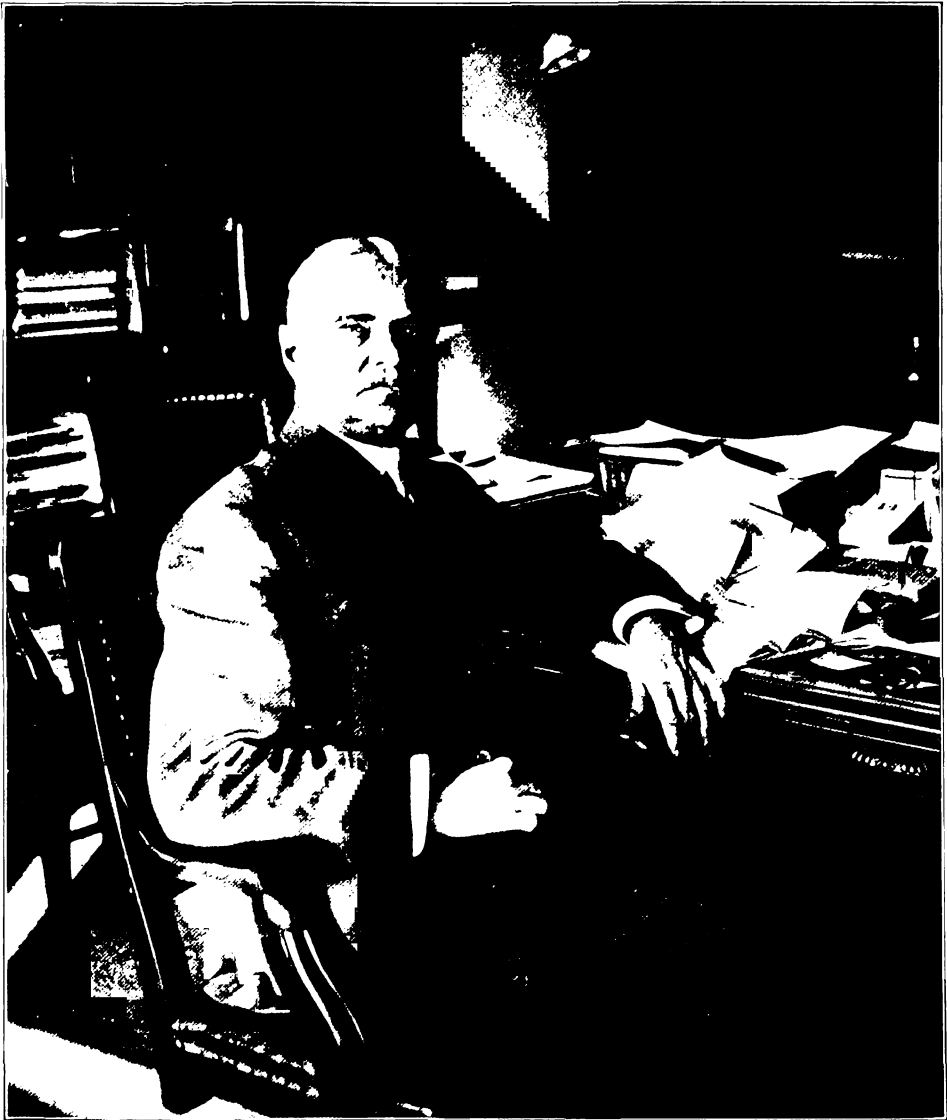


COLONEL WILLIAM C GORGAS, THE
MAN WHO MADE THE CANAL
ZONE SANITARY.

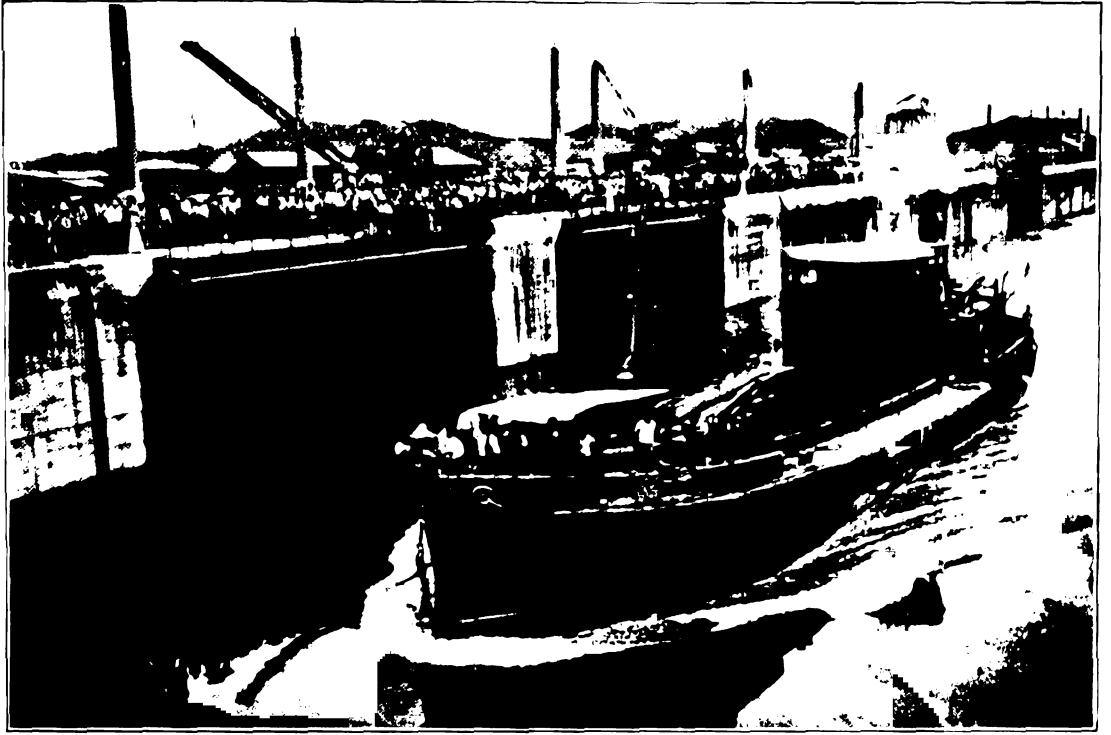
the Canal's construction, we are glad to state, there is not the smallest blot of proved corruption or graft, excepting in the company stores run by the Panama Railroad, which is owned by the United States Government.

At times as many as 45,000 men have been employed on the Canal. The average number has been 40,000. It should be kept in mind, too, that the work had to be carried on at a distance of two thousand miles from the base of supplies.

When the Canal was officially opened, a little more than



COLONEL GEORGE W GOETHALS, CHIEF BUILDER OF THE CANAL.



THE FIRST BOAT, A GOVERNMENT LIGHTER, PASSING THROUGH
MIRAFLORES LOCKS.

ten years after American work began on the Isthmus, over \$400,000,000 had been expended by our Government. Much remained to be done, including dredging, the extent of which nobody could forecast, deepening of the channel for the largest ships, completion of fortifications and buildings, beautification and numerous other "final touches." It was originally estimated that it would cost \$157,000,000 to build the Canal. After spending a good deal of time on the Isthmus three years ago, investigating and drawing conclusions to the best of my judgment, I made this estimate "When the project is entirely finished, over \$1,000,000,000 will have been invested by the United States and France." I have no reason to change my opinion now, when the total already is \$740,000,000, adding the \$400,000,000 we have spent to the \$340,000,000 spent by the French, and adding interest on the money spent up to

date, it will be seen that the total rises already close to \$1,000,000,000.

The original estimate on the cost of digging missed the mark so widely because the American engineers were unacquainted with the materials of which the whole country of the Canal Zone is made—lava ash. Before the major portion of



THE GREAT CUCARACHA SLIDE.

the excavating was done it was necessary to remove many million cubic yards of slide material upon which the engineers had never figured. They learned that in order to reduce the pressure so the water would hold the soil back they must materially increase the excavation, and even with the grade greatly reduced the slides came with disconcerting frequency

When the Big Ditch was opened to traffic, Colonel Goethals

pointed out that the earth had not reached a state of equilibrium, and that probably it would be necessary to continue dredging for many months. It was hoped that these earth movements would not be so extensive as to interfere with navigation, though the channel at several points in Culebra Cut necessarily would be reduced considerably in width for a while. Just two months after the opening of the waterway, rains caused a serious landslide north of Gold Hill, where the earth reaches its greatest height on the Isthmus. Thousands of cubic yards of rock and dirt entered the channel,



BLOWING UP THE DIKE AT MIRAFLORES WITH 40,000 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE, BEGINNING THE INFLOW OF WATER CONNECTING THE TWO OCEANS.

completely blocking it for a distance of 1,000 feet. Ships passing through when the slide occurred were forced to wait until the great dredges could reopen the channel, an operation which consumed much valuable time.

The total excavation in the Canal has been over 232,000,000 cubic yards, with Culebra Cut, nine miles long, the most

difficult and uncertain part of the work. Here over 30,000,000 cubic yards of material, lying outside the intended banks of the Canal, was swept down into the cut. The excavation in the cut represents about one-half of the digging done by Americans. Slides frequently put the railroad system out of commission. Often they wrecked dirt trains and steam shovels. The work of removing the *débris* at Culebra took up many months. Colonel Goethals did the best he could, however. As an illustration, in 1909 the cost of removing a cubic yard of slide material was around 78 cents for the whole cut. With the slides more troublesome in 1912 the cost was forced down to 55 cents. Fourteen per cent of the total excavation of 1913 was from slides. The Canal locks were ready ten months before Culebra was in shape. But for the slides, ships would have been going through that much earlier. And when the passage of ships became possible, dredges were still at work in the cut.

The length of the Canal from deep water to deep water is fifty miles, and from the two shore lines, forty miles. It takes ten hours to make the trip. (It requires only sixteen hours for ships to pass through the Suez Canal, eighty-six miles long, but there are no locks.) Vessels passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific successively go through the approach channel in Limon Bay, onward seven miles to the Gatun locks, where three locks lift them eighty-five feet to the level of Gatun Lake, thence through the lake to Bas Obispo and Culebra Cut, thence through the cut for nine miles to Pedro Miguel, where they are lowered thirty feet by lock to a small lake; thence one and a half miles to Miraflores, where two locks in series drop them to the Pacific level, passing out into the Pacific through a channel about eight and a half miles long. This channel has a bottom width of 500 feet. The channel in Culebra Cut has a minimum bottom width of 300 feet.

Gatun Lake was formerly the valley through which the turbulent Chagres River flowed into the sea. The problem of controlling the flood waters of the river was most difficult, for the heavy tropical rains come down the mountain sides

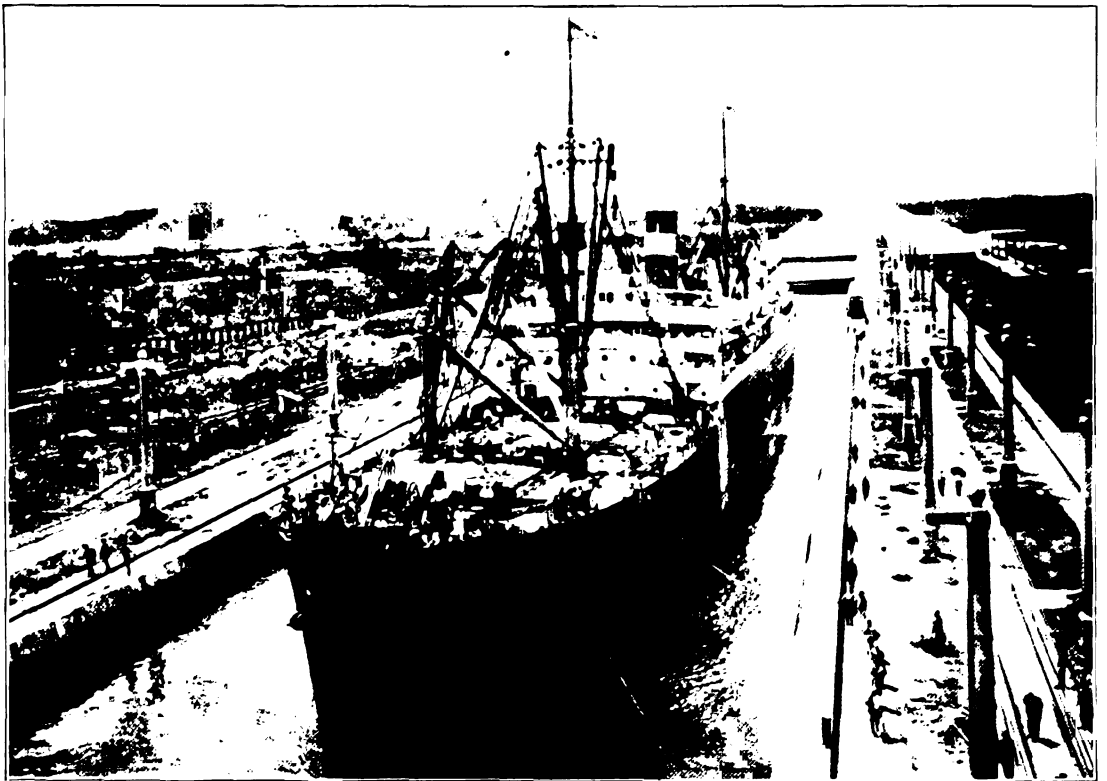
into the narrow valley with such force that the river has been known to rise more than twenty-five feet in twenty-four hours. To control the flood the great Gatun Dam was built, holding back the waters and forming Gatun Lake, which has risen to cover about 164 square miles. The spillway of Gatun Dam, made of concrete on a rock foundation, permits the flow of 154,000 cubic feet per second. The normal flow through this spillway operates the hydro-electric plant which supplies power and light for the operation of the Canal, there being enough power available for any probable demand for years to come. Nearly everything about the Canal is run by electricity, and recently the engineers have been considering substituting electric power for steam on the Panama Railroad. The entire length of the Canal is so well lighted that passage at night is practically as safe as during the day



THE COMPLETED GATUN LOCKS, LOOKING NORTH TOWARD THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE.

In passing through Gatun Lake, vessels get valuable service for which no additional charge is made. One of the most expensive items of salt-water navigation is the accumulation of barnacles on ships' bottoms, which in time become so numerous as to impede the progress of even a powerful steamship. For this reason ships have to go into dry dock and get scraped at regular intervals. Fresh water, however, is fatal to the barnacles. The vessels going through Gatun Lake are thus relieved of their troublesome burdens of marine mollusks.

The Gatun locks comprise the largest monolithic concrete structure ever built. Like the locks at the Pacific end, they are built in pairs, to reduce the danger of accident and increase efficiency. Five different lengths of chamber are provided by intermediate gates, so that there is no waste of water or time, such as would be the case were a 500-foot ship lifted in a 1,000-foot chamber. The weight of the largest Gatun lock



STEAMSHIP "ANCON" PASSING THROUGH GATUN LOCKS. JUNE 11, 1914.
THE FIRST LARGE SHIP TO PASS THROUGH.



THE STEAMSHIP "SANTA CLARA" ENTERING MIRAFLORES LOCKS UNDER TOW OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, JUNE 19, 1914.

gate is 1,483,700 pounds, and it cost a little over four cents a pound. There are forty-six lock gates in the Canal, all made of steel plates, riveted to structural steel frames. Their total weight is 118,488,100 pounds. Vessels are raised or lowered in the locks at the rate of three feet a minute. All gates and valves are operated by electricity

Vessels are not permitted to pass through the locks under their own power, but are towed by electric locomotives, four to a ship. These are among the most interesting features of the Canal, but one does not hear them called electric locomotives there. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania I used to like to follow the tow path of the canal until I met a canal boat, and got a chance to help drive the mules. It was nearly as much fun as riding the elephant on circus day. In my mind

the mule is identified with canals. So I was not surprised that everybody else, including the makers of the electric locomotives, as they watched these wonderful little engines at work, spoke of them familiarly as "the mules."

The "mules" cost \$13,217 each, and there are three dozen of them. They run on tracks laid on the lock walls and have gear wheels operating on racks between the rails, to keep them from being pulled off the tracks by the towing strain. Should a towing line break, the ship can be prevented from colliding with the lock gates by chain fenders which extend a hundred feet ahead of each gate. Emergency dams can be swung into place in the event of any accident to the gates.

There are certain works which were in use in the final stages of the construction work of the Canal that can be cleared away. One of these is the pontoon bridge. The roadway of the Panama Railroad had to be shifted many times during the construction, but it was an important aid, and continues to be. The sight of a train crossing the pontoon bridge at Paraiso was novel.

At Colon, on the Atlantic, or rather at Cristobal, they were recently working on the big coaling station, building the reloading bridge. The station at Colon has a storage capacity of five hundred thousand tons of coal, and the station at Balboa, at the Pacific end, has a capacity of three hundred thousand tons. The Canal Commission will sell coal to any vessels wanting it, but there will always be a hundred thousand tons in reserve for the United States navy, ready for emergency.

I noted also the work being done on the wireless stations at Colon and Balboa. Wireless telegraphy has so many uses that the Government found it necessary to assert its right to control this means of communication. With the responsibilities that it has at Panama it could not afford that its equipment should be incomplete. The Canal stations are now in communication with the great tower near Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XLIX.

TOLLS AND A FREE PORT.

IT IS difficult to estimate what the traffic through the Canal is going to be in the future. The European nations having gone to war just when the big waterway was opened for their cargoes has upset all calculations. That the tolls would pay operating expenses seemed doubtful. However, though the European war had largely curtailed shipping activities, Colonel Goethals reported as this book was sent to press, that the Canal traffic was exceeding expectations, indicating that within a year the tolls might pay operating expenses, but, of course, no interest on the enormous investment.

In accordance with the Canal Act of August 24, 1912, the following rates of tolls are to be paid by vessels passing through the Canal

1. On merchant vessels carrying passengers or cargo, \$1.20 per net vessel ton—each 100 cubic feet—of actual earning capacity

2. On vessels in ballast, without passengers or cargo, 40 per cent less than the rate of tolls for vessels with passengers or cargo.

3. Upon naval vessels, other than transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, 50 cents per displacement ton.

4. Upon army and navy transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, \$1.20 per net ton, the vessels to be measured by the same rules as are employed in determining the net tonnage of merchant vessels.

For a fair-sized freight vessel, it is estimated, the tolls amount to about \$5,000. This is, of course, only a nominal charge, considering that ships save a 10,000-mile voyage around South America, but it is probably all the traffic will stand. Operating expenses of the Canal are estimated at about

\$4,000,000 a year. The interest on the huge investment, however, is \$20,000,000 a year, indicating a continuous fixed charge of nearly \$25,000,000 per year, which in time will bring the American cost of the Canal to my estimate of \$1,000,000,000.

The Canal rules require tolls to be paid in cash, except that in the case of steamship companies having boats frequently using the Canal they may be paid by check or draft, if prompt payment of same has been assured by depositing with the Canal authorities at least \$15,000 worth of acceptable bonds.

Upon my last visit I found that the Canal Zone had changed materially since I first saw it. Then it was filled with clusters of buildings, created by the Canal Commission, in which to house the workers and officers. And there were the native villages and the natives themselves. Some of these villages were along the route of the waterway, and as the construction progressed they were drowned out, or would have been, had not the Canal Commission moved them away. It is the idea of Colonel Goethals, the chief builder of the Canal and present Governor, that the Zone should be denuded of human habitations. That is naturally the military idea, but the Canal is for commerce. So on either side of the Canal I found only tropical jungles and wilderness. Many people have argued that the Zone lands ought to be settled upon and cultivated by Americans. This will be done some day. Colonel Goethals is firmly of the opinion that this priceless piece of work can better be defended by leaving the obstructing jungle on either hand. Knowing what that jungle is, I agree with him that it would beat barbed wire entanglements in keeping a foe at a distance, but this is a peace Canal.

One of the new sights to me was the fortifications in the Bay of Panama. The fortifications are upon the islands of Perico, Naos, and Flamenco, which were ceded to the United States as part of the Canal Zone. The islands occupy a position in the Pacific commanding the western approach to the Canal. Some of the largest guns and mortars ever constructed are already being placed in position upon these

islands. At Balboa, on the mainland, another set of fortifications will be established, while on the Atlantic side there will be forts on Margarita Point, north of Colon, another on Toro Point, across the bay from Colon, and one on the mainland at Colon. In the neighborhood of the canal locks at Gatun, Miraflores, and Pedro Miguel, there will be con-



VIEW IN THE JUNGLE OF THE PANAMA REPUBLIC

structed strong field defenses to provide against possible attacks by landing forces. In these fortifications strong sections of the United States army are to be maintained. Of course, detailed description or photographs of these fortifications are not permitted by the Government, which is right. However, we may rest assured that big things are being done, since about \$4,000,000 has already been expended on the project, Congress having appropriated over \$10,000,000 for these prime defensive works.

But to revert to the Canal. I do not want to offend my South American friends by calling any of their countries a part of our own chain of United States colonies, they are not; but in watching the first freight vessels go through the Canal, and in talking of prospective cargoes, it occurred to me that these West Coast countries might, in point of *results*, be considered our commercial colonies, or, if they prefer to put it the other way, they might call us their commercial colony. The Canal traffic, at any rate, is going to bring us closer together.

I heard, while at the Canal, that the port of Guayaquil, Ecuador, at last is going to sanitize itself so as to get some of the benefits of the Big Ditch, and to insure the better marketing of its cacao, rubber, coffee, hides, ivory nuts, and Panama hats, in the United States. Peru is also considering making Callao a port capable of taking care of big vessels that could bring out her cargoes of copper, wool and sugar. Chile, since my visit to that country, has made a good deal of headway with the port of Valparaiso and has also improved some of her other ports. Chilean nitrates were among the first cargoes that went through the Canal, and these are being followed by copper from the great Guggenheim mines, and by other products. This is only the beginning of a vast volume of commerce flowing between South America and the United States. Especially must this come true since the European war opens the way for augmented trade between our nation and the republics to the south of us.

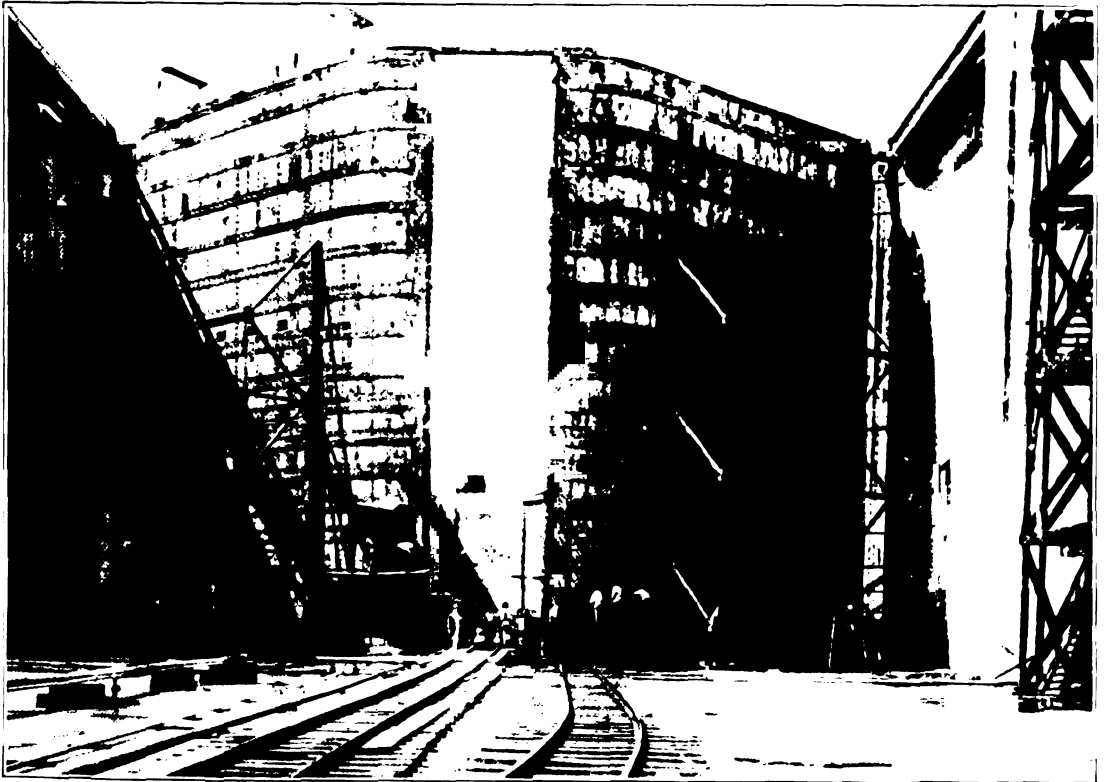
In order to stimulate this trade, and make our huge Canal investment profitable to us, I am confidently putting forward

a plan to make the Canal Zone a *free port*, and, through the influence of this fact, to create a world-wide city at the Canal for the exchange free of duty of our commodities with the South American republics and other nations.

I here quote from an address which I made a year ago before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, Alabama, and which was published afterward by the United States Senate as *Senate Document 333*

"The definition of a *free port* is 'A harbor where the ships of all nations may enter on paying a moderate toll and load and unload. The free ports constitute great depôts where goods are stored without paying duty, these goods may be reshipped free of duty. The intention of having free ports is to stimulate and facilitate exchange and trade'

"There is no reason why the Canal Zone cannot be made into a city of 500,000 people in twenty years and produce sufficient income from dockage tolls taxes, rents, leases, etc.,



UPPER GATES OF GATUN LOCKS, PARTLY OPEN TAKEN BEFORE WATER WAS LET INTO LOCKS.

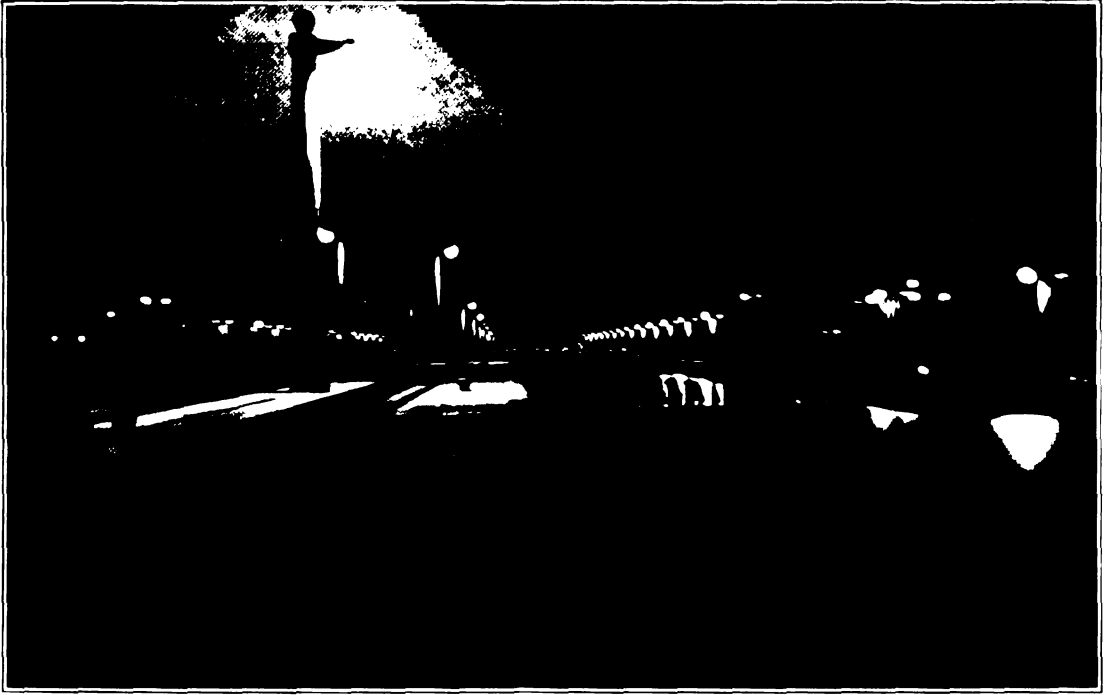
to pay the interest on at least the original capital invested by the United States. We have 286,720 acres inside the Canal Zone. Already many millions of dollars have been spent to make the Zone sanitary and a desirable place to live in the year round. Nearly all of this will be a complete loss unless we build a great city there. The Panama Railroad, for which we paid millions and spent millions more to move and rebuild, will be a 'white elephant' on our hands, on the basis of investment, unless we build a big city at that point.

"Through the stimulus arising from making the Canal Zone a *free port*, a great commercial city can be built along the whole Canal from one end to the other with docks everywhere. This city would become a great commercial clearing house not only for the merchants and manufacturers of North, Central and South America, but for the whole world. Trade in every republic on the American Continent is necessarily more or less restricted by a protective tariff, therefore, we need one spot, at least, for free exchange. It is just as necessary as a clearing house for the great banks in our big cities.

"Remember, the entire Canal is a land-locked, fresh-water harbor, berthing the largest vessels in the world, where barnacles can be scraped off the bottoms of ships—an advantage possessed by only one other great inland port city in the world. The building of a big metropolis on the Canal Zone is no experiment, no wild theory. It has been successfully worked out and proved by Germany and England and a number of smaller countries.

"The only way to create a big city at the central point between North and South America, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Far East and the Far West, is to make the Canal Zone a *free city* and *free port*. By this I mean *free* from *import* or *export duties* into and out from the Canal Zone. This will not affect the primary question of tolls for passing through the Canal. If created a free port and protected through international treaty, so it could not be affected by changes in our administration or home policies, merchants and manufacturers from all over the world would build factories

and warehouses and establish branches and agencies at this World Center for quick distribution, delivery and sale. Many South Americans would establish agencies and branches there to reach the world's commerce. In fact, it would become an immense World's Department Store where everything for the use of the people of all nations could be found. It would



PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS AT NIGHT SHOWING ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION
OF THE CANAL.

become the greatest transshipping port in the world, especially as many boats suitable for the Pacific Ocean are not seaworthy or insurable on the Atlantic Ocean.

"As lawyers put it 'What you have been saying is *testimony*—give us *evidence* of what a *free port* or *city* will do toward creating a metropolis of half a million in a few years.' Here is the evidence Hamburg, Germany; Copenhagen, Denmark; Gibraltar, Hong Kong (formerly Chinese, now British); Singapore, Punta Arenas, Chile, Aden, on the Red Sea, and the Island of St. Thomas, near Porto Rico.

"After Great Britain had taken Gibraltar from Spain, and that country would not deal with Gibraltar, the Sultan of Morocco forced the British Government, in 1705, to make a free port of Gibraltar by refusing to supply the food necessary to maintain the fortress, unless all import and export duty was taken off. The law of necessity caused the most powerful Government in the world, more than two hundred years ago, to establish the first free zone on a little rock pile three miles long by one-half mile wide, controlling the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Here is Lesson No. 1, that should not be overlooked. Today there is a population of 27,000 at Gibraltar and over 4,000,000 ship tonnage is cleared yearly. As there is no duty, only a tax on tobacco and liquors, there are no statistics on the annual business.

"Hamburg, Germany (before the 1914 war), was a notable example of the benefits of free exchange. Hamburg, through this wise policy, became the greatest port in Europe. In 1888, 2,500 acres of the harbor of this inland city were set apart as a free harbor, where ships could unload and load without custom duties. A gigantic system of docks, basins and quays was constructed at an initial cost of \$35,000,000, which at present-day cost would be double. A portion of the old town containing 24,000 people was cleared to make room for this great project. After that Hamburg grew enormously, reaching the third position as a port in the world, with over 1,000,000 population, being the second largest city in Germany. Without question the free zone of the harbor had a great influence on the expansion of Hamburg as a port.

"Copenhagen is the most important commercial town of Denmark. The trading facilities were greatly augmented in 1894 by making a portion of the harbor a free port. It has had a marked effect on the trade of Copenhagen and Denmark.

"Hong Kong Island and City is a British possession acquired from China in 1841. Hong Kong is a free port and has no customhouse, and its commercial activities are chiefly distributive for a large portion of the Far East, much as the Panama Canal Zone would become if made a free port. The

only commodity that pays a duty at Hong Kong is opium. Owing to the fact that it is a free port, official figures on its trade cannot be had, as in the case of ports that collect custom duties, but since it was made a free port the population has increased from a few thousand to 456,739. From this port there is an immense exchange of commodities between Great Britain and her colonies, the ports of China, Japan and the United States. This fact, investigation shows, is largely due to the advantages arising from the fact that the port of Hong Kong is free from custom duties to all nations.

"Singapore is another good example. It is the capital of the British Straits Settlements, and lies about midway between Hong Kong and Calcutta, India, and close to the Malay Archipelago. It is less than 100 miles north of the equator, or 500 miles farther south than the Panama Canal Zone. It has good advantages of position, but above all, the policy of absolute free trade has made Singapore the center of a transshipping trade that is surpassed in the Orient only by Hong Kong and one or two of the great Chinese ports. The continuously rapid growth of Singapore and the Straits Settlements, of which it is the capital, has fully demonstrated the wisdom of this policy. In 1819 when the region was ceded to Great Britain that portion of the country had almost no business or population. At present Singapore's *free* exports and imports exceed \$500,000,000 annually, or about one-seventh of the total imports and exports of the whole United States. There are no custom duties except on opium. The population is about 275,000. Neither Hong Kong nor Singapore is as well situated for international trade or enjoys as good and healthful climate as the Panama Canal Zone.

"Port Saïd is another case in point. The building of the Suez Canal created the city of Port Saïd on a sandpile at the entrance to the Canal from the Mediterranean Sea, with fresh water 125 miles away. It is about the "livest wire" of any city in the world—at least, that I have ever visited. It has over 100,000 population, and except for an Egyptian duty on

many articles would be a great trading center for others than tourists.

"Aden, situated on a strip of British territory in Arabia, on the Red Sea, where nothing grows and fresh water must be brought a long distance, has 50,000 population on account of its being a free port and city

"Punta Arenas, Chile, on the Straits of Magellan, the farthest south of any city in the world, is a free port and city, and has a population of 15,000. I was surprised at its importance and its fine stone buildings and good streets. The only local support of Punta Arenas is wool and sheep, mostly from the old Patagonia country of Argentina and the island of Tierra del Fuego. Its importance arises chiefly from its being a free port, permitting a Chilean city to trade duty free with Argentina.

"The free exchange of commodities, on account of there being no duty, import or export, put the island of St. Thomas, near Porto Rico, belonging to Denmark, on the map. It is a good example of what no export or import duty will do for a poor, out-of-the-way island. Nearly every excursion to the West Indies docks there to trade. Its one port carries the largest stock and does the greatest Panama hat trade in the world. Many vessels coal there. It has a great trade with all the West India Islands.

"England has tried out the free port and free city idea thoroughly and this is what the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says 'In countries where custom duties are levied, if an extension of foreign trade is desired, special facilities must be granted for this purpose. In view of this a free zone sufficiently large for commercial purposes must be set aside. English colonial free ports, such as Hong Kong and Singapore, do not interfere with the regular home customs of India and China. These two free harbors have become great shipping ports and distributing centers. The policy which led to their establishment as free ports has greatly promoted British commercial interests.' "

I was fully convinced after visiting Singapore and Hong

Kong during the past year, that we should make the splendid port of Manila a free port and city, or we can never expect to secure, develop and hold our share of the trade of the Orient. Secretary of State Bryan stated to me that he strongly favored this policy in the development of our colonies, and the Panama Canal Zone is our most important colony

This question is a paramount one in the development of our commercial relationship with South America and other countries, besides, it will make the Panama Canal pay. If we do not act soon some other country owning one of the West India Islands, well located to trade with ships passing through the Canal, will take advantage of the situation. Already the Panama Republic intends to benefit from our investments in the Canal by creating a free city bordering on the Canal Zone. We should not stop short with the completion of the Canal, but continue the great enterprise to a more notable, as well as profitable, conclusion, by extending our commerce and trade, not only with South America, but with the entire world. I sincerely hope it may never be necessary to use the big Canal to pass our navy quickly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and *vice versa* in times of war. But if the necessity arises, without question we will find it "mighty handy."

The Panama Canal is the greatest industrial undertaking ever attempted and successfully carried to completion by any nation of the world, and we should all feel proud of our country, and that we are citizens of the United States of North America.

OUR DEPENDENCIES

CUBA

Area, 44,164 square miles, about the size of the State of Pennsylvania—Population, 1913, 2,382,990; of this number 671,477 are blacks—Chief resources, tobacco, sugar, coffee, cacao, tropical fruits, asphalt, copper, iron, timber, cattle vegetables—Total imports, 1913, \$118,037,000, exports \$146,676,000, imports from the United States, \$70,581,154, exports to the United States, \$126,088,173—Miles of railway, about 2,075; miles of telegraph line, 5,065—Total debt, 1914, \$67,620,000—Rural Guards, 5,298 men, regular army, 11,105—Navy, 2 cruisers, 13 revenue cutters and steam launches—Capital, Havana, population, 324,146—President, General Mario G Menocal

CHAPTER L.

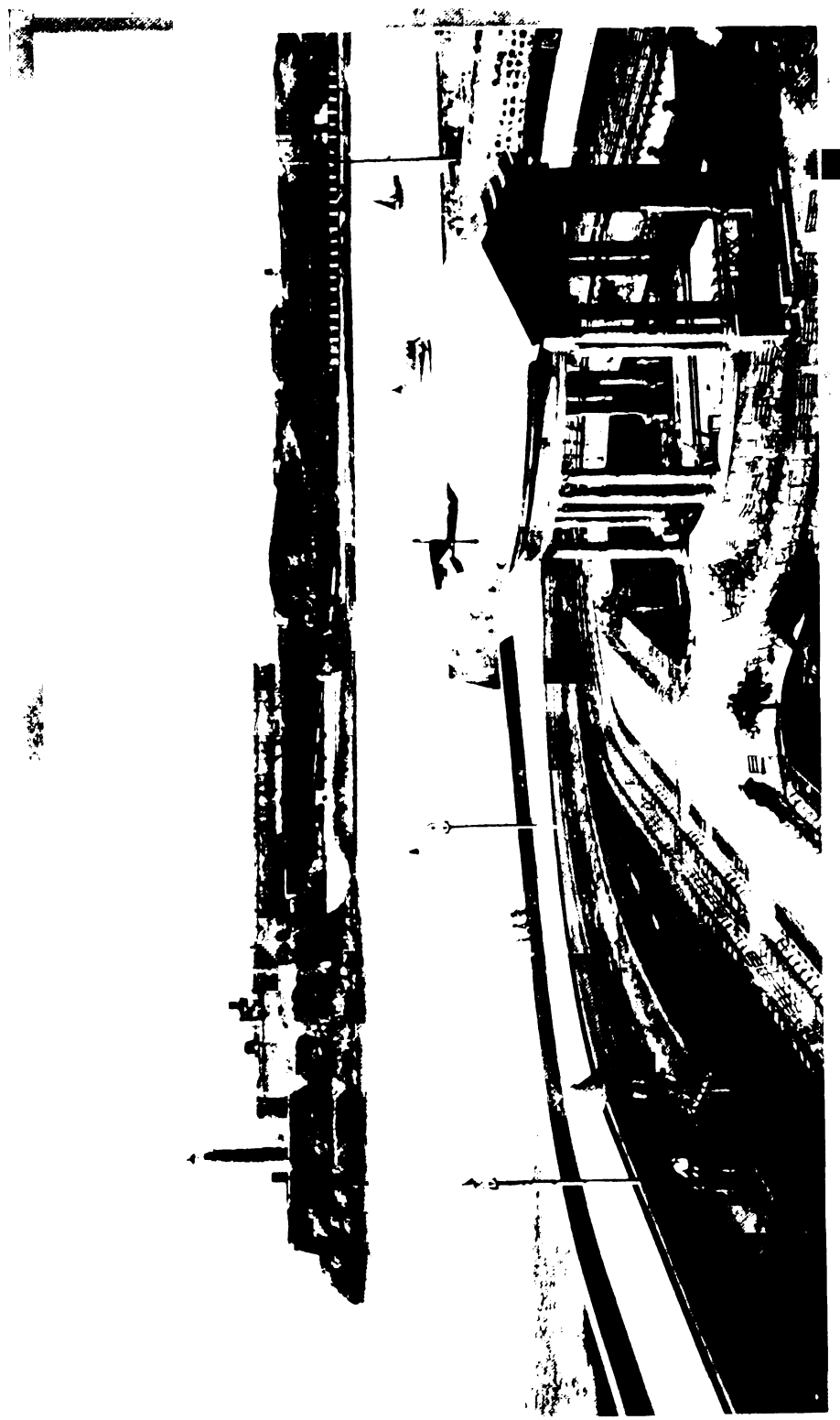
HAVANA AND CIGARS.

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning. A great red sun in a bank of fog marked the entrance to Havana harbor. Morro's light flashed over the waters.

"Great Scott, but this city's changed!" sighed the loquacious New York tobacco buyer, as he leaned over the rail. "Why, when I first sailed past Cabañas' guns, twenty years ago, this place was as Spanish as a castanet. Look at the Malecón tonight—you'll think you're in Atlantic City!"

That first day I did not think Cuba's famed capital especially attractive. I thought the harbor small, the town flat, the streets clean, but not picturesque.

It is when night falls that the city charms. Now she is vivacious, sparkling. Rich and poor, young and old come into the parks to play. Dark-eyed beauties throng the boulevards. Music and laughter and the clink of glasses sound far into the



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA, AS SEEN FROM CENTRAL PARK.

night. Like a lily of the tropics, La Habana blooms under the stars.

Next morning Monch, the tobacco buyer, offered to serve as guide. He hailed one of the coaches which swarmed about us and just then a courteous policeman handed him a card bearing the number of the coach and the telephone number of the chief of police—a municipal precaution against cab driver extortion.

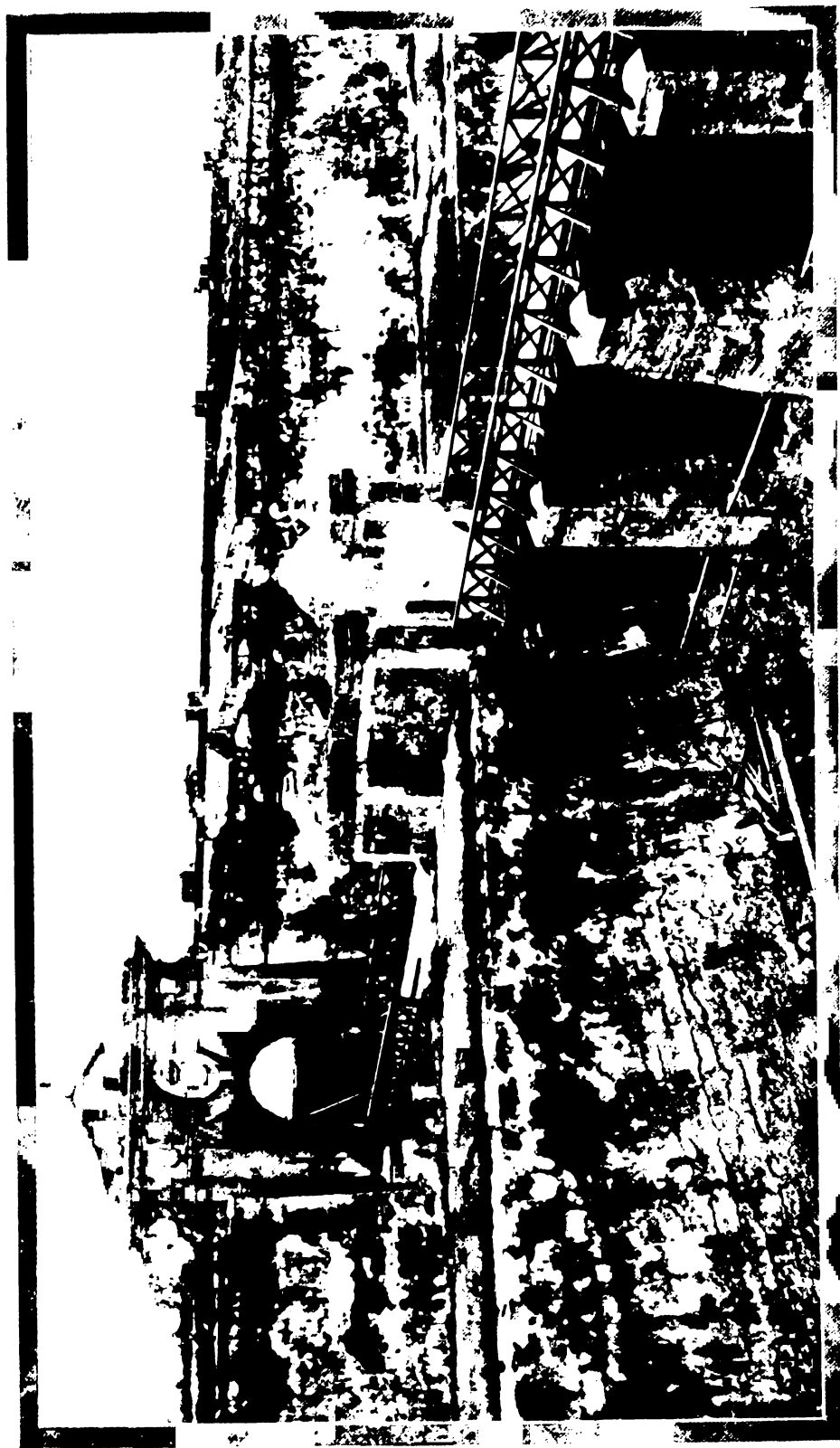
"There's certain things here you'll have to see," said Monch, "before we go down to the real show in Vuelta Abajo—the place which put Havana on the map. Suppose you may as well check off the old castles first." So we drove to La Fuerza. I quote my guide.

"Hernando de Soto built this old fort way back in the sixteenth century. When he went West to discover the Mississippi, he left his bride, Lady Isabel, behind. They say she hung over that rail for four years waiting his return. And he in a watery grave!"

We crossed the bay to Morro Castle, which stands on guard where the harbor gate meets the sea.



SOLDIERS MARCHING INTO OLD HAVANA FORTRESS, LA FUERZA,
BUILT IN 1538.



THE ENTRANCE TO CABANAS FORTRESS, HAVANA.

Again the guide. "Here, one hundred and fifty years ago, Velasco, the Brave, refused to surrender to the British and died a hero. Spain said that a ship in her navy should always bear his name. Dewey, you know, sank a gallant *Velasco* off Manila."

We went on to Cabañas which stretches the entire length of the hill opposite Havana.

"See the bullet marks up there on the wall? They call that 'the dead line.' It's where the Cubans were lined up and shot by the Spaniards."

When Morro Castle was completed, three hundred years ago, Spain's King, so the story goes, stood on top of his castle in Madrid and was looking westward with his long-distance field glass. A bishop approached and asked the King what he was trying to see.

The King replied, "We are dedicating Morro Castle, Havana."



CATHEDRAL AT HAVANA, IN WHICH THE BONES OF COLUMBUS REPOSED UNTIL TAKEN TO SPAIN AT CLOSE OF SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

"But, oh, King," the bishop remarked, "Havana is three thousand miles away! You can't see so far!"

"Well," said the King, "I ought to be able to see Morro Castle, anyhow, for it cost sixty million dollars!"

I had had about enough of forts and suggested churches.

"There are not any very interesting ones," said the man who knew the town. "There's the cathedral. You can look at a niche in the wall where the bones of Christopher Columbus used to rest. At least the Cubans say they were his bones. Down in Santo Domingo they say they were his son's. Anyway, they are not there any longer—were carried off to Spain when we took Cuba."

We drove through Central Park, the pulsing heart of Havana, with its statue of José Martí, the Liberator, along the magnificent Prado with its double drive flanked by attractive homes, down Obispo and up O'Reilly, narrow canvas-covered lanes, the main business thoroughfares. Here the shops are a woman's paradise—Spanish laces, French embroideries, Mexi-



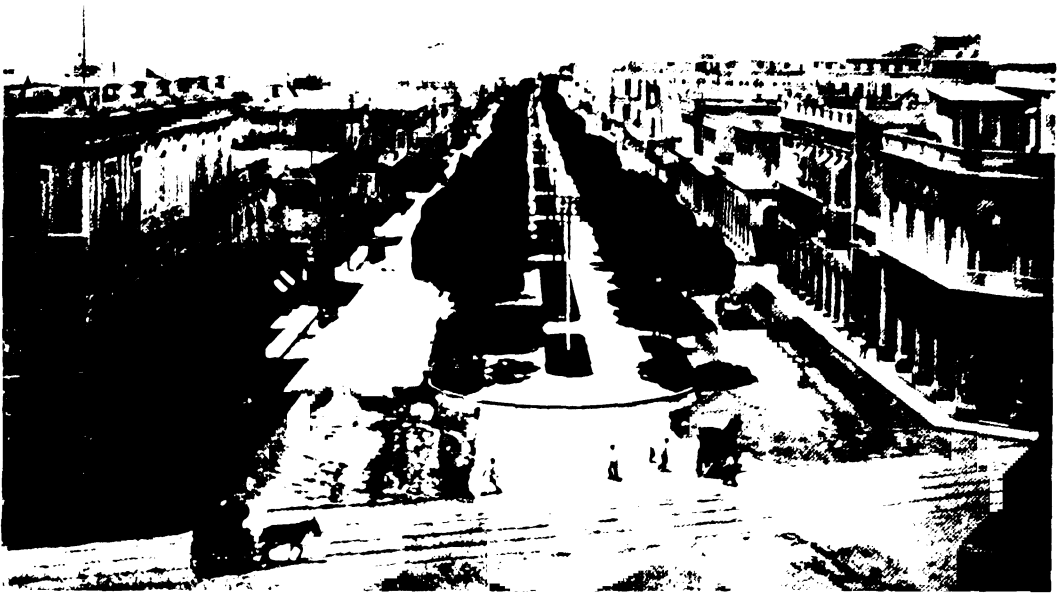
ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE, HAVANA, A CHAPEL MARKING THE SITE OF THE FIRST MASS CELEBRATED IN HAVANA.

can drawn-work; Italian corals, Irish linen—a cosmopolitan exhibit, provincially displayed.

I was surprised to find so many pure-blooded Spaniards among the merchants. They also do most of the banking, although there are some Canadian and American banks. One of the time-honored customs of the Spanish merchant is to eat his meals in his store. If you pass along the street at breakfast time, eleven o'clock, and look into the shops, you will see business suspended, the table spread in the middle of the room and proprietor and clerks sitting down to their meal in the midst of their goods. They are good business men, and in commerce lies Spain's reconquest of Cuba.



STATUE OF JOSE MARTI, THE LIBERATOR, HAVANA.



LOOKING DOWN THE PRADO, HAVANA.

It is safer to drive than to walk through the narrow streets in the old part of the town. There are five thousand victorias in the city, besides automobiles, taxicabs and the native *guaguas* (omnibuses) and with electric cars scraping the curbs, the pedestrian has to be careful.

And here arises the delicate question of the "right of way." There is no rule of keeping to the right, as in the United States. When two Cuban women meet, color of skin and glory of raiment determine the inner path—the one next the wall, where rain from the eaves doesn't splash. At the turn of a corner, I saw a very fat woman in pink standing midway of the walk, glaring at an equally fat woman in blue. Number Two won—her hair was straighter. Of course the ladies of the upper class drive. Cuba has long been noted for the beauty of her women. They are seen at their best on the fashionable promenade, the Malecón, in the winter season, when the capital is crowded with American tourists.

The rich tourist pays more for a steak at the Miramar than he does for the same cut at the best hotel in New York. But he gets a fine climate and fine touring roads for his money. If he is a sport he can attend the cock fight, play poker and even take a chance at faro and roulette—on the sly. Havana is almost the size of Washington, with 325,000 inhabitants, and one-third of them are negroes, exactly the same proportion as in our capital. The color line is not drawn so narrowly as in the United States, and many who are "slightly tinted" are passed for white.

Although two years ago we read of a negro uprising in Cuba, we little understand the serious proportions it assumed. At many places American marines were landed, but the Government was unable to cope with the situation. The outbreak was the manifestation of the negroes for a national political party. Even Havana had its perilous hours. The negro population is so commingled with the whites that one did not know whether to trust his own servant. The hot-headed whites announced that on a certain Saturday afternoon and Sunday no negro should cross Central Park, in the heart of the city. Fortunately it rained as it had seldom rained before, and this was all that saved Havana from a disgraceful race riot.

In June, 1914, the negroes in Oriente Province formed a political party, calling themselves *Amigos del Pueblo* (Friends of the People). The principal movers behind the organization are Lacoste and Surin, two of the Lieutenants under Generals Estenoz and Yvonet, leaders



A CUBAN NEGRESS.

of the race uprising two years ago. The Generals were killed, but the lives of the Lieutenants were spared.

The object of this negro party is to compel the whites to hand over more of the political offices of the country and the members even acknowledge such "high-minded motives" in their literature. They say that they did most of the fighting during the revolution and are entitled to a large per cent of the offices.

The Cubans have forgiven Spain for shooting their patriots, but they can never forgive the United States for abolishing the bull fight, cock fight and lottery. The two latter "indus-



A BASEBALL TEAM, HAVANA.

tries" were resumed when the Cuban flag broke to the breeze, but they were too afraid of a third intervention to reinstate the bull fight. The high gambling game of *jai-alai*, which formerly operated a percentage concession with the Government, is still under the ban.

This is purely a Spanish game originating in the Basque provinces, but bearing a resemblance to our handball. The professional players came from Spain and it was Cuba's most popular game of chance.

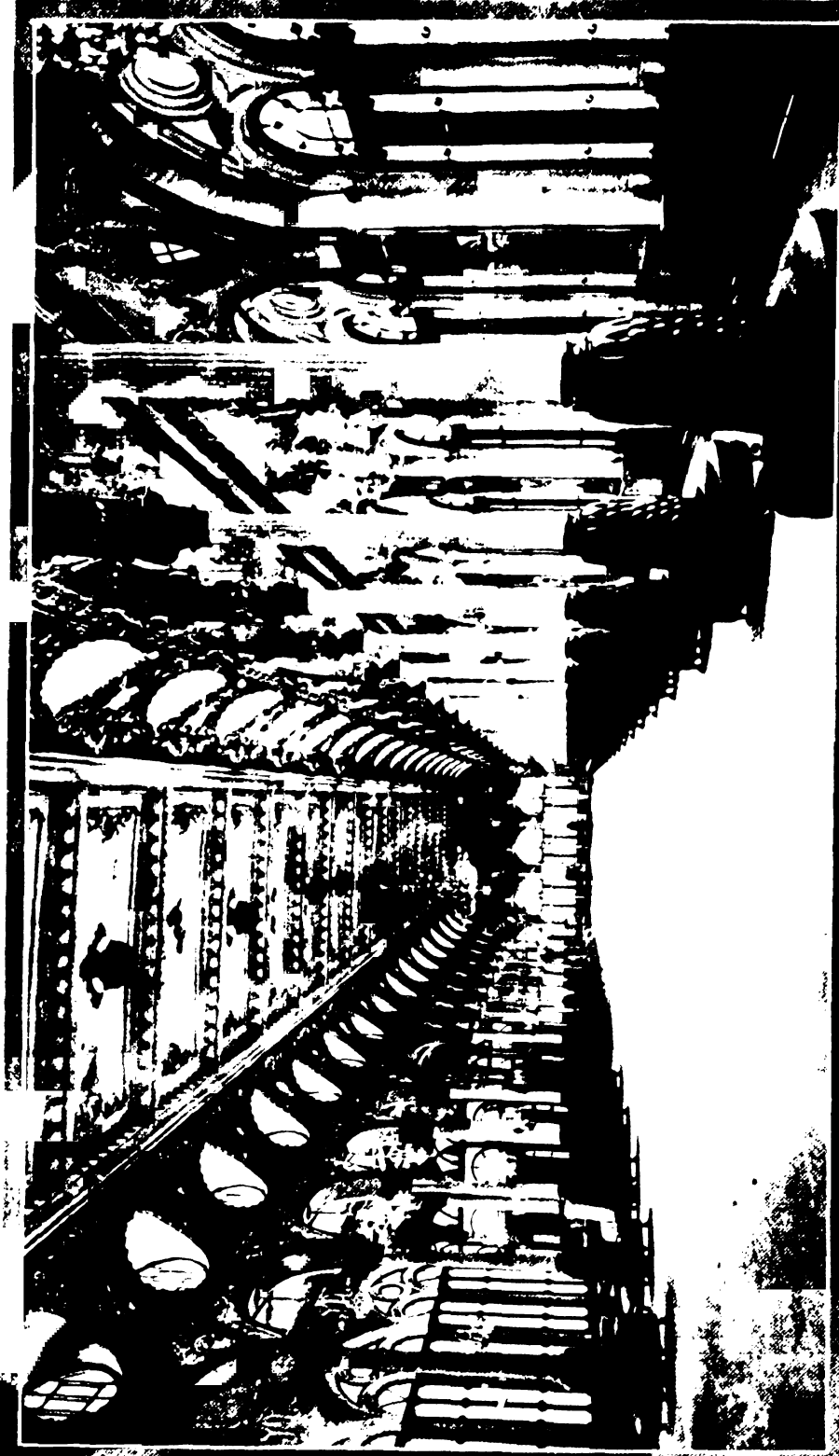
The plan to make Havana the Monte Carlo of America

received a surprising setback when, on December 31, 1912, President Gomez issued an order that the anti-gambling laws should be enforced. There was consternation in the great "Winter Playground," and in the way of gambling it has not been so lively since, which, however much certain Cubans may grumble, is not a misfortune.

There is one Northerner who never sees Cuba—Jack Frost—but by way of Palm Beach and the "ocean-going ferries" from Key West comes the American millionaire, bringing along his touring car, which is wisely admitted free of duty. The Cubans receive him kindly and proceed to absorb his loose change. He is dubbed locally, *Pato de Florida* (Florida duck), and being naturally a "good spender" has earned the honor of



SCENE IN THE PLAZA, HAVANA.



BALLROOM OF CLERKS' CLUB, HAVANA.

a poem in a Havana English paper—the first stanza running

Oh, the Florida Duck is a festive bird,
The famous goose of whom ye've heard,
That laid gold eggs, was a piker jay
Compared to the subject of this here lay

The Country Club of Havana, having completed an eighteen-hole golf course, is naturally very popular with the "ducks."

Probably the most interesting feature of Havana is its clubs. They are the largest social organizations in the world. The Asturian and the Clerks' Club have each over 30,000 names on their rolls and the Gallego follows with 24,000. Including the membership in the many smaller clubs, it is estimated that fully one-third of the population are within these organizations. As two-thirds of the people must be women and children, it is



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT THE PALACE, HAVANA.

apparent that almost every man in Havana is a "clubman." Then, too, the most beautiful building in the capital today is the Clerks' Club. It occupies a whole square and cost \$1,000,000. Its magnificent ballroom holds 3,000 couples at carnival time, its dining-room has 200 tables, and its billiard-room is the largest on earth. This club is unique, for while the dues are but \$1 50 a month, each member has the privilege of the gymnasium, baths and instruction classes, the right to send his children to the club's kindergarten, private, grammar and high schools, and his wife to the department for expert instruction in sewing, cooking and domestic science. The club has its own surgeons, oculists and dentists, its own tubercular hospital and a private sanatorium for the insane. All this is covered by the \$1 50 a month! I believe they have to pay for the gold used by the dentist and the glasses prescribed by the oculist. Cubans have learned much from the Americans, but this coöperative club work is one of the things Americans might study with profit.

One evening I joined a group of compatriots at a *café*. It was midnight and miles of such places, open to the street and ablaze with light, had begun to fill up. I noticed that half the Cubans who crowded the place were taking either coffee or chocolate; the other half were having their one glass of rum and water, or a bottle of red wine. And that was the end of it. They seemed welcome to sit as long as they pleased over the one glass. No scurrying waiter to insist on another order. Drunkenness is not one of the sins to be charged to the account of the Cuban. The hard drinking is given over to the foreigner. They tell of one American, who, during a birthday celebration, staggered to his feet as a *café* orchestra struck up "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Noticing that the Cubans remained seated, he waved his arms and roared, "Stand up! you blamed Spickadees, an' salute the tune that made yer free!"

However, my American friends were fairly temperate, and as some of them had lived many years in the country, I heard much that was of interest. They agreed that Havana had



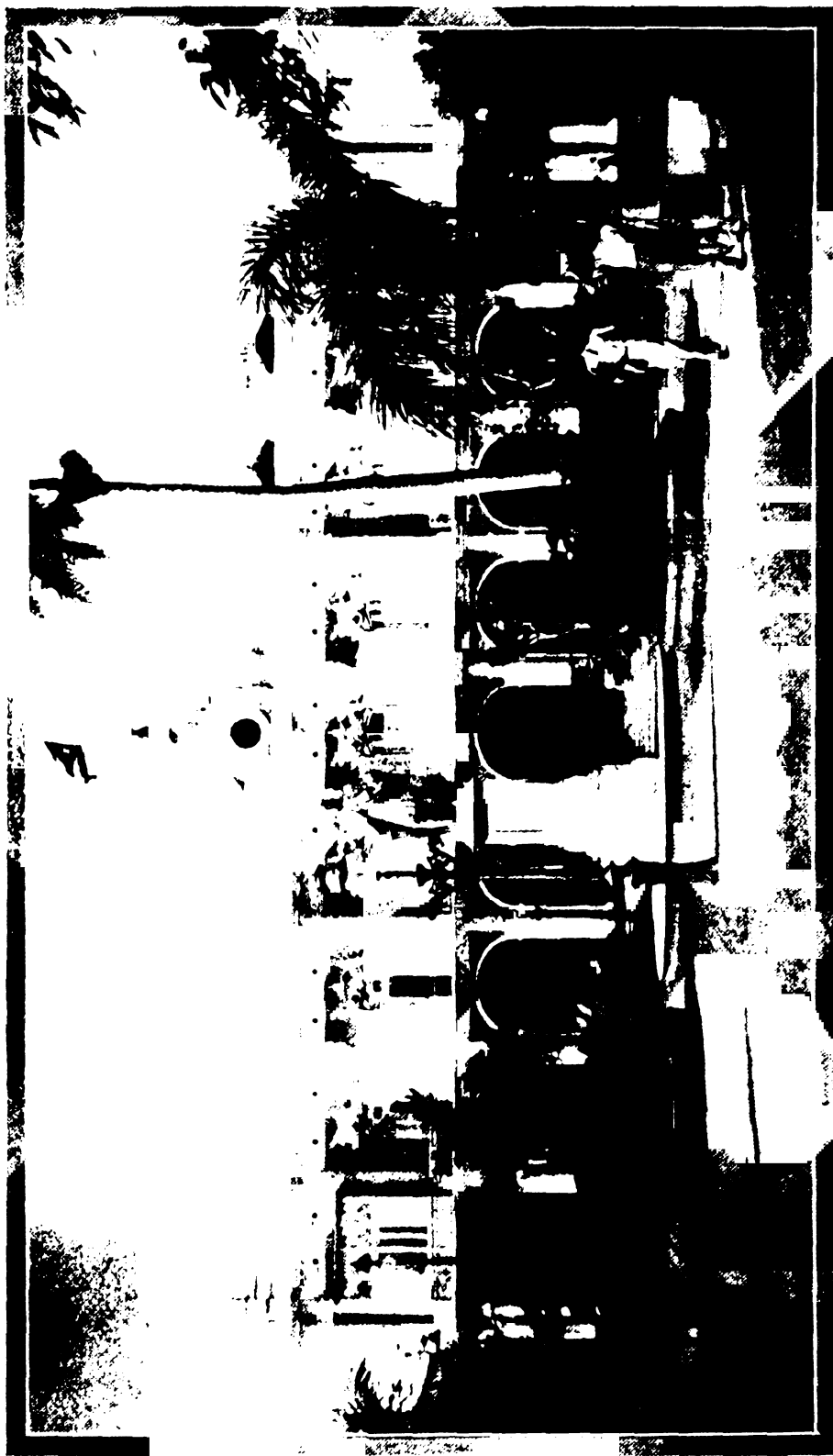
become sufficiently Americanized to be pleasantly hospitable to Americans. This they credited to the "intervention" which had introduced sidewalks, abolished mosquitoes, popularized rubber tires, built electric railways, introduced the sewerage system, and generally made



Havana more beautiful to the eye and nonoffensive to the nose. While still retaining its Spanish character and Cuban peculiarities, the city shows



SOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF HAVANA. TOP, PLAZA HOTEL; LEFT, STOCK EXCHANGE, RIGHT, PRODUCE EXCHANGE; BOTTOM, NEW POSTOFFICE.



VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA.

many effects of the "Northern invasion." The Cuban belles even have given up the use of pulverized egg shells for face powder in favor of talcum. The world progresses even in Cuba, you see.

Cuba's once fever-stricken capital now wins the record for low death rate among the cities of the world. But while they "die low," they certainly "live high." Last year the Government spent \$38,000,000, or \$15 for every man, woman and child under the flag, reckoning on a basis of a population of nearly 2,500,000. Our "billion-dollar Congress" cost us just \$10 per capita, and the reformers cried "Fire!" Another record—Every Cuban pays \$10 annually in customs duties. We pay \$3.50 per capita and propose that it shall be less.

One-third of the Government expenditure last year was charged under the head of administration, for Cuba has a bumper crop of officeholders—professional politicians. Still they are not a contented lot, for their "fly in the ointment" is the knowledge that the "outs" are continually scheming to oust them.

Cuba elected a new President in 1913, and symptoms that an uprising would follow the ballot count soon disap-



DRAWING-ROOM IN THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA.

peared. General Menocal was defeated at the polls in a former attempt to fill the executive chair. He is a wealthy business man, and fits well the specification for "a good manager." He promised Cuba just what Cuba needed. curtailment of lavish expenditure, elimination of graft, reduction of tariff and all to the same end—making living cheaper and better—a wise and equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation. He drew \$50,000 a year for managing the interests of the Sugar Trust in Cuba. The Presidency pays but \$30,000.

The calm following the election astonished the world. "Have the Cubans learned to be good losers?" was generally asked. It seems so. Perhaps the transplanting to Cuba of our baseball game has been a factor in bringing about this happy result. Our national game thrives on Cuban soil. It is played in every hamlet. Cubans take naturally to the sport and have become experts. They have even learned to abuse the umpire. I observed many evidences of progress in Cuba.

As the very name of Cuba's capital means to the world a good cigar, I investigated the industry and found that there



A REVIEW OF TROOPS AT THE PALACE, HAVANA.



GATEWAY TO COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA.



THE "LAUREL DITCH," HAVANA, WHERE CONDEMNED MEN
WERE SHOT.

are five grades of tobacco grown in the country; the strong heavy leaf in the east, growing better in the center of the island and reaching the climax in the famous Vuelta Abajo section in the extreme west.

I motored out to the west from Havana and found the roads as good as the climate—"Meester Magoon's roads" they are called by the Cubans. While all tobacco grown to the west of Havana is exported as Vuelta Abajo, the real "Vuelta" comes from a very small section in the heart of Pinar del Rio. This is one of the three most valuable tracts of land on the face of the globe. The other two places are that portion of the Rhine Valley where a special wine-making grape is grown, and the Kimberley diamond district. What is the magic of this priceless tobacco ground? To the eye, absolutely nothing—dusty red loam on rather thin rocky hillsides. The ground is



THE MANNER IN WHICH TOBACCO IS GROWN UNDER CHEESE-CLOTH IN CUBA.

fertilized with hay and the plants protected from the sun by cheesecloth. Still, neither science nor experience can tell just what makes Vuelta Abajo tobacco the acme of luxury

Anyway, if there is one thing the western Cuban does know, it is how to grow tobacco. With some of them, even the field hands, tobacco culture has been the business of the families for generations. These men insist that the plants must be



EDUCATION AND ENTERTAINMENT A READER AT WORK IN A TOBACCO FACTORY, HAVANA.

watered by hand and with no vessel but an oil can. This may be the great secret. After the leaves are gathered they are hung up to dry until the color changes from green to chestnut. Then follows the sweating and fermenting processes. When finally cured, the leaves are baled and sent to the factories. The majority of these large establishments are located in Havana. They are enormous structures divided into roomy halls. In these halls the *cigareros* sit back to back on long rows of double benches, the regulations not permitting them to face.

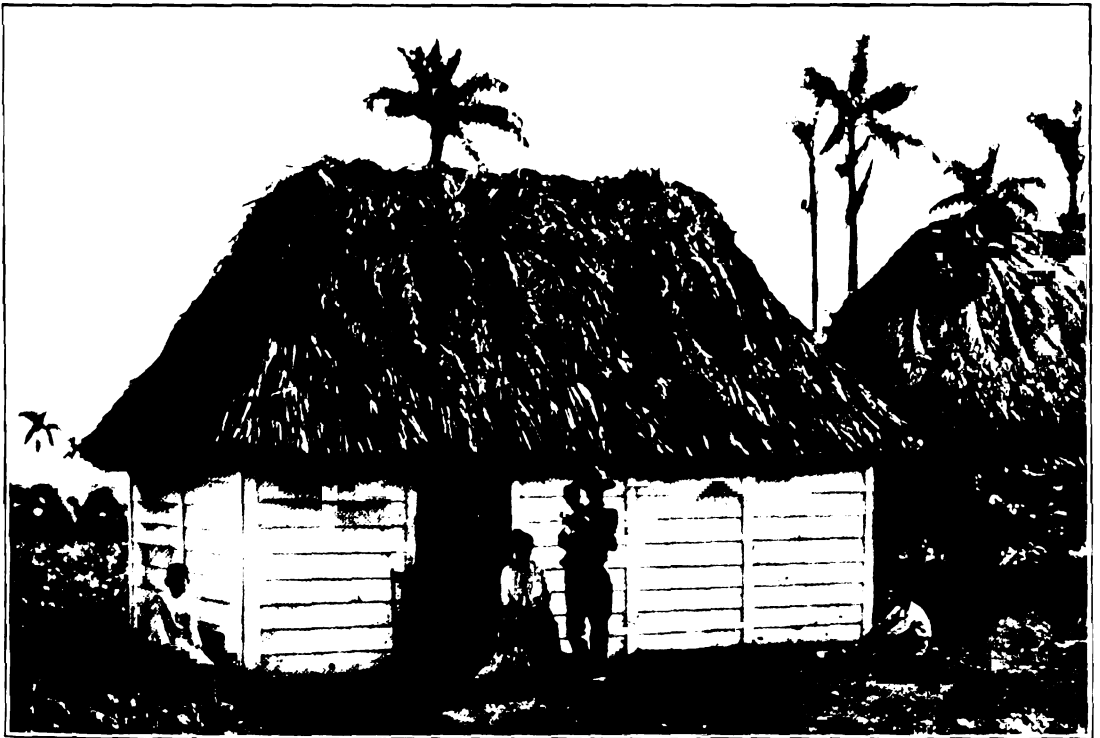


TRANSPORTING TOBACCO TO A CURING BARN ON A CUBAN PLANTATION.

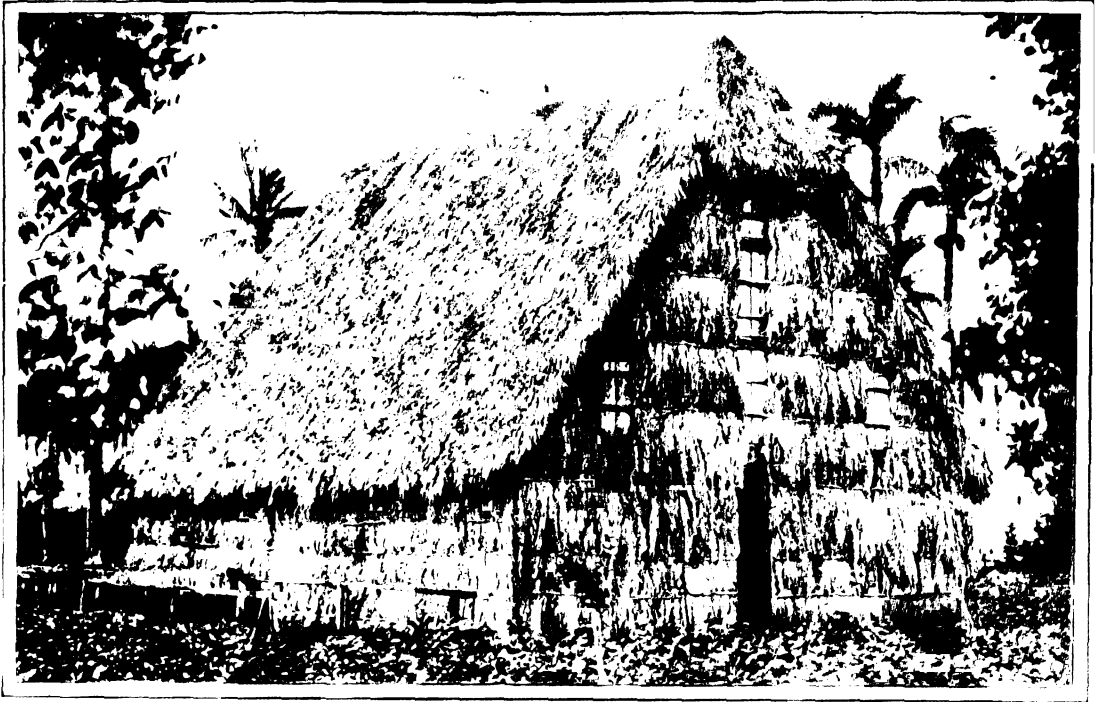
Machinery of any description is spurned, and they rely solely on the deftness of their fingers. The best cigars go to the Czar of Russia, and sell for \$7 50 each—ten cents a puff

A unique feature of the factories is the presence of a "reader" mounted on a high platform, who solaces weary hours by reading aloud from a collection of daily papers and magazines, selected by a committee.

I learned that Cuba exported over \$45,000,000 worth of cigars and tobacco last year, placing this industry second only to the sugar. While he exported 180,000,000 cigars, the Cuban smoked exactly the same number. With true Latin politeness, before lighting his own cigar he gave one to the "stranger without." Over \$17,000,000 in leaf tobacco was exported, certainly enough to flavor a few billion more "smokes." But when it comes to cigarettes, Cuba's home consumption just shifts the decimal point over so far that it really



A TOBACCO FARMER'S HOME, WESTERN CUBA.



A TOBACCO-CURING BARN, CUBA.

becomes nervous. According to official figures, every man, woman and child in Cuba smokes nine boxes of cigarettes each month and consumes three boxes of matches in lighting them. Now who can deny that the production of smoke is Cuba's chief industry?

CHAPTER LI.

SPONGES AND THE ISLE OF PINES.

“**W**HAT are you going to do for the next few days?” asked a companionable American whom I met in Havana. “Come along with me over to the Isle of Pines and I’ll show you a real Treasure Island—an old pirate stronghold.”

This caught my fancy. “Pirates” and “Treasure” are magic words to the average American. When my friend offered a glimpse of the sponge industry as an added attraction, I asked how soon we could start.

We could go by rail next day, he said, thirty miles to Batabanó on the south coast, but the train “made” all the watering tanks. Recalling the splendid roads in Pinar del Rio, I suggested that we motor down, and to this he agreed.

The chauffeur with the forty-horsepower French car asked \$15 for the journey, throwing in by way of a bait “There’s no speed limit, you know, on the country roads.” As he paid forty-five cents a gallon for gasoline, we considered the fee reasonable.

Out the wide Malecón we whirled, at considerably over the twelve-mile-an-hour city limit, receiving nothing more than a salute from the cycle policeman. On through Vedado, Havana’s aristocratic suburb, with its long avenue of attractive homes set in luxurious gardens. Here the majority of the American colony reside. A fine road runs all the way to the south shore, now level, now broken by hills, but seldom ascending a grade heavier than five per cent. It passes between thick clusters of Royal palms, those “feather dusters of the gods,” native to Cuba. It was a Cuban palm, transplanted to Brazil in 1812, which became the mother of those wonderful

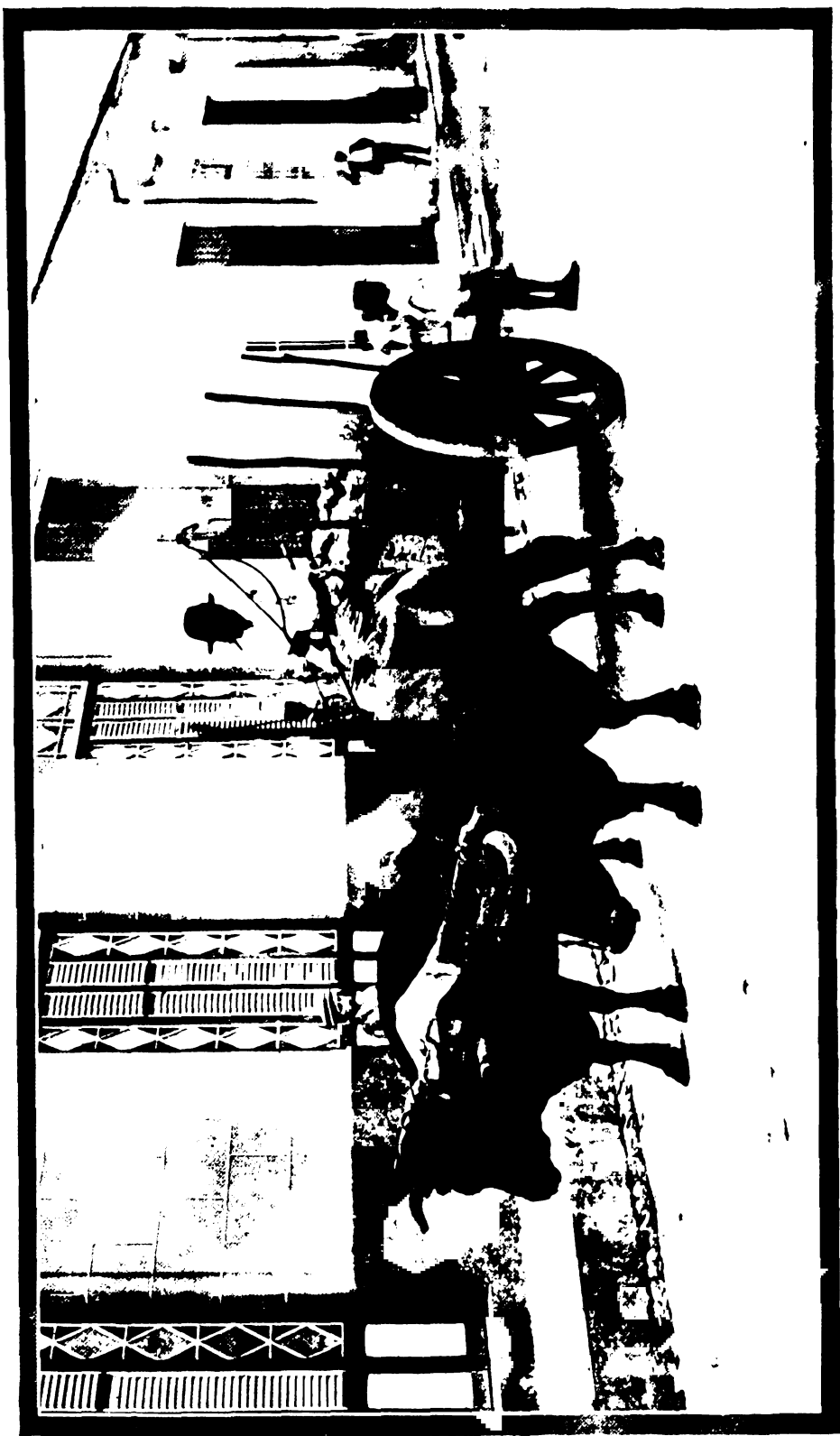
specimens that have made the Botanical Gardens of Rio de Janeiro famous. As I looked at them in Cuba they brought back memories of some of my most pleasant days in Brazil.

The Cuban Government roads are nothing less than magnificent boulevards, wide, well crowned, without sharp curves, finished with macadam. We built many of them during the intervention and now the Cubans are keeping up the good work. We have built good roads *first* in our colonies and dependencies. We should get busy at home.

A pinkish-reddish coloring is distinctive of western Cuba. The earth, the great carts drawn by oxen, the canvas covering



ONE OF MANY PALM-LINED COUNTRY ROADS IN CUBA.



OXEN YOKED BY THE HORNS IN SPANISH FASHION

the carts, the oxen themselves, the garments of the people at work in the tobacco and pineapple fields—all blend into this terra-cotta tone. And in sharp contrast—waving green palms; the Royal poinciana in flaring bloom, rainbow-tinted houses, gayly caparisoned mules, song birds of gaudy plumage—a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

We skirted great sugar plantations, then little patches of garden truck, carefully tended for the Havana market. I never realized before how much the Cuban depends on the outside world for foodstuffs. He bends every effort to raise record crops of sugar and tobacco and allows us to sell him shiploads of eggs and even canned vegetables.

At one village, we stopped to look up “the store,” as I had lost my cap in our mad flight. The clerk offered me his latest importation from the U. S. A.—a black woolen cap, lined with flannel and equipped with ear muffs, just the thing for the tropics! Who says we Yankees are not out for the Latin-American trade!

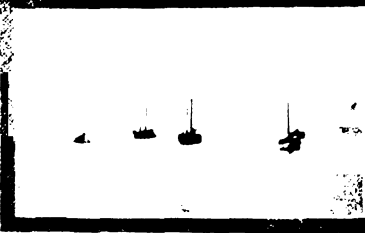
I paid for my new headgear in Spanish silver, the only money accepted in the rural districts, although my American coin had been taken “without reluctance” in the capital. My traveling companion told me that during years spent in Cuba he had often carried five purses in his pocket at one time—one dedicated to American silver, a second to American gold and paper, a third to Spanish coin, a fourth to Spanish silver, a fifth to French gold. Here is a chance for an American manufacturer to send out a portable, cosmopolitan cash register.

Batabanó, a sleepy, canal-fretted town inhabited by sponge fishermen, is near the site of the first settlement of Havana in 1515, but the city was soon afterward moved across the island to its more favorable and healthful location. We kept on to the port of Surgidero, three miles distant, to learn all we could about “sponging.” I had heard that the water off shore at this point is milk-white and that Columbus, putting in to cork a boat or kidnap an Indian, considered it such a curiosity that he filled a bottle, as part of his exhibit for King Ferdinand.

That opalescent sea has changed to crystal. Today the waters are noted for their clearness and from among the twilight depths of sunken coral reefs the sponges are taken.

They are gathered in a most primitive fashion. Just "get the hook," two men in a boat, one the sculler, the other the hooker, the latter assigned the work of detecting and catching the sponges. Over the side of the boat he leans, peering into the depths through his water telescope. The "sponge glass" is a bucket with a glass bottom used for dispelling reflection. The glass base is placed below the surface of the water and

the hooker wears a wide-brimmed straw hat which cuts off a large proportion of direct light when his head is thrust into the bucket. Through the glass the bottom can be seen to the depth of fifty feet, and when a sponge is sighted



the operator signals the sculler to maneuver the boat into position, and strikes with his long hooked pole.



SCENES FROM THE SPONGE INDUSTRY AT
BATABANO, CUBA.

When brought to the surface, the sponge is black and slimy. The laden boat is taken to a water pen—shallow water bordered by stakes—and the flowing tide gives the sponges a thorough washing. This requires about a week, when they are taken out, well squeezed and the living matter beaten out with sticks. The sponge of commerce is merely a skeleton, the supporting framework which once gave strength and form to the gelatinous tissues of the living creature.

After drying, the sponges are again washed and sorted according to variety. And now comes the most interesting performance. The various buyers gather to inspect the exhibit, writing a separate bid for each pile. An official, appointed by the spongers, collects the bids and reads them off, awarding the lot to the highest bidder. The purchasers now forward their goods to packing warehouses where they are again cleaned and clipped into salable shape. The trimmed sponges are sorted for size and quality, pressed into bales, covered with burlap, and sent on their way to the near and far places of the earth.

The American sponge fisheries are confined to the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and contribute more than two-thirds of the world's supply by weight, although the Mediterranean product leads in value, because of quality.

An intelligent Cuban buyer in Batabanó told me that 1,500 men in the town are engaged in sponge fishing and 500 more in trimming and marketing. He said that some of the fishermen dive for sponges, but that the sharks make this method dangerous. Over in Florida they wear a regular diving suit, but the "Spongers' Union" of Batabanó will not permit its use as it tends to exterminate the sponge. The man was something of a mathematician, and had figured out that Batabanó's annual output, worth half a million dollars gold, could absorb over two million gallons of water.

I boarded the little steamer *Cristobal Colon* on one of her tri-weekly trips to the Isle of Pines, sixty miles due south—a ferry-like voyage over a shallow sea. I made the acquaintance of a much-traveled Cuban who had lived in the United

States and spoke English fluently. He referred with great pride to the fact that his countrymen had just raised a fund to buy a home for Capablanca, the famous Cuban chess champion, and seemed disappointed that I had not heard much of the gentleman; or of Cuba's great long distance runner—I think the name is Carvajal—who ran “second to Dorando at Rome”—or of Ramon Fonts, whom he termed “the world's amateur champion fencer.” However, I rose in his estimation when I mentioned having once seen the great Cuban, Alfredo de Oro, who for years has been the world's pool champion.

We sailed at seven in the evening, scheduled to reach the Isle of Pines early next day. It was a perfect night. The constellations glistened like diamonds in the clear tropic sky and a cool breeze fanned us as we glided over a calm, moonlit sea. I turned in reluctantly to find a comfortable cabin, even equipped with running water.

Nueva Gerona, our morning port, still retains its Spanish aspect. There is no sign from the sea of the hustling American invasion. So this was Treasure Island—the very isle from which the most ferocious of that pack of sea wolves of the seventeenth century sallied forth to attack the lumbering Spanish galleons laden with Incan gold, the loot of Peru! They left a heritage of buried treasure tales, but there is no authoritative report of unearthed riches. Not the buried wealth of pirates, but sturdy American enterprise is making a paradise of this little isle today, proving that the real treasure lies in the fertility of the soil.

How came our fellow countrymen here? “Once upon a time,” about twelve years ago, a timber hunter was attracted over from Cuba by rumors of vast mahogany and cedar forests. In crossing the island he sensed the possibilities of its broad valleys and bought 17,500 acres for \$200, then associated other Americans with him and turned the island into a modern real-estate scheme.

After the Spanish-American War, President McKinley and Secretary Hay believed the island to be American territory, and so did the settlers who flocked in. Then came the opinion



H. A. CHRISTY'S ESTATE, ISLE OF PINES.

of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root that the lesser island belonged to Cuba. The Platt amendment declared the question of title open for adjustment and the matter was later arranged by treaty, giving Cuba title to the island in exchange for Cuban sites for United States naval stations. But this has not yet been affirmed by the United States Senate. And so, while the flag of Cuba flies over the public buildings, the Stars and Stripes decorate the roof-tree of ninety-five per cent of all the property holders who have converted wide grazing lands into rich citrus orchards, after years of patience and toil.

The 3,000 Americans on the island come from all parts of the States—many of them are from western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. As in other pioneer colonies, they have brought along the church, school and printing press. During the intervention, \$150,000 was spent in building one hundred miles of highway, and today there are over one hundred automobiles in commission.

There are 6,000 acres of citrus fruit under cultivation. I have never tasted more delicious oranges, and the grapefruit

is in a class by itself. It is the market price of grapefruit which determines the real prosperity of the settlement. Here there are half a million pineapple plants, the pineapple, by the way, being indigenous to the Americas. A pineapple weighing fifteen pounds is not a curiosity in this region, and none is shipped weighing less than seven pounds, bringing \$1 and \$1.50 each in our market. The Piñeros ship all they can and "what they can't they can," at least they plan to erect a cannery very soon.

The name "Isle of Pines" was not derived from the pineapple, however. It is the "Isle of Pine Tree," for here the stately pine grows side by side with the coquettish palm. The brand new hotel in Nueva Gerona was filled with visitors from the States. In the shops we saw evidence of Yankee occupation—there was everything from spades to ice-cream soda, cured hams to chewing gum. We motored over to Santa Fé, a favorite health resort for wealthy Havanese for nearly a century. The two mineral springs, magnesia and iron, were



A FIELD OF PINEAPPLES, ISLE OF PINES.

even known to the Indians. The bottled water is sold all over Cuba.

In Santa Fé we found the people greatly excited over the news that the secretary of public instruction in Havana had issued an order limiting the teaching of English in public schools to the large cities. A scarcity of teachers was given as the reason. As the most of the school children in the Isle of Pines are "out and out Americans," they naturally prefer saying "six times six" in English. I heard an original discourse on the language question from an American who had lived ten years in Havana before becoming a Piñero.

"Do you know, I like these people," he said. "The trouble with most Americans is that they don't understand the Cubans, can't speak their language. When I first came down I could only speak a little and some of the *gringos* used to josh me about having learned my Spanish on a phonograph with the wax records too close to the fire. But that didn't worry me, and I just kept plugging away until I could *ablar* with the best of them. Now I get their viewpoint. They resent our insisting on their learning our difficult, harsh language. I recall a night some years ago when I was dining with Cubans and a discussion arose regarding the comparative beauty of English and Spanish—Shakespeare *versus* Cervantes. I had just put up quite a plea for my own tongue when a man across the table asked the English name of the dish before him, and I knew the jig was up. He was eating *camarones*, as smooth and liquid a lot of vowels as you can find. When I came out with 'shrimps,' they all were convulsed with laughter and nearly broke their jaws trying to pronounce the word. I was out in the first round!"

I learned that the Isle of Pines is in two sections divided by a swamp—two-thirds a rolling country; the remaining 300,000 acres to the south, a jungle enveloping a wealth of hardwood. The men engaged in felling the trees and marketing the logs are mostly "Caimaneros," West Indian English of various shades from the Cayman Islands, 150 miles away. These men take a turn at hunting the tortoise, valuable for its shell, and

also add to their incomes by catching young parrots which swarm the woods in June and July

The magnet which has attracted the Anglo-Saxon to this tropical pine-land is the equable climate. The winters are delightful and even the summer "has references." Fresh trade-winds blow off the Caribbean.

I enjoyed my visit to these transplanted compatriots of ours. They went there with hearts full of hope and worked out their own salvation, transforming a Spanish penal colony into a prosperous American community. Whether it be the Cuban flag or the Stars and Stripes which eventually floats over pine and palm, the Yankee has here proved to the world that he is a first-class colonist.

CHAPTER LII.

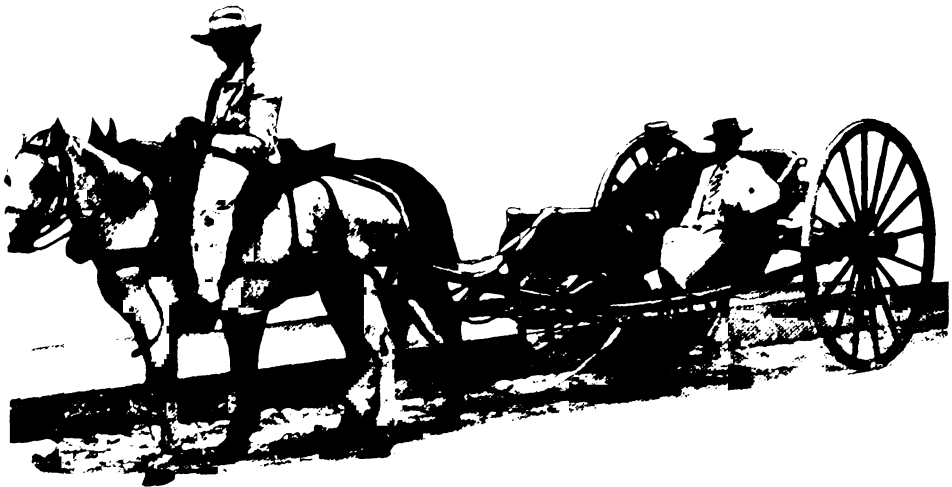
ACROSS CUBA.

THE tobacco buyer and the man from Kentucky saw me off at the Central Station when I left Havana to cross Cuba.

"Don't miss the caves of Matanzas!" "Be sure to ride in a *volanta*!" "Remember me to San Juan Hill!" These and many other parting admonitions they laughingly gave me.

The express leaves the capital daily for Santiago de Cuba, 540 miles away, twenty-four hours in a Pullman. I broke the journey at a number of places, my first stop being Matanzas, two and a half hours from Havana. Here there are two noted excursions for the traveler, one to the summit of a nearby hill for a view of the famous Yumuri Valley; the other to the caves of Bellamar

I searched about the town for a *volanta*, the long-shafted, high-wheeled vehicle once typical in Cuba, but now rarely seen even in the country. At last I found a somewhat dilapidated



THE VOLANTA, A CUBAN CARRIAGE, ONCE MUCH USED
ON THE ISLAND.

sample. One horse is in the shafts and the driver rides on a second attached by traces. The cart is adapted for rough cross-country riding and was practical in the days of poor roads. The sensation is a bit "weird." My head was below the upper rim of the wheels as we bounced up the Cumbre which is crowned by the old hermitage of Montserrate. Within this quaint structure is a reproduction of the shrine in the monastery of Montserrate, Spain, done in cork. Many handsome and expensive votive offerings have been deposited here and thousands of persons visit the hermitage yearly.

I confess I was disappointed in the much-advertised Yumuri Valley as viewed from this point. The great naturalist and traveler, Humboldt, called it "the most beautiful valley in the world," or something equally extravagant. It is a pretty piece of country, clothed in emerald cane and tasseled with stately palms, but I have seen many finer valleys in tropical America.

The caves of Bellamar resemble others I have visited—the same remarkable stalactite formations. You think you are in



DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES, MATANZAS, CUBA.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

fairyland, or at the New York Hippodrome during the finale; all the bewildering shades are there, minus the fairies.

On the whole, the best thing about Matanzas is the view of the city itself from the heights, its multi-colored houses, roofed with tiles, hill-encircled and river-girded, beside a deep blue sea.

Matanzas, with its 36,000 inhabitants, is a commercial city of much importance. A fort, so obsolete that it was useless at



IN A CANE-FIELD, INTERIOR OF CUBA.

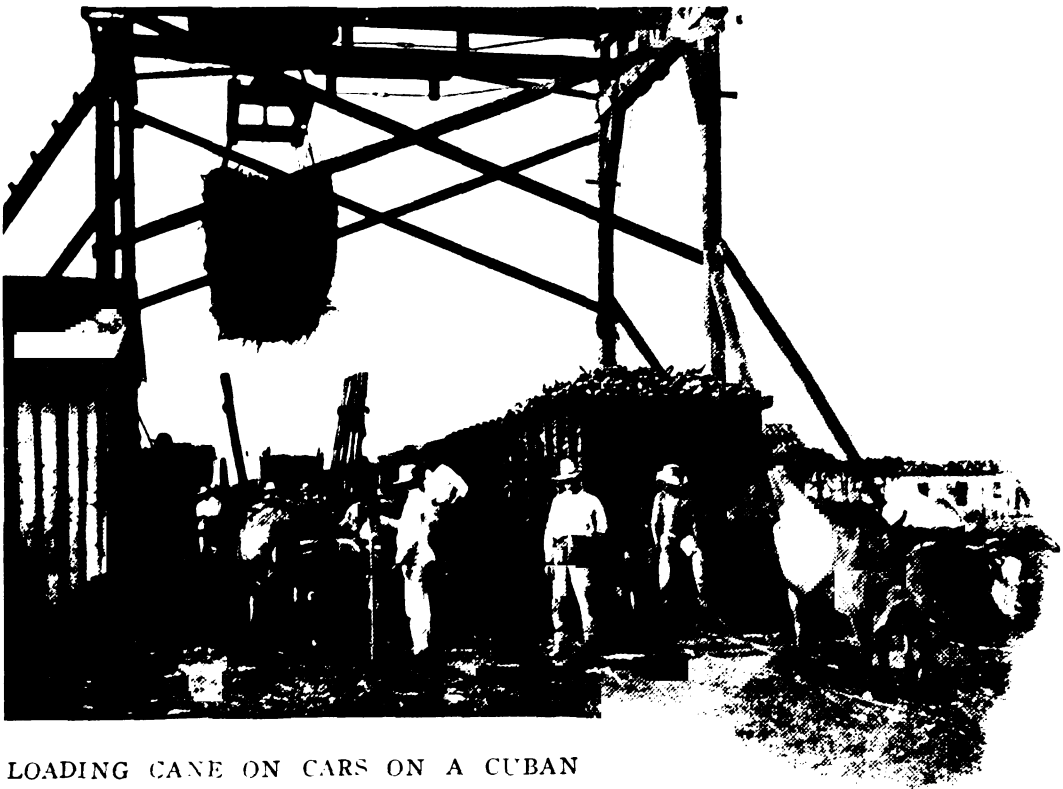
the time of the Spanish-American War, once protected the harbor. United States battleships bombarded Matanzas in April, 1898, but withdrew after killing one mule.

Soon after leaving the city we passed a sisal plantation, fenced in by giant cacti; then field after field of cane. The world has not only to thank Cuba for her gift of rare tobacco, but owes her a vote of thanks for a bountiful sugar crop. Sugar has become a necessity to every civilized human being and its consumption during the past century is a most striking

evidence of a luxury evolving into a real need. In fact, great doctors and scientists assert that the plentiful use of sugar is one of the best preventatives of alcoholic drunkenness, containing, as it does, an unusual amount of natural alcohol which does not intoxicate. Moral, when tempted to take a drink, eat candy instead and escape the evils of whisky

As the civilized world cannot do without sweets, Cuba has a claim on civilization, having sent out 2,250,000 tons of sugar last season. Fully 99 per cent comes to the United States, as we have allowed 20 per cent reduction of duty. The Cubans are more than a bit worried over their status when the "free sugar" date arrives.

If Cuba "cubed" her sugar crop, it would reach billions of cubes, enough to give every inhabitant of our country eight cubes a day. Of course we pay well for it, \$100,000,000 was its value on leaving its native heath, and the decimal point surely stepped to the right before we got our tongs on it. The sugar industry is the biggest thing on the island, amounting to



LOADING CANE ON CARS ON A CUBAN
SUGAR PLANTATION

over two-thirds the total value of exports. Sugar plantations or "centrals" are all over the country, a bit scattered to the west, decidedly bunched in Santa Clara province, the heart of Cuba, and still numerous in the eastern section.

I stopped to visit a sugar estate and was welcomed by the American manager, who told me that fully four-fifths of all the plantations are owned or managed by Americans. He said that our countrymen have about \$200,000,000 invested in Cuba, and nearly \$60,000,000 of it is in sugar. Over one million acres are given over to the production of honey-laden cane, twice the area devoted to the crop when Spain left the island.

In the mills the laborers are Chinese, negroes, Spaniards



TRAIN LOADED WITH SUGAR CANE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CUBA.

and highly paid American chemists and engineers. When the season ends, thousands of Spaniards embark by the shipload for Spain to spend the "dead" season with their families, returning at the commencement of the new crop. One of the largest sugar estates in the world is in Cuba, the "Chaparra," with 150,000 acres under cultivation. Many Cubans "raise cane" on the companies' land, selling the crop by weight to the mill. In 1912 these cane-raisers, *colonos*, had a bit of hard luck, for while the crop was large, the cane was light-weight though rich in sugar, so "heads won"—a prize to the companies.

At Santa Clara I changed cars for Cienfuegos, "City of a Hundred Fires," on the south coast, which ships more sugar than any other port on the island. Cienfuegos Bay is said by naval experts to be one of the finest in the world, capacious, land-locked and tranquil.

Here, as elsewhere on the island, I heard English spoken. Many educated Cubans understand it even if they will not speak it. Times have changed since the day when a hungry American tried to order a beefsteak in a Cienfuegos hotel and couldn't make the waiter understand. At last he took out his notebook and drew a picture of a cow "Si, si, ahora yo entiendo!" cried the waiter, rushing off. A few moments later he returned, proudly bearing a ticket to the bull fight!

In Cienfuegos my room overlooked the next door *patio*. I could not help seeing a bit of middle-class life. The ladies rocked and gossiped all day, but I'll confess they never forsook their needles. A small boy about ten years old was nurse to the baby and seemed also to serve as a sort of a "he-chambermaid." About four in the afternoon the ladies appeared greatly bedecked and moved into the parlor to look out through the barred windows. In the evening there was more *patio* gossip and a very squeaky phonograph, and then the *señorita* favored us with several instrumental selections.

The *señorita* marries the very first chance she has and wins a rocker and a *patio* of her own. Her life lacks the breadth and action of girls of the United States of the same station.

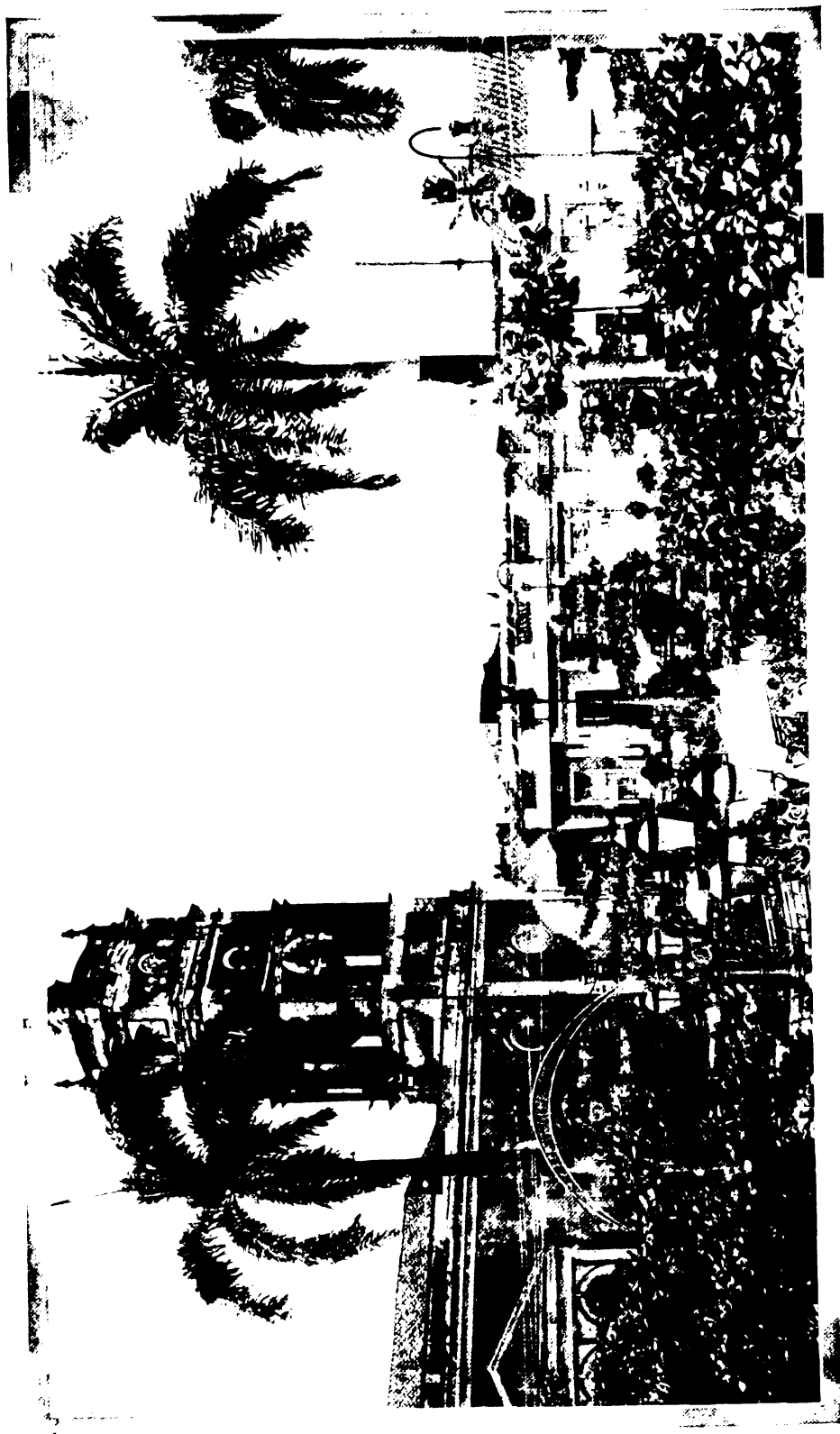
She does not envy the upper-class Cuban women who travel and wear Parisian gowns. No, she only asks for a phonograph and a sewing machine, maybe a trip to Havana. She becomes a devoted, if not a very intelligent, mother. Peace is hers if Pedro then tends shop faithfully and keeps away from revolutionary talk. I don't believe this class of Cuban girls ever heard of a suffragette!

In regard to railroads, Cuba is one of the best served of the American republics, considering the country's size. It also was one of the first to have a railway, being twelve years ahead of its mother, Spain. Of the 2,075 miles of standard track on the island, 1,000 is British owned. American capital built the road from Santa Clara to Santiago, 607 miles, and now is reaching out, building 250 miles of new road across the province of Camaguey from north to south. This action has brought out a protest from the British railway interests who claim that it interferes with existing British concessions. The Cuban Government denies this, and it is up to the British Government to take the next step.

I wrote in a previous chapter of the American fruit growers on the Isle of Pines, but they are here at the Cuban railway stations, too. You can never mistake the man from North Dakota, although raising oranges is a new game to him. Heretofore, Cuba's orange crop has found a local market, but the island fruit is beginning to appear in the United States.

In the full development of her agricultural possibilities lies Cuba's golden future. Efforts on the part of the Government to promote agriculture cannot fail to attract the necessary immigration. There are large tracts which can be cultivated at less expense and with greater profit than in the irrigated sections of the United States. There is also the best sort of opportunity for the small farmer, who can raise potatoes, for instance, as fine as any from Bermuda, while Cuba now buys half a million dollars' worth.

And corn! Why not market it at a big profit? Now it is only raised for fodder. What we call farming in the United States is almost unknown in Cuba. Outside of the big planta-



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA AT CAMAGUEY, CUBA.

tions and the thriving new orchards, the happy-go-lucky countryman raises bananas, sweet potatoes and *yuca*, a little rice, perhaps, and lets it go at that. He ekes out his larder with game. Winter is the Cuban hunting season. Game then is plentiful throughout the island and landowners, with few exceptions, allow sportsmen the freedom of their estates. Some sections abound with deer and there are miniature wild boar, also ducks, doves, quail and pheasants. There are no poisonous snakes and no fierce jaguars. A little tree rat, the



A CORNER OF THE PATIO GARDEN OF A HOUSE IN CAMAGUEY, CUBA.

hutia, has it mostly his own way, unless you count a relic of past ages, the *almiqui*, a sort of shrew now very rare, and found only in Cuba and Haiti.

At Camaguey, one of my Meccas on the island, is Dr Paul Karutz, who recently resigned as industrial agent for the Cuba Railway to take up some special work for the Spanish-American Iron Company at Daiquiri, at whose mines are 10,000 people. He is a distinguished chemist, having been the first to call attention to the fact that powdered limestone or coral, when burned and applied to soil, does wonderful work in making plant food available. Dr Karutz, who was a German army officer and has traveled all over the world, believes that when the natives are educated in the proper methods of tilling the soil the country will be able to supply all our Eastern seaboard with vegetables during the summer months. By feeding sugar cane and pressed peanut, cottonseed or linseed oil cakes, he boasts that he can raise pork at one and one-half cents a pound and beef at two cents a pound. These experiments are to be carried out at Daiquiri, where he has volunteered to farm 10,000 acres scientifically to show the possibilities of agricultural development. Sugar is grown scientifically now in Cuba, but other products in most instances are cultivated as they were two or three hundred years ago.

Camaguey's rehabilitated Indian name suits the quaint old town better than its former Spanish title of Puerto Principe. The settlement was originally founded on the coast, but was moved inland as early as 1530 to escape the visitation of pirates. Henry Morgan and his bloodthirsty crew found it out and sacked it, however, one hundred years later. Camaguey looks its age. It is old and hoary. It reminded me of Cartagena, Colombia; the same squatty houses, the same parrot-cage windows, projecting and barred. I half expected to meet De Soto, Porcallo and all the other gallant sixteenth-century "boys" at each turn in the street.

Camaguey impressed me as the most aristocratic town on the island, a little more conservative and Cuban than the others. The province has long been noted for its good blood



A FAMILY OF BASKET-MAKERS, INTERIOR OF CUBA.

and handsome women. Also for its live stock—cattle, riding horses, and bulls for fighting in the Spanish days.

Keeping on to the east, I found the country more verdant, it began to look really tropical. A vine-laced forest borders every clearing. Giant *ceibas* look on Royal palms which in turn tower over palmettos. A tree more vividly green than the others was pointed out to me as the mahogany, and I saw houses built entirely of mahogany logs. The most of the dwellings, however, are the native *bohios*, thatched huts built of palmetto, just the sort the Indians used when Columbus discovered the island. *Bohio* is the aboriginal name. Another Indian word, or prefix rather, very common still, is *gua*—*guajiro*, the typical country man, lazy and good-natured, *manigua*, the thick bush where the insurgents used to hide. They pronounce the *gua* as though it were *wah*. It was after dark when we passed the famous *trocha* line, the fortified Spanish trench which crossed the island. I could dimly make out the narrow-gauge railroad which now parallels it.

The wreck of the *Maine* no longer lies in Havana harbor. A noble monument in its honor will some day grace the capital. In western Cuba they live in the present and put away the past. But in the eastern country Spanish-American War tales come to life. I forgot all about sugar and tobacco and the other agricultural possibilities of the island as the train slid down to Santiago Bay. Every man who loves the Stars and Stripes comes here for the express purpose of taking off his hat to San Juan Hill!

CHAPTER LIII

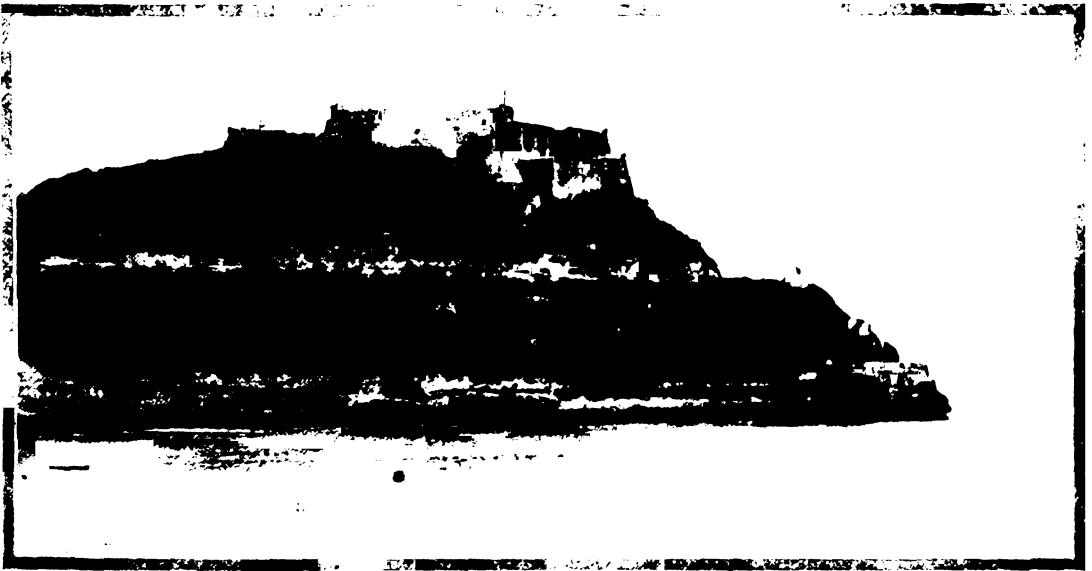
SANTIAGO AND THE ORIENTE.

“WE WILL reach Cuba in twenty-five minutes,” said the man with the plaid cap, looking at his watch.

As I had already been some time in Cuba, I cast an inquiring eye on the speaker, who was a Britisher

“Ah! you do not understand! You call it ‘Santiago de Cuba,’ or ‘Santiago,’ I fancy! Here we just say ‘Cuba,’ don’t you know! And ‘Cuba’ is less Americanized and a blooming sight more picturesque than Havana,” continued the man.

It was dark when the train rumbled into Santiago where I was accosted by the usual band of piratical *cocheros*. The runner from the “Gran’ Hotel Venus” caught me and we jolted through narrow cobble-paved streets to the hostelry facing the plaza. Here I found a bedroom adorned with a real bathtub, set in an alcove, and a sort of open-air restaurant overlooking the charming little park. “Cuba” was wide awake!



MORRO CASTLE, BUILT IN 1664, AT ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.



The band "um-ta-ta-ed" gayly
Hatless *señoritas*
chatted under giant
laurel trees, coquet-
ting with slim
young men who
walked 'round and
'round the square
in the good old
Spanish way,
"making the goo-
goo-eye." Number-

less cabs with
clanging bells rat-
tled past. News-
boys, and lottery
ticket sellers also,
screamed their
wares. The ca-
thedral chimes
added their note to
the din. If you
think a big Ameri-
can hotel noisy, just
try the "Gran'



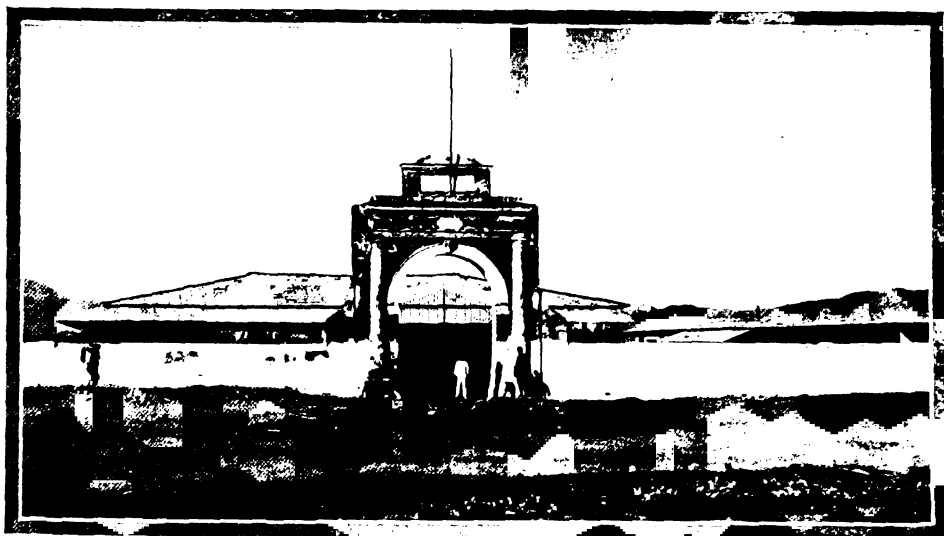
STREETS IN SANTIAGO, CUBA.

Hotel Venus." I managed to doze at two a. m., but the street cries brought me back to the balcony at five.

The Britisher was right. Santiago is by far the most picturesque of Cuban cities, and with its massive old Morro Castle, built in 1664 and no longer formidable, and the numerous other famous buildings and places in it and near it, it is rich in ancient, as well as in modern history. From here De Soto started overland to Havana on his way to Florida, from here Cortez sailed forth to conquer Mexico. Sacked by pirates; jarred by earthquakes; invaded; burned; the "Very Noble and Very Loyal" city lived on, a fit setting for a later war-drama.

Tiled balconies look down on narrow streets, flanked by walls every color of the rainbow. Indigo and orange, scarlet and sea-green are fair samples of the painter and decorator's favorite combinations. But in spite of its bizarre appearance, this is a busy commercial town, the throbbing heart of the Oriente, as the natives call eastern Cuba. They themselves are Orientales and there are 50,000 of them in Santiago. Their hope is to make this a pretentious shipping port and they plan to put \$1,000,000 into harbor improvements.

In a drive about town, some one pointed out to me the place where Adelina Patti, the singer, made her New World *début*. She landed here on her way to New Orleans and sang



THE WALL AGAINST WHICH THE VICTIMS OF THE "VIRGINUS"
EXPEDITION WERE SHOT, SANTIAGO.

at a local club accompanied by musicians who were her fellow voyagers.

The next landmark was a dreary stretch of wall. Men were lined up here and shot, of course, the popular Spanish pastime! Here the Americans of the ship *Virginius* were murdered. It was during Cuba's Ten Years' War with Spain. The *Virginius*, claiming American registry, but suspected of being a filibuster, was captured by a Spanish gunboat off Jamaica and taken to Santiago, where fifty of her officers and crew were summarily shot. This incident brought us at the time to the verge of war with Spain.

A bright-faced boy offering to sell us lottery tickets chased away these grewsome memories. He was greatly excited over the late winnings. Three major prizes, within the month, had come to Santiago. If the Cuban has any pronounced hope, it is that he may some day win a substantial prize in this "national gamble." It takes all his loose change and cuts down his food allowance. He can bet on the cock fight only on Sundays and holidays, but he can add to his international assortment of lottery tickets any day.

The real "show," to my mind, was the fish market. Here, on great stone slabs, the multi-colored fish are attractively displayed, every sort you can imagine. There are six hundred varieties in Cuban waters and practically all the "schools" send delegates to the market. The high-priced ones are kept alive in big tanks and it is quite a sight to watch the catch of a selected fish. The tradesman goes after it with a small hand net while the purchaser provides continuous identification of the victim. The great *pargo* (red snapper) is one of the most popular.

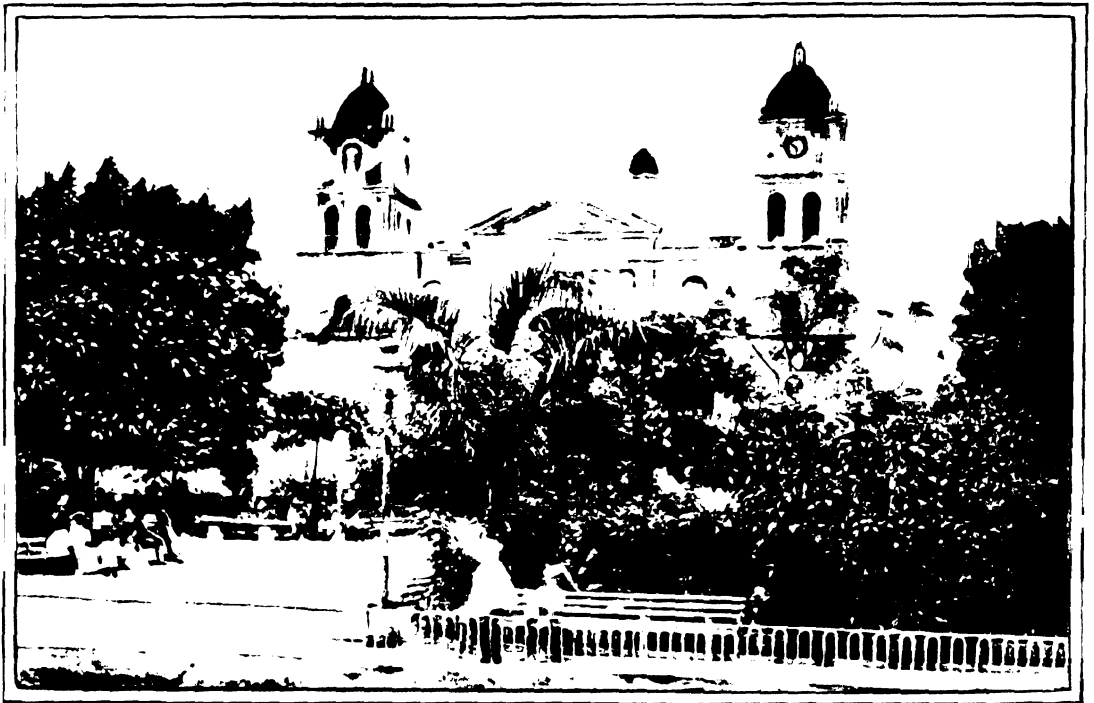
The most delicious thing in the way of eatables in Cuba is a water ice made from the *guanábana*, or sour-sop. The Cubans, like all people of Spanish blood, are very fond of ices. They serve them with spiral wafers which are often used in place of spoons. Exceptionally fine jelly is made here from guava, paste more often than jelly. Much of it finds its way to our market.



SCENE IN THE MARKET SANTIAGO, CUBA.

I saw a strange sight in the city prison—male convicts knitting stockings and crocheting lace. The prisoners are permitted to send their handiwork to their wives, who sell it toward the support of the family. Convict-made lace is popular with the tourists.

I visited one of the schools which are still operated, after a fashion, on the system Uncle Sam transplanted from Ohio. There are no people anywhere who have such faith in school education as a cure-all for every human defect as we. And



THE CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO, CUBA.

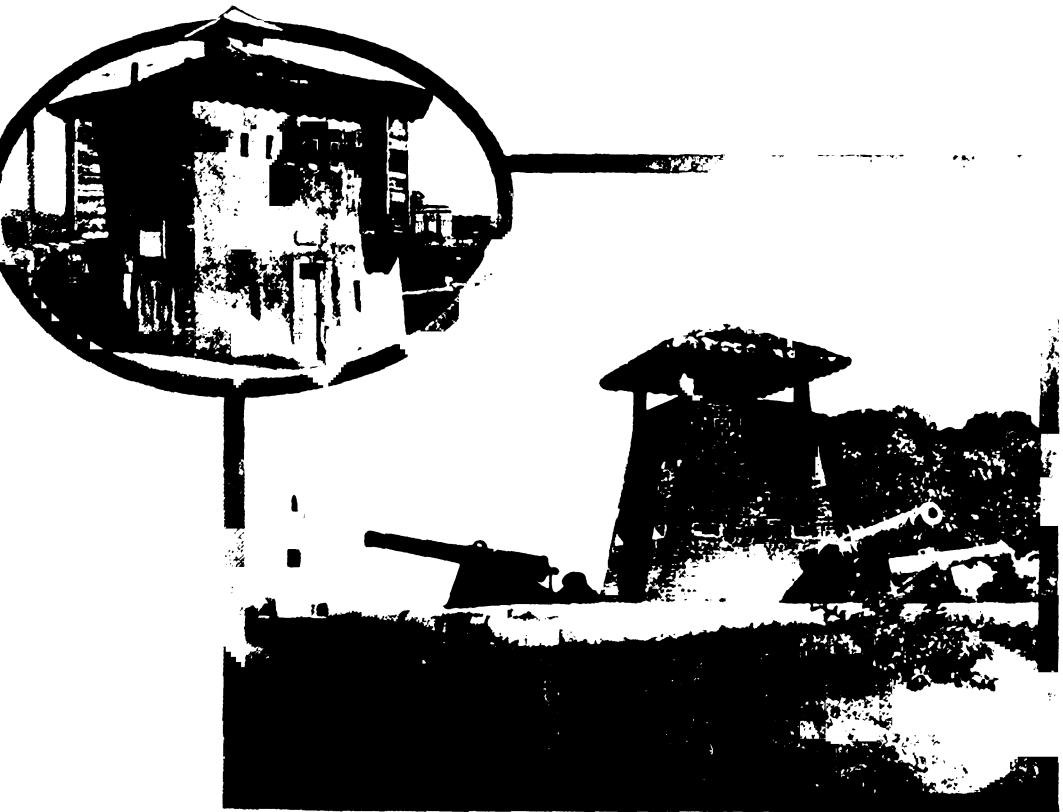
unquestionably we do not err in putting a high value on schools. However, the Cubans apparently received an overdose and the patient turned against it, although he is still taking the prescription. On the whole, they have been benefited.

Facing the plaza in Santiago is the cathedral, an imposing structure, the largest in Cuba. It is the third to occupy the site, having been erected in 1690. Within its walls lies buried Diego Velasquez, founder of seven cities, who died in 1522.

Other men who carved their names high on the wall of Cuban history are interred in Santiago's cemetery, among them being Marti, the great patriot, and Palma, the first president.

It was Marti who inspired the outbreak that preceded the Spanish-American War. War was declared with the mother country February 24, 1895, and Marti died on the field of battle that same year, but his protecting soul seemed to hover over the banner of the single star, which he had helped give to the breeze. It would do no good to tell now of the bloody years that followed, of the starving time, when the peasants were gathered into camps and allowed to die of hunger. The brutalities practiced by the Spaniards surpass belief, and the Cubans retaliated with atrocities. The United States would have had to interfere soon in Cuban affairs in the name of humanity. The destruction of the *Maine* focused attention on the island and fanned the flames of our just indignation. As a result we liberated Cuba.

The two show places around Santiago are Boniato Summit,



THE BLOCK-HOUSE AND MONUMENT, SAN JUAN HILL,
SANTIAGO.

for a wonderful view, and San Juan Hill. I motored first up Boniato to look the country over. A splendid road winds up the mountain, built during General Leonard Wood's *régime* and called "Wood's Folly," since it was expensive and leads nowhere in particular. I, for one, approved of the outlay, as I looked down from 1,500 feet over verdant hill and vale, with Santiago Bay gleaming in the distance.

From Boniato I drove to El Caney, where we won a glorious victory. The old church which was riddled by shot and shell has been repaired, hence it is not so interesting to travelers as formerly.

I drove on to San Juan Hill, though you can ride



THE "PEACE TREE."



ROYAL PALMS, THE TOP OF ONE OF WHICH
WAS SHOT AWAY IN BATTLE,
SAN JUAN HILL.

out on the trolley, if you prefer. A veteran of the colored troops that distinguished themselves here shows visitors over the historic battleground. He led me



GIVING A CUBAN BABY A DRINK.



A MILKING SCENE IN CUBA.

to the Peace Tree, the giant *ceiba* under which the Spanish General, Toral, surrendered to General Shafter July 17, 1898. We walked up San Juan Hill, where Theodore Roosevelt charged to the Presidency. From the old block-house on the heights there is a most comprehensive view, and my guide pointed out the places of greatest interest, giving me a graphic description of the battles in which he had participated. All of the main battlefields of the region are now comprised in a public park, visited by thousands.

Any one who thinks the Santiago campaign was a holiday outing for the American soldier should visit these battlefields. It is a task for a man to scramble up either San Juan Hill or Kettle Hill today. The Americans fought their way up the heights through barb-wire fences and cactus hedges, under a withering fire and won. This bravery was unquestionably of the first class.

Twelve miles from Santiago is the village of Cobre, famed for the shrine of "Our Lady of Cobre," patron saint of Cuba. This little image has been closely identified with the history of the island ever since the opening years of the sixteenth century when Alonso de Ojeda, most daring of the followers of Columbus, brought it to the New World from Spain as his special safeguard against ill fortune. Through many vicissitudes the sacred Virgin has been preserved and pilgrims come from all over the island to worship at her shrine.

Cobre is the Spanish for copper, and the copper mines here have been worked since 1530; \$50,000,000 has been taken out and the present American company is shipping over 6,000 tons of metal monthly.

As I passed along a road, I met a long string of laden ponies jogging in from the country, each tied to his neighbor by the tail. At the rear of the train, dust-covered and altogether miserable, was a rebellious red and white calf, actively dodging the hoofs of his pacemaker. A group of black and tan youngsters playing in a doorway cheered him lustily. They looked a healthy lot of hopefuls, free from the dreaded hookworm once so prevalent in Porto Rico.

I was told in Santiago that all Cuban property holders favor annexation. As one man put it, "You hang a Cuban up by his boots and if a *peseta* falls from his pockets he's an annexationist!" But after talking with many influential Cubans, I came to the contrary conclusion. While some fear that annexation is the ultimate fate of the island, all seem fired with the ambition for a successful national career. It is natural that they should wish to keep their hard-earned freedom—to stand before the world as an independent nation.

Twice the United States has had to intervene. The possibility of a third intervention hangs over every Cuban like a pall. He realizes that it would almost surely mean annexation to the United States. However, this would be the best thing that could befall him. No other nation on earth would do what we have done for Cuba, but without the protecting arm of Uncle Sam she could not long remain a nation under her own flag.

CHAPTER LIV

CUBA OF TOMORROW

ONE gets a glimpse of the Cuba of the future at Nipe Bay—Cuba when it shall have been changed by the touch of industry's magic wand. I railroaded down to see Uncle Sam's great naval station at Guantanamo Bay, went to Baracoa on a coastwise steamer, then sailed on to Nipe Bay, returning to Santiago by rail. Among all the American interests on the island those at Nipe Bay lead. Five colossal companies are interested there in sugar and banana plantations, citrus orchards, iron mines, and the Cuba Railway, with its model town, Antilla.

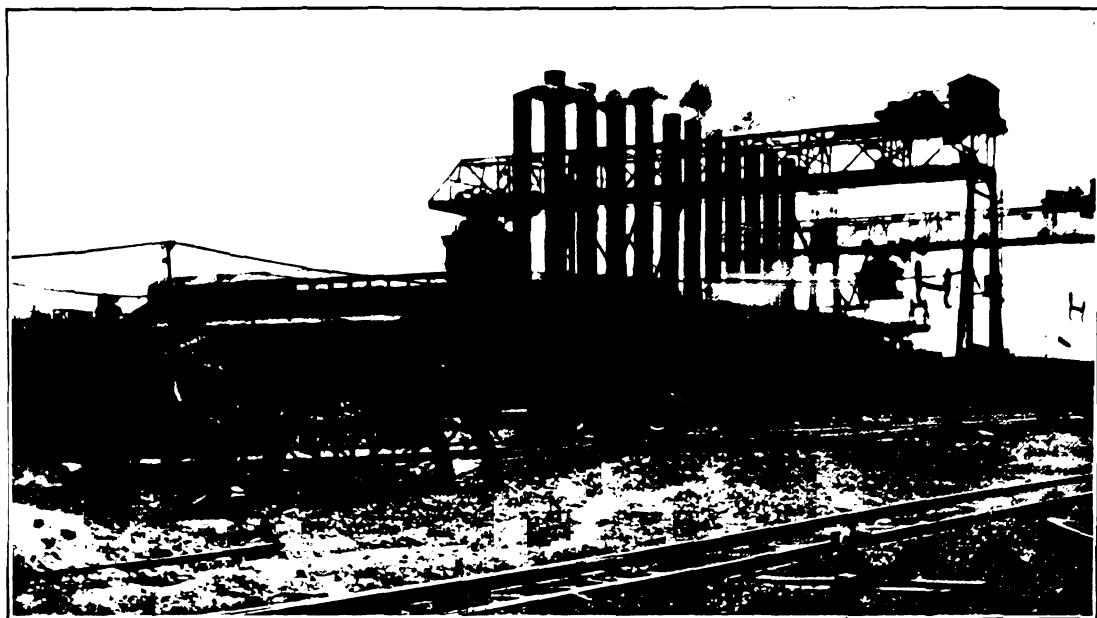
Promoters of the railroad did not interest themselves in it alone. Their land holdings are enormous. When they projected their railway through a wild and undeveloped country they were able to buy land at forty to fifty cents an acre. Gradually they are clearing it and converting it into some of the finest cane-producing land on the island, worth hundreds of dollars an acre. Even were they to carry freight for none but themselves the road would be a good investment.

In the neighborhood of Antilla there is no land for sale to the small investor. The large corporations hold all that there is of value. Only recently a big fruit company paid \$3,000,000 for the 50,000-acre estate of Saetia. The company's main Nipe Bay settlement is at Preston, where the sugar mill is located. It produces over 70,000 tons of sugar a year. On the plantation 5,000 people are employed. Everything is done on a large scale. The water is brought eighteen miles, from the mountains, at a cost of \$400,000. The company store does a business of \$800,000 a year. On the seventy miles of the company's standard-gauge railway are twelve locomotives and 400 cars.

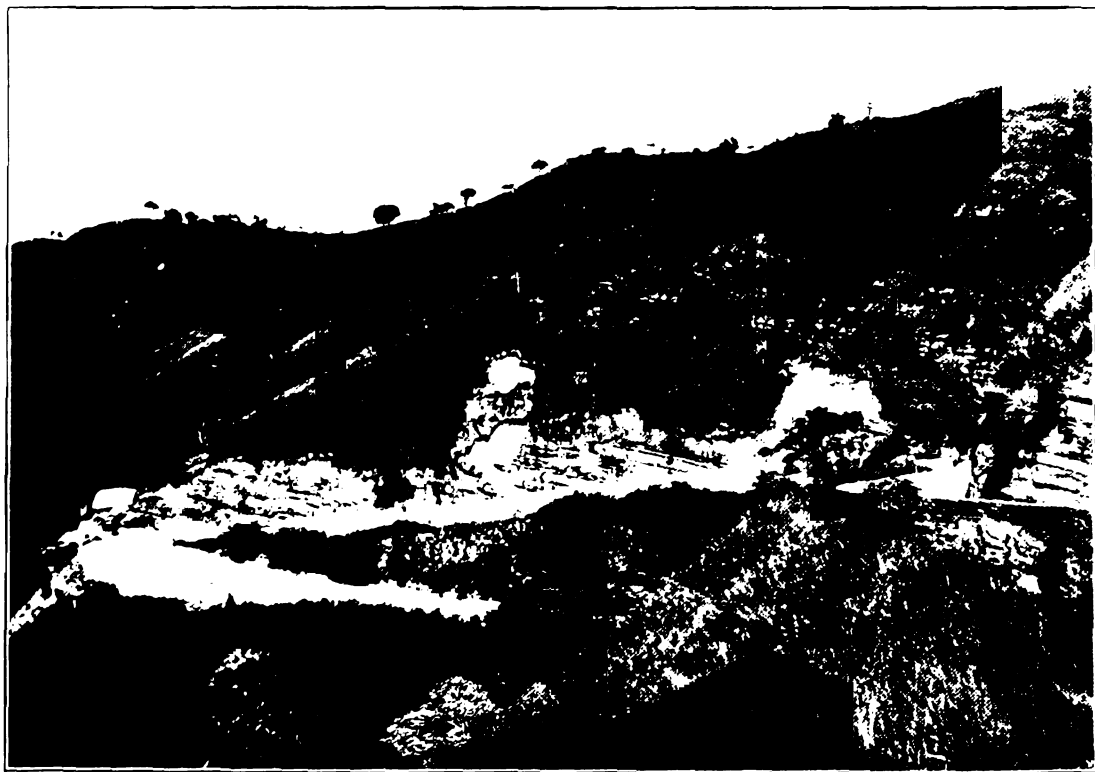
Throughout Cuba, the large estates have their own railroad systems for transporting products. Long trains convey sugar cane to the mills. During the active season there is indeed a race, each mill attempting to beat its record or the record of its neighbor. All summer long they prepare, putting the mills in condition and installing the latest patents. Finally, in November, a manager, finding the hour ripe, gives the signal and the mills move. From end to end of the island the news is flashed. Other estates start their mills and sugar plants throb day and



SCENE ON NIPE BAY, CUBA.



SPANISH-AMERICAN IRON COMPANY WORKS, FELTON, NIPE BAY, CUBA.



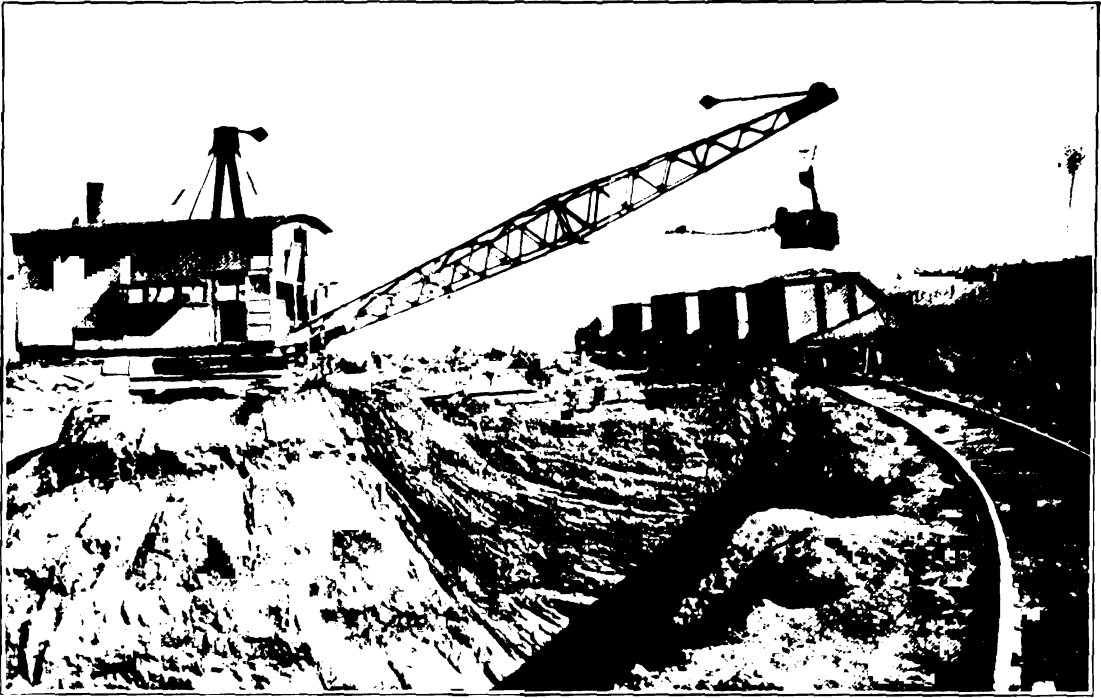
ONE OF THE MANY PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN ROADS IN CUBA.

night until May or June. Bets are made on the output, which is important, for the quantity of Cuba's crop influences conditions around the world. The managers of these estates are not captains of industry, they are generals, commanding thousands of men.

Eastern Cuba is rich in minerals. Its ores of iron are at present the most exploited. They are of high grade, easily mined and shipped. Though known for almost four hundred years, they have been commercially mined but thirty. Millions are represented in the investments of two American companies whose plants are as up to date as any in the world. The ores are quarried rather than mined and are shipped to the United States for smelting.

Near Preston is the iron mine town of Felton. When the ore comes from the mine it has 37 per cent of water. By a process of roasting this is removed, for obviously it would be extravagant to pay freight to Sparrow's Point, Maryland, or Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on iron ore, one-third of which consisted of water. The mine is owned by the same company that owns Daiquiri, where the ore is a rock formation. Here it covers the ground like a blanket and is scooped up with big steam shovels. At the present rate of consumption it will take six or seven hundred years to exhaust it. In order to get ore down from the mountains at Woodford, the longest incline of the kind in the world was built. It is 7,600 feet long, with a lift of 1,120 feet.

In the Nipe Bay district and elsewhere there is ample proof of the success of the big companies in Cuba. The success of the colonies and the individual colonists is, as I have intimated before, largely a matter of good judgment and good management. The quality that spells success in Cuba includes wisdom in purchasing good land and not taking worthless ground. It has been asserted that Cuba is not a country for the American without money, that it is worse in this respect than Porto Rico. The American farmer will not suffer, however, if he avoids land sharks and before investing learns a little about the country he is to settle in. There is good opportunity to raise food-



MINING IRON AT THE MAYARI MINES, CUBA.

stuffs for the Cuban markets. Now Cuba imports. I have told how the Yankee has proved himself a good colonist on the Isle of Pines. There, and in other districts as well, good judgment has brought success.

Cuba has been a rich field for the sharpers. Their victims have been of two kinds—those who came to Cuba and settled, and those who remained at home and sent money for the “development” of their land. The field, in which the unscrupulous real-estate dealer sowed the seed of discontent with existing conditions, was those Northern States in which snow covers the ground three or four months of the year. The advertising literature called attention to the hard winters, then made the contrast. Cuba was described as a land of perpetual sunshine, flowing with milk and honey twelve months of the year. Many of those who came to the island were ignorant of the language, ignorant of the laws, among a people they did not understand.

What the crooked real-estate dealer did, whenever possible, was to show the settler a fine piece of land and deliver a deed for another tract that was practically worthless. The buyer had only himself to blame, in the majority of instances, for having failed to have the sale verified by a reliable bank. The most unproductive land is known as savannah land, and many a homesick American is trying to live on savannah land which careful investigation would have shown was not worth the labor put upon it.

The usual method was to sell land in colonies. Some of these colonies, after years of hardship, are beginning to prosper. Good management has altered their view of the future. After four or five years of work a colony at Omaja, a hundred miles east of Santiago, is just "getting on its feet." The settlers do not possess deeds to their lands, owing to a peculiar Cuban law which tripped up the promoter of the colony. The money they paid is still held in escrow by a bank. F. L. Pfeuffer, resident manager, told me that there are about 12,000 acres in the property controlled by this company, though much of it is not under cultivation. A colonist usually takes from ten to twenty-five acres. At one time there were 350 colonists at Omaja but many grew discouraged over the failure to get title to their land and moved away. Now there are about 150. Mr. Pfeuffer believes that a practical man with a trade could earn enough to keep going while developing his property. From his experience a man with \$1,000 could get a good start, but he must locate where there are other Americans.

The colonists at Omaja are of the hardy pioneer type that made the winning of our West a triumph of civilization. I attended a good roads meeting and was much impressed with their earnestness of purpose. How fortune can be wooed and won in Cuba is demonstrated by E. C. Pierson, a nurseryman of New York State, who moved to Omaja when his health became impaired. He has one of the largest nurseries in Cuba, with fifty-five acres in stock.

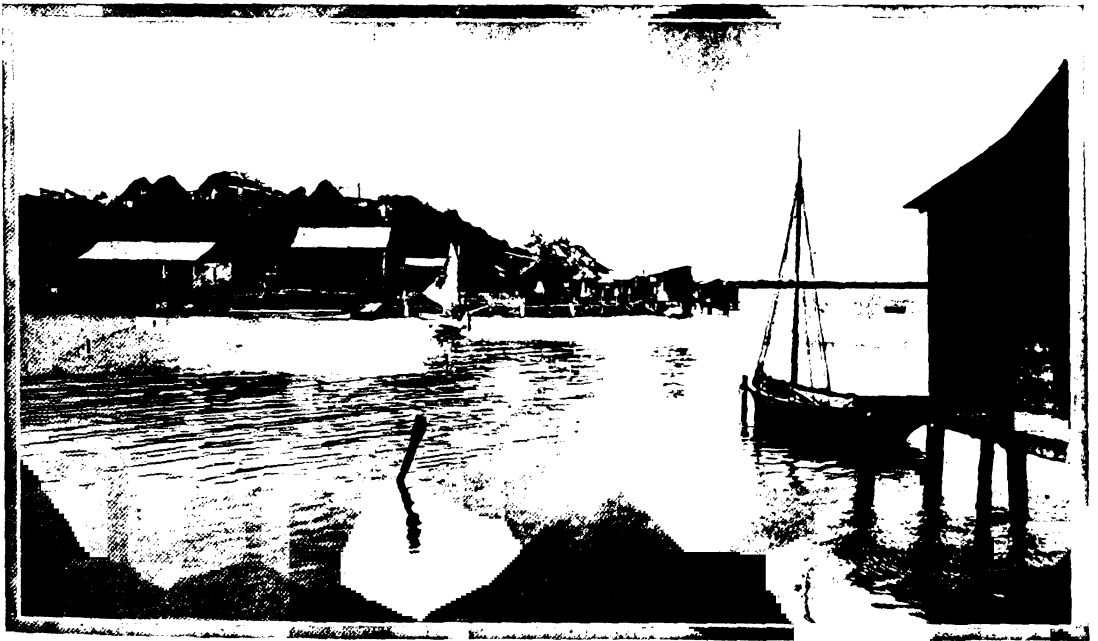
Cuba has 60,711 farms, with an average of 143 acres to the farm, yet only ten per cent of this is under cultivation. For



A HERD OF CATTLE, INTERIOR CUBA.

this condition there is a reason, one that accounts in no small part for the slowness of Cuba's development. Land unsurveyed, in a wild state, is not subject to taxation. Real property has no tax on it, either in town or country, unless it has rental value. In the country this amounts to four per cent and in urban communities it is double. Consequently, a great landlord can keep thousands of acres unsurveyed and untilled, without any burden being placed on him by the State. This practically puts a premium upon the neglect of agriculture and this state of affairs is what has made it hard for the American colonist. There is no wonder that the Cuban peasant is not provident. The moment that he owns a house that is better than a dog kennel, and begins to take thought of the morrow by putting in a crop that will do more than keep him alive, along comes the tax collector. General Menocal, who became President of Cuba on May 1, 1913, promised to change the existing tax conditions. One cannot be sure of promises made in Cuban politics, but friends of good government in Cuba predict a remarkable advance during his administration, since he seems, in most matters, to have the American viewpoint.

A point of interest to Americans is our naval station at



Guantanamo Bay, reserved perpetually for the United States at the close of the Spanish-American War. We have done little toward the fortification of our great Cuban base, but at present active work is under way, as Guantanamo is to protect the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal, just as the Pearl Harbor fortifications in Hawaii guard the western outpost. General Wood, chief of the army staff, was on the ground at the time of my last visit. He had with him ten picked advisers to inspect plans for the land defenses of this Caribbean Gibraltar. There is to be a mammoth dry dock. Huge oil tanks are being erected. Lieutenant Winfield Liggett, Jr., our executive officer, told me that life at the naval base was deadly dull except when the Atlantic fleet assembles there for target practice. Marines from the United States are stationed at Fisherman's Point, at the entrance to the bay. Back of their barracks rises McCalla Hill, where American blood was shed when our first troops were debarked, June 10, 1898.

We have traded our other site, at Bahia Honda, on the north coast, for additional land at Guantanamo. As we plan to maintain a large garrison, it was found necessary to secure more drinking water, hence the "swap," of north coast land, which we had never utilized, for country containing hills and streams back of Guantanamo. An American colony is springing up here, with sugar estates and lumber enterprises, within easy call of our bluejackets in case of trouble.

It was officially estimated a few years ago that there were over 10,000,000 acres of virginal forest on the island in spite of the "Woodman-Spare-the-Tree" poem not having been translated into Spanish. The valuable woods include mahogany, cedar, ebony and oak. Where transportation facilities have permitted the removal of logs, hardwoods are now scarce, but inland, in the central and eastern provinces recently opened up, there is much good timber left. Successful timber cutting and sawing are of course for the specialist who has had experience in "making sawdust." It has been proved an unsafe industry for the uninitiated.

If you will look at a map of Cuba, you will find the town

of Baracoa near the extreme eastern point. This is the oldest Spanish settlement on the island, the first capital. I landed here from a steamer and climbed to the fort on the hill where they say Columbus stood in October, 1492. "It is so beautiful that one never wearies to see it," he wrote, and thought he had reached a great empire of the Far East instead of a little Western isle.

The coconut and banana grow abundantly in this region, the latter always very stiff, as though it disapproves of its graceful neighbor. Baracoa is the chief coconut port of the island, but the production has fallen off alarmingly owing to a disease which has ravaged the trees. Under normal conditions the coconut yields four or five years after planting, bears about seventy nuts a year and is a paying investment. Cuba is too far north to produce the best bananas for commercial use, but they are grown all over the island for home consumption.

We buy much more from the Cubans than they do from us, although three-fourths of their total trade is with the United States. Here is a chance for our hustling commercial travelers to unload their wares. But they had better peruse a treatise on diplomacy as they speed down the Over-Seas Railway. How strange that "Juan" and "Arturo" prefer any day to buy from the Spaniard who tyrannized them rather than from the Yankee who helped to make them free!

If it is his first trip to Cuba, the traveler must not be surprised to find negroes all over the island who say, "*Si señor*," instead of "Yassir," very different sort of colored men from the type he knows at home.

The fortune teller, in examining the palm of Cuba's successful political party, has predicted the meeting with a "dark person," whose "color scheme" promises a great source of worry. The blacks in Cuba claim that they have not been given their share of the public offices and can probably make good their claim. A special law prevents their organization into a separate party, and not so very long ago there was an uprising in eastern Cuba, put down with heavy loss of life.



ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, CUBA, WHERE HOBSON SANK THE MERRIMAC.

Poor Cuba has a race problem on her hands almost certain to grow worse if the present proportional increase in the black race is sustained.

Steamers of the French line connect Santiago de Cuba with Santo Domingo. My most vivid remembrance of things Cuban is that sail down the harbor in the late afternoon, the rainbow city, the verdant coconut-fringed shore, the narrow, fort-guarded entrance.

The cry, "Hobson sank the *Merrimac* just there!" brought all of us to the rail. I could picture that memorable night when the valiant Americans risked their lives in an attempt to corral the Spanish fleet. Though, at the point where they sank the *Merrimac* the channel was of such a width that the Spanish fleet could sail by and really was not "bottled up," the act itself was a brave one.

The Morro of Santiago de Cuba overlooking sea and bay is one of the grandest old fortresses I have ever seen. Its coloring of bluff and rose overlaced with verdure, the time-worn steps leading up the precipitous cliff, every detail one of beauty and harmony. Beyond are the modern barracks. The sunset gun! The Cuban flag floating out on the breeze, where the colors of Spain long waved, where the Stars and Stripes once were unfurled where possibly they may again be unfurled. Good-by sunny island, beautiful Cuba!

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Area, 18,045 square miles, about the size of New Hampshire and Vermont combined—Population, 1913, about 600,000, made up mainly of Creoles, Europeans mixed with African and Indian blood, and some Turks and Syrians—Chief resources, sugar, cacao, tobacco, cotton, coffee, timber—Imports, 1913, \$9,012,641; exports, \$10,175,800, imports from United States, \$5,802,767, exports to United States, \$5,143,933—Military, authorized by law, 906 officers and men—Navy, 1 gunboat and 4 revenue cutters—Railway, public, 150 miles, private lines on large estates, 250 miles, telegraph lines, 352 miles—Capital, Santo Domingo, population, 22,000—President, 1914, General José Bordas.

CHAPTER LV

A FOSTER-CHILD.

NOT one man out of fifty in the United States can readily locate the Dominican Republic, which is a sort of foster-child of Uncle Sam. It covers two-thirds of the island of Haiti and is next door to the Black Republic. The "black and tan" Dominican Republic has a Spanish-speaking population and its metropolis, Santo Domingo City, is grandmother of the Americas.

Santo Domingo, with its 22,000 inhabitants, lies on the south coast where the Ozama River meets the sea. If the people had long-distance glasses, they could keep tab on the Venezuelans, for there is a clean sweep of sea between.

We came here from Cuba on a French steamer which anchored off the mouth of the Ozama. From the ship, old Santo Domingo looked well preserved. "She'd pass for forty," said a fellow passenger, "and she's over four hundred!"

On rowing up the river to the custom's pier we recognized a true son of the buccaneers in our boatman. He charged each of us four dollars gold for two hundred yards! One man loudly protested, but had to pay



WATERFRONT ON THE OZAMA RIVER AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY

"Well," he added, "these people are properly named. I'll spell it 'DOUGHminicans' after this! And it's been the cause of all their trouble, too!"

The Dominicans do hold all records for the scandalous handling of public funds. Soon after they broke away from Spain they started on this mad career, borrowing right and left, until they had piled up a mountain of debt, over \$30,000,000 and nothing to show for it! This forty years' spree was filled, "acrobatically speaking," with all sorts of daring exhibitions of financial tumbling, Government paper dropping as low as sixty per cent discount. From the "hard up" stage they slipped down into the "dead broke" class. Then the foreign creditors demanded their money. Their sheriffs were war-ships. Then the Dominicans appealed to the United States for aid and protection and Uncle Sam threw out a life preserver. This was back in 1905.

First he looked over the list of debts and decided that fifty cents on the dollar would give every one back all the real money invested. Then he loaned this bankrupt republic \$20,000,000, using \$15,000,000 for the creditors and the remaining \$5,000,000 for public improvements. He appointed an able American as receiver of customs with assistants at all ocean ports and Haitian frontier posts and applied fifty-five per cent of the revenue toward paying back the \$20,000,000 loan, allowing the Dominicans forty-five per cent for spending money. This proved a sort of "magic wand act," for, lo and behold! the forty-five per cent gave the people more actual money than the whole hundred per cent under the old *régime*. With the change of administration in the United States, a year and a half ago, the trained American customs officials were displaced by inexperienced men and the Dominican machine slowed down.

As there is no property tax in the country, the customs



THE ANCIENT CEIBA TREE TO WHICH THE FIRST SPANISH CARAVELS WERE MOORED. STANDS NEAR THE WATERFRONT, SANTO DOMINGO CITY

duties are necessarily high and the receiver has much difficulty in keeping the ports "smuggler proof" He has five little coast-guard vessels, sea-going gasoline launches, to watch all suspicious-looking craft. At least he can watch them in moderately fair weather "When billows dash," the toy tin fleet is forced to run to cover

As we drove away from the customhouse, we passed the giant *ceiba* tree to which a brother of Columbus moored his caravel, then through an opening in an ancient wall to typical Spanish-American streets and on to the Hotel Francia. Here



PRESIDENT'S MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO CITY

one pays \$2.50 for room and meals, the room opening on the veranda, no windows, no running water

Santo Domingo is not making a bid, as yet, for tourist trade, although it has more of interest to offer than any other West Indian city. No city in the New World, in fact, can boast its array of historical landmarks. Founded in 1496 by order of Columbus, when his earlier settlement on the north coast was abandoned, Santo Domingo stands today the oldest Christian city of the Western Hemisphere. The Great Admiral himself knew it; his brother and his son both ruled it as Governors;

Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa and lesser *conquistadores* all clanked its narrow streets.

Our first pilgrimage was to the ancient cathedral, a beautiful, mellow old church, fitting home for the tomb of Christopher Columbus. The solemnity of the occasion, however, was somewhat marred by the running comment of an American who insisted on going with us. We had pictured a simple medieval tomb, matching the dignified surroundings. Instead



THE CATHEDRAL, SANTO DOMINGO CITY BEGUN IN 1514 AND
COMPLETED IN 1540. CONTAINS THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.



THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM IN THE CATHEDRAL.

we beheld a gigantic ornate structure of dazzling white marble, blocking the aisle and towering to the ceiling.

"Looks just like a big soda-water fountain!" remarked the irreverent American. "Poor old Christy! His ashes are in that bronze casket, that is, the most of 'em. Eight or nine

different pinches are scattered all over the world, from New York to Italy ”

We remarked that the great discoverer was the proud possessor of two tombs, for there is one in Seville, Spain, bearing his name, and no Spaniard will acknowledge that it really holds the remains of Diego, son of Christopher

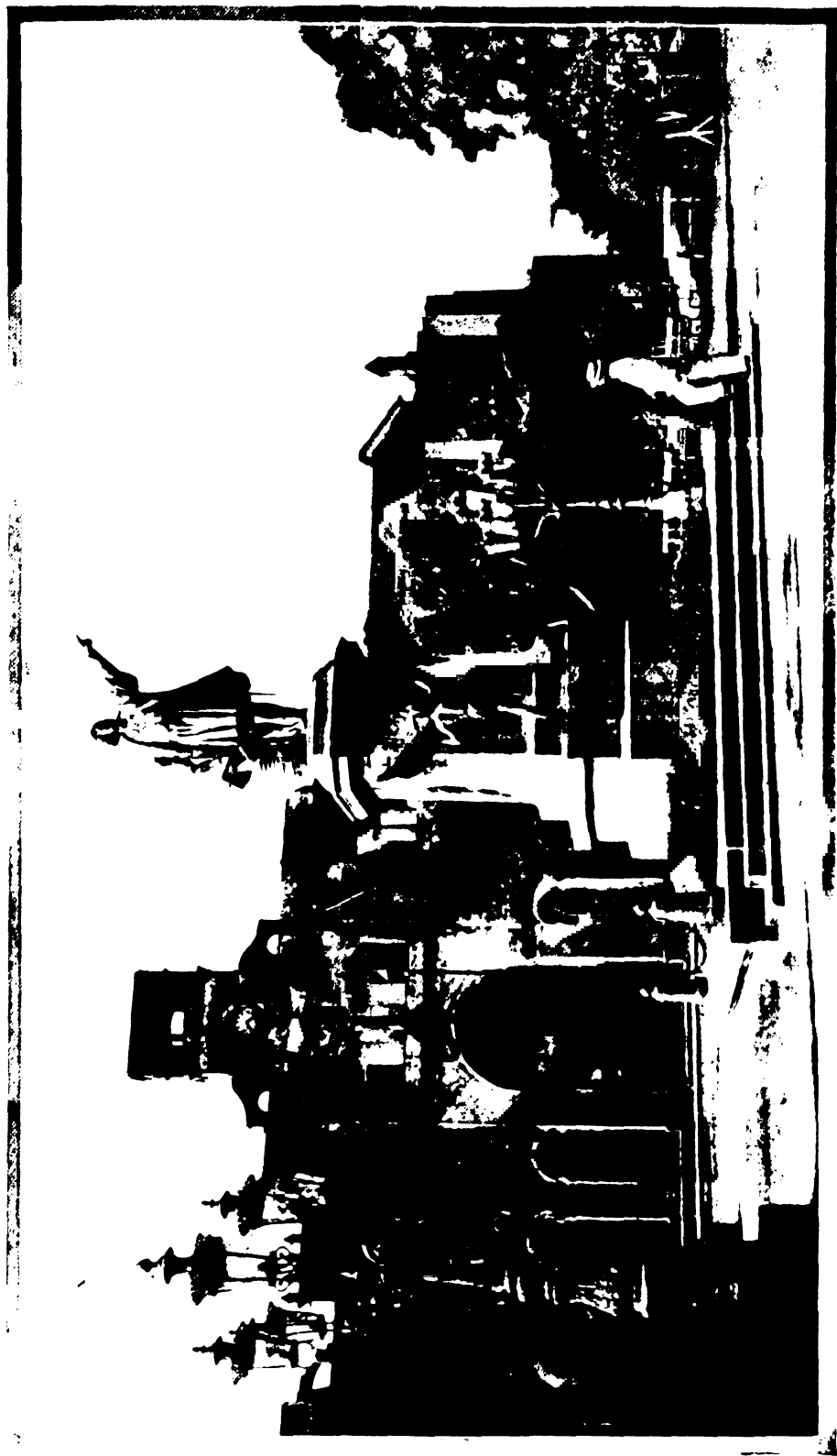
When the Spaniards gave up Santo Domingo to the French in the eighteenth century, they carried away to Cuba what they believed to be the remains of their hero. Later the same body was removed to Spain. About one hundred years after this, a Dominican priest, in repairing the Santo Domingo cathedral, discovered the true remains and so, by happy chance, Columbus lies today in the New World which he discovered.

On the roof of the cathedral is the mark of a cannon ball left by that sociable old chap, Sir Francis Drake, who sacked the town in 1586. From that day Santo Domingo's glory waned. Like many an old grandmother she dropped into the background, outshone by her daughters, Cuba, Mexico and Peru, and by her many brilliant granddaughters.

However, very recently the city has begun to improve. The streets have been paved, sidewalks laid; there are telephones, electric lights, and, shades of Columbus! there are automobiles! There is a fine boulevard facing the sea beyond the city walls and the homes here would grace any land. The American legation is among them. On a rise overlooking the city is the new palatial customs office and home of the American employés. They told me it is never excessively warm, that there is always a breeze blowing off the Caribbean. An automobile-omnibus makes regular trips out this seashore road and on to the village of San Cristobal.

Outside the capital and its environs most of the roads in the country are exceedingly bad, mere mule trails. Communication between the chief towns of the republic is via steamer rather than overland.

As in almost every land, the types in this country differ widely. There are white Dominicans, cultured and traveled; there are coal-black Dominicans quite uneducated. Yet every



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AND THE INDIAN MAIDEN, IN THE COLON PLAZA.



AMERICAN LEGATION BUILDING AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY

man, woman and child in the land has the courtesy of the Latin.

Chancing into a humble little shop one day, the mulatto merchant made the visit of the *gringos* an event. He offered each a glass of water. Would the *señors* like to see the ruins of the very old church just back of the shop? Did the *señors* desire any information regarding the city? We left our address for the delivery of our purchases and were ceremoniously bowed out. Next day we had altogether forgotten the incident, when a card was sent up. Down we went, expecting to meet some Government official, but, to our amazement, there stood the little merchant, silk hat in hand, accompanied by his three small sons all dressed in white, the eldest bringing a gift to the foreign *señors*. We were amazed, but also touched. It would not happen in Chicago. There one is not "touched" just in the same way.

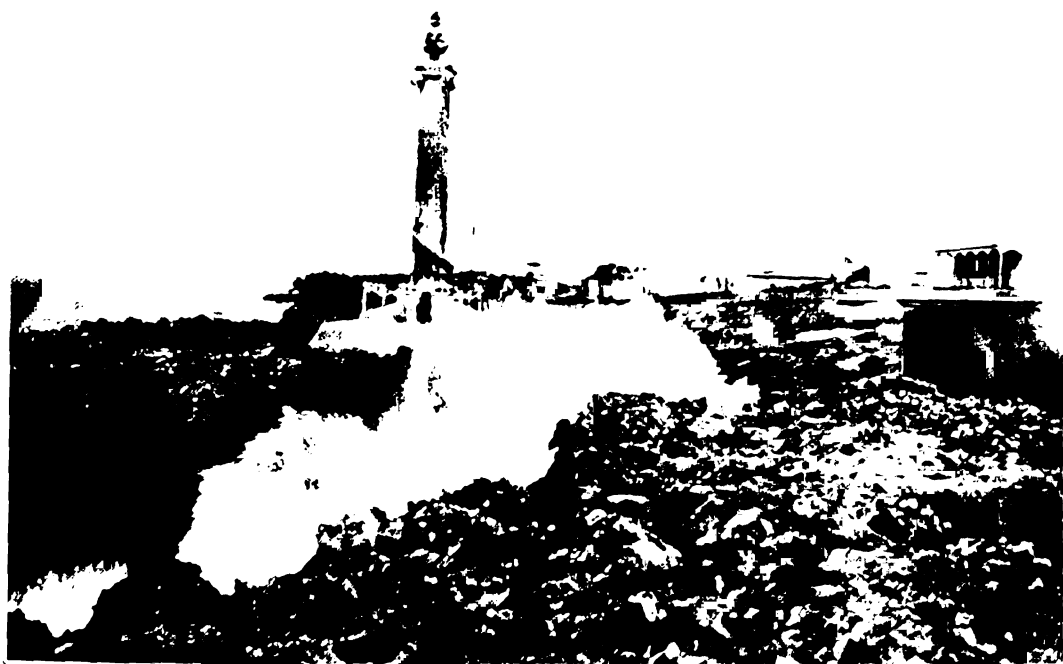
And, speaking of losing your money. When the Dominicans were outfitting for a new national life under United States management, they set their hearts on possessing a wireless station. Finally Uncle Sam consented and they spent \$40,000 on what was catalogued as an "A 1—High Power Set.

Warranted to Talk Like a Parrot!" From New York came this last word in wonders and proudly the mast towered skyward on the seashore, by the old battered wall of the first city of the Americas. Then the gunboat *Presidente* went out to sea with its wireless for the great test. The day came. The day went. The thing did not work.

They kept on trying it daily for about a year and decided to use a megaphone. They did send one message, however, to New York. It arrived in the form of a letter reading "Come and take back your old outfit. It's deaf and dumb."

We understand that the company in the United States claimed that the frequent revolutions in Santo Domingo were so "shocking" as to neutralize the electric power of the station. At all events, they refused the money. The Dominicans were planning to use the wireless mast as a \$40,000 flag pole, but a bright one among them, after much tinkering, discovered the "missing link" and now the plant is reported as being in commission.

Among the most beautiful of Santo Domingo's monuments



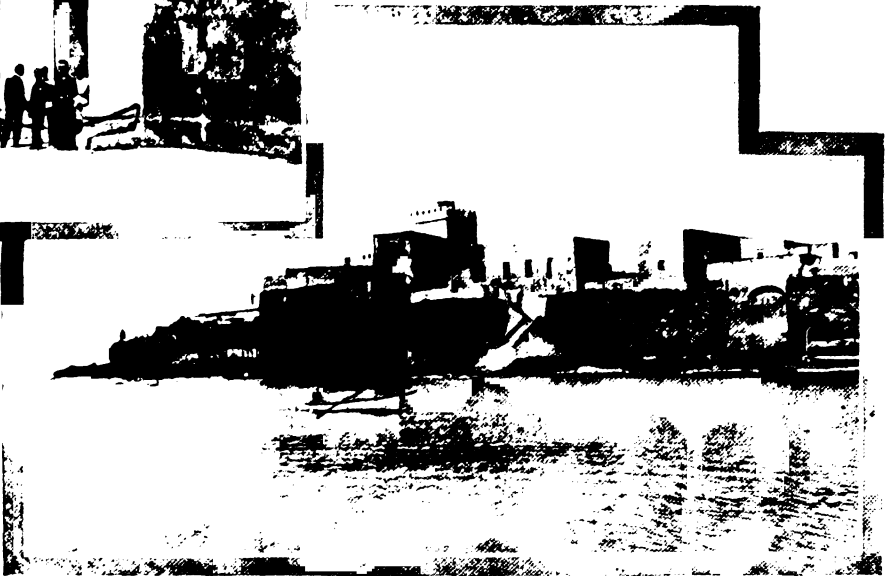
PART OF SEAFRONT, SANTO DOMINGO CITY MONUMENT TO LIVES LOST
HERE IN WHAT IS CALLED "THE MOUTH OF HELL."

is that which stands at the point known as "The Mouth of Hell," honoring the memory of Dominicans who lost their lives near this point, where the waves dash.

One of the picturesque sights in Santo Domingo is the ferry across the Ozama River. Bridges throughout the country are few. Laden ponies and burros; clumsy oxen, yoked by the horns; boys on horseback using straw saddles; women on foot carrying baskets on their heads; even well-dressed cavaliers—all wait at the river shore for the primitive ferry,

upon which they crowd with great eagerness. The country folk, with their wares, are bound for the marketplace, undoubtedly the most "colorful" spot in town, where beasts of burden form a patient line, relieved finally of the ill-fitting straw saddles and huge panniers woven from banana and plantain fiber.

Delicacies on sale in the market are candied cashew nuts, and the tender heart of the Royal palm eaten as a salad. Ice cream made



FORTRESS OF HOMENAY, THE OLDEST FORTRESS IN THE NEW WORLD, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

from the milk of fresh coconuts is another dish for the gods. We met an American commercial traveler at the hotel who told us he had been coming to Santo Domingo for many years and had watched "the political game" with interest. He thought the country would eventually heed the message regarding progress, with Porto Rico making a wonderful display on one side and Cuba trying to make a record for self-control on the other

"There's nothing wrong with the Dominican constitution," he said. "It's a fine, husky constitution, breathing liberty and the joy of living in every line. But somehow it doesn't prevent these politicians from jailing the leading citizens on all sorts of trumped-up charges and keeping them in jail at royal pleasure. The petty rulers in each district—*Jefes*, they're called—have found a reliable source of income in 'grafting by drafting,' serving sons of well-to-do people with notices to report for military service. Then the fond parents disgorge a piece or two of money and the near-recruit is pronounced physically unfit. All the corruption is charged up to the party in power, so the best element is nearly always against the Government "

Away back in 1884, a negro, named Heureaux, nicknamed "Lelis," elected himself to the Presidency and held the job for fifteen years. Many are the stories they tell of his depravity and cruelty, how he slaughtered all who opposed his wishes and turned over concessions, monopolies, even the customhouse, on receipt of "cash payments." This reign of terror was brought to a close by a well-placed bullet from the pistol of Caceres, whose father he had murdered. Later on, Caceres himself became President, to meet the same fate at the hand of an assassin.

We agreed with our informant that it seemed to be extra hazard-



A MILKMAN, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.



GATEWAY IN THE OLD CITY WALL.



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE MARKET

ous business, but thought there were still many illustrious sons training for the position, if chicanery was an indication. Two years ago a revolution was put down with considerable difficulty. Uncle Sam exhibited two warships and 700 marines, but succeeded in patching things up only by calling the archbishop to the Presidency. This is the second time in the country's history that warring factions have had their death grip broken by the advent of the holy cross. While this truce stopped bloodshed for the time being, the "national sport" again took the field and "the double cross" was employed instead of the cross of the Church. Ever since we left the country a revolution has been in full swing. Word arrives that railroad traffic is suspended and ports blockaded. The cacao crop is molding in the interior. Business throughout the Republic is stagnant. A serious crisis is at hand.

In the famous revolution of 1904, Uncle Sam acted as umpire. Commander Dillingham of the gunboat *Detroit*, on learning that the revolutionists were about to "shoot up" a Dominican town, suggested that the defenders go out in the open and fight the invaders like sports. The proposition was accepted. Lines were marked off by flags. The Government forces were placed on one side, the rebels on the other and told to fight to their hearts' content. The only rule laid down was that retreat beyond the prescribed lines must be accepted as defeat, the losers to surrender. When all was arranged, foreign consuls and clubmen hired carriages and went out to see the battle. A valiant struggle followed, a retreat; a rally; "five yards to gain," a second retreat by the rebels, then—surrender! The unique war match was over—for that day, at least.

CHAPTER LVI.

ACROSS THE REPUBLIC.

“**I** SAY, my good man, is this boat going up or down,” asked an anxious old lady of a deck hand.

“Waal, ma'am,” he replied, “she’s a leaky old tub, so I shouldn’t wonder if she was goin’ down; but thin, ag’in, her b’ilers ain’t none too good, so she might be goin’ up!”

This story came to mind upon boarding the rickety little coasting vessel which takes one over to Macoris, the new, rich, flourishing sugar port, forty miles east of Santo Domingo. Sugar, cacao and tobacco are the three leading industries of the Dominican Republic. It ranks seventh among the sugar-producing countries of the world.

“We have fine sugar soil,” was the claim in San Pedro de Macoris. “You see, we don’t have to irrigate as they do over in Azua, where they must sink artesian wells. We just clear the forest, make a hole in the ground, stick in a joint of cane as you would an eye of a potato, and we have ten crops without replanting.”



SAN PEDRO DE MARCORIS, THE GREAT SUGAR PORT, SOUTH COAST



BRINGING IN THE SUGAR CANE.

After the export tax on sugar was abolished, there was a boom in the island, over \$5,000,000 worth of sugar having been shipped in 1912. A drought followed and sugar figures dropped, but the 1914 crop, estimated at 125,000 tons, promises to beat the record. The most of the companies are American, at least they are registered as American companies.

"Does the sugar go to the United States?" was asked.

"Yes, it goes there, but it doesn't stop. It is transshipped at New York for Canada and England."

We learned that there are twelve big estates, and that a new sugar district is being opened up at La Romana, where an American company is clearing a tract forty miles in length and building twenty-five miles of standard-gauge railway. The land is cheap, eight to ten dollars an acre.

The port of Macoris is favorably situated as a shipping point, as the Macoris River admits vessels drawing twenty-two feet. On a tug one steams up river to the Consuelo estate, where an interesting labor problem is found. The foreman

must have a working knowledge of several languages, as the field hands are imported from the British, French, Dutch and Danish West Indies, also from Haiti. They receive fifty to seventy cents for a twelve-hour day. Native labor is scarce, as the frequent revolutions have kept the population down to a comparatively small number per square mile. Many Haitians cross the island to work in Macoris, but black labor can now be imported only for the season, as a new law permits none but white persons as settlers. The Dominicans hope that this



SCENE ON A SUGAR PLANTATION

order will eventually have a bleaching effect on the national complexion.

From the south coast we sailed around to the eastern side of the island, to the far-famed Samana Bay. This magnificent harbor is really an inland sea, thirty-five miles in length, nine in width, practically landlocked, as the entrance narrows to

six-tenths of a mile between an island and the mainland. Once inside, there is deep-water anchorage for all the warships and merchant vessels that sail the high seas.

Samana Bay controls the Mona Passage, which is in a direct line between Europe and the Panama Canal. It came within an ace of belonging to the United States during President Grant's administration. A Dominican President made the proposition and we sent commissioners down there to study the question. They returned with a treaty of annexation which our Senate rejected by a tie vote. Our naval strategists

have never gotten over it and, even at this late day, are suggesting that we make an effort to acquire at least the peninsula with its command of adjacent waters.



HOMES ON SAMANA BAY, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

It was on the northern shore of this bay that the first European blood was shed in the New World. A party sent on shore by Columbus was attacked by Indians and several of the sailors were mortally wounded by arrows. That, of course, was before the conquest by Spain. At the time of the conquest there were estimated to be one million aborigines on the island, but so terrible was the treatment accorded them that fifty years later the race was virtually exterminated. Their blood flows today in the veins of many a Dominican, mixed with that of the Spanish conquerors and the American slaves. With the loss of the Indians as laborers on plantations and in mines, the Spaniards, as in Porto Rico, found it necessary to import great numbers of negro slaves, beginning early in the sixteenth century.

Ten miles up the bay is the charming little town of Samana, built in a coconut grove at the foot of the verdure-clad hills. This is the loveliest spot in the Republic. As one looks down from the heights back of the town on palm-clad capes and wooded islands, on a wonderfully colored bay and encircling mountains, one fancies that here, under a stable Government, a great international winter playground may some day be produced. One conjures up a mammoth tourist hotel, a fleet of yachts in the harbor, and rows of charming villas, only to awake to the fact that this is Santo Domingo. Still, some time in the dim future the dream may come true.

Back in 1825, Samana was the site chosen for the transplanting of some of our surplus American negro population. Descendants of the original colony still farm in the San Juan Valley, a few miles inland from Samana. They are fairly prosperous and are by far the most diligent workers in the country. One of them, who spoke English, claimed that he was of "Yankee abstraction." He certainly had the Yankee hustle, for he sent out a note to the steamer captain saying "Have a fine bull-pup for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

The Dominican Republic, like Cuba, is free from venomous reptiles and savage animals, so we suppose the people can put up



CURING CACAO IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

with the insects. They have a fine assortment of those. We met a number of varieties every time we walked on the grass, and the people of the upper classes are sure to invite the stranger to a picnic. The people love outdoor life. We saw big tarantulas ambling over walls, but the natives did not seem to fear these horrible spiders, and several assured us that the bite is not so dangerous as commonly supposed.

At the head of Samana Bay is the village of Sanchez with 900 inhabitants, owing its commercial existence to the fact that it is the terminus of the seventy-mile Scotch Railway up into the Cibao.

You hear of the Cibao more often than of anything else in the Republic, but we had difficulty in locating it. We finally decided that the term applies to the country between the central and northern ranges of mountains, including the great valley of the Vega. Here are the most fertile lands, the richest cacao plantations in the country

The crop of chocolate beans in 1912 was valued at nearly \$3,000,000 and furnished the bulk of the freight for the Scotch



LONG-HORNED CATTLE ON A PLANTATION



ROYAL PALMS OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

Railway. The Government cut the export tax on cacao in half to promote production and the returns have been encouraging, although the planters are still wailing over the terrible blight which attacked the tree a few years ago. They admit, however, that the recent advance in price has eased the situation. The 1913 crop fell off slightly, owing to political disturbances, drought and damages by insect pests. This product, however, yielded forty per cent of the export values of the year.

We made the journey overland from Sanchez to Puerto Plata on the south shore. There is but a short break in rail connection between the Samana Railroad, through the Vega, and the Government line, running inland from Puerto Plata to the important city of Santiago.

Near Samana Bay, the railway skirts mangrove swamps, the home of the snowy egret and the scarlet ibis. Then we climbed up to rolling pasture lands, through dense groves of cacao. Mile on mile of Royal palms flank the track. As trains here seldom exceed a fifteen-mile-an-hour speed (express trains sometimes make twenty miles) and stop from five to fifteen minutes at every village, there was ample time to observe the surroundings.



SADDLE BULLS USED IN THE FOOTHILLS AND VALLEYS OF CIBAO,
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

Beyond Almacen the country becomes more open. There are herds of cattle accompanied by flocks of white birds, which perch on the backs of the animals, freeing them from insects. Many of the cattle are of a slender breed peculiar to this island and occasionally used as saddle animals. They are sure-footed but not capable of much speed.

Five hours out from Sanchez we pulled into La Vega, terminus of the line, having climbed only 300 feet above sea level. La Vega is a rambling town of 5,000 people with little of interest beyond its sawmills, which tell of forest wealth close at hand. Just in sight tower the mountains of the central range, covered from base to summit with forests of yellow pine.

While eighty-five per cent of the land area of the Republic is covered with timber, lack of transportation has handicapped the development of the lumbering industry. A belt twenty-five miles wide, bordering the coast and railways, embraces all the cut-over area. The fine quality of Santo Domingo hardwoods has long been noted, the mahogany especially being famous for its great size and beauty when polished. There is also a quantity of greenheart, the wood which the United States Department of Agriculture claims will outlast steel or iron when placed in water. This wood was specified for the sills and fenders in the lock gates of the Panama Canal. Nansen's and Amundsen's sturdy ship, the *Fram*, was also built of it. While British Guiana is cutting her crop of greenheart, the Dominican Republic is carrying hers in stock.

The wretched roads are responsible for the importation of shiploads of American pine for building purposes, but the virtually untouched timber resources will be developed, as an Ohio firm has purchased 500,000,000 feet of mahogany and a Baltimore company the same amount of yellow pine. Logging roads are to be built and fertile clearings opened up for general agriculture.

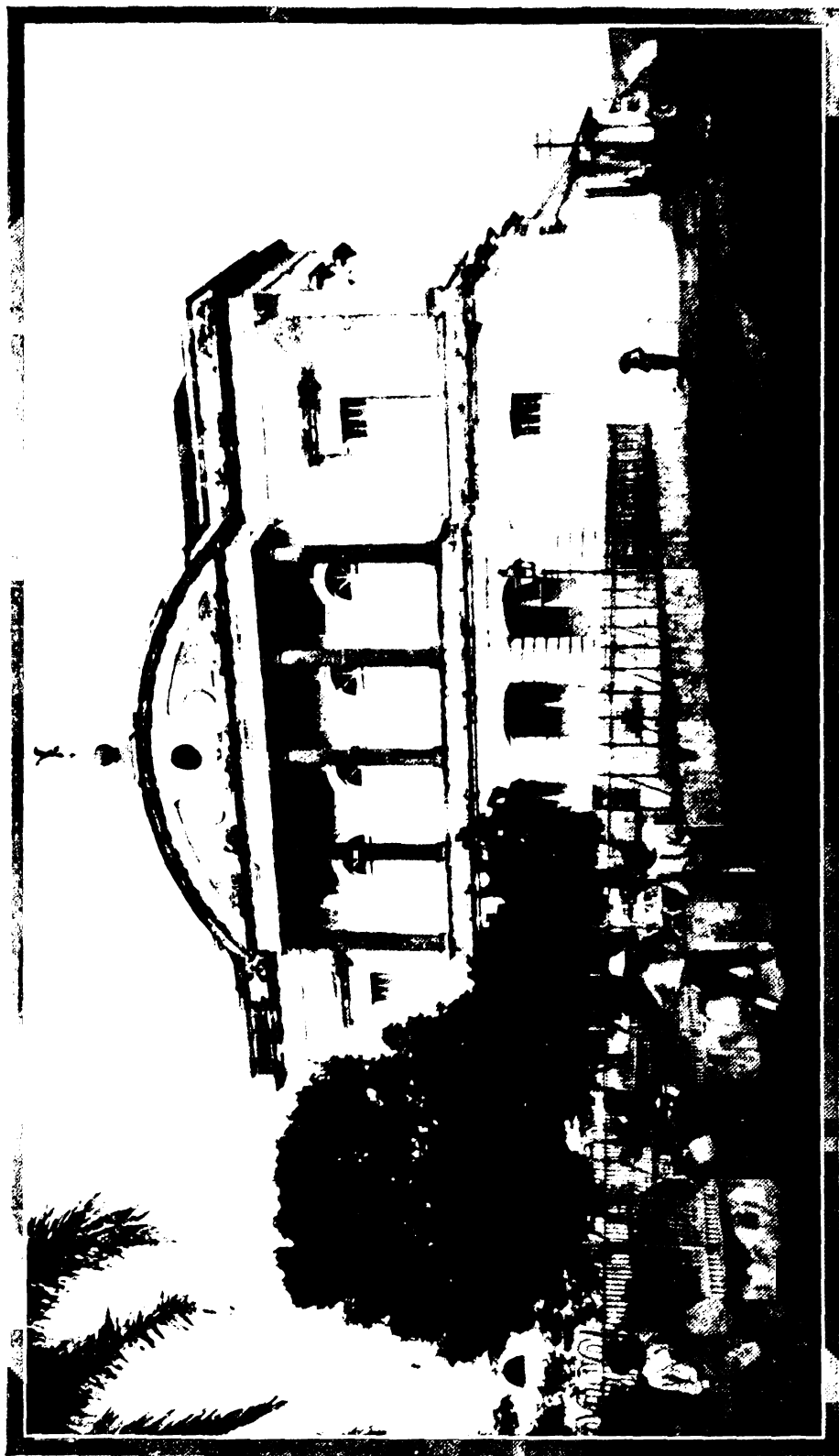
CHAPTER LVII

THE MECCA OF MECCAS.

WE WERE glad to get away from the squalid little inn in La Vega, but as we rode out on the muddy trail to Moca we doubted that we had bettered ourselves. We had never seen mud quite so sloppy or so deep, but our valiant mules somehow kept above ground. There was no other way to connect with the Santiago-Puerto Plata Railway, but one compensation lay *en route*—the view of the Vega Real from the heights of Cerro Santo, the Sacred Mountain. Here Columbus stood when he first beheld the great valley. One hundred miles it stretches from this mountain to Samana Bay. Now towns, roads and the railway lay below us on the plain with the same sea of palms which waved a welcome to the Great Admiral. La Vega Real, he christened it, "The Royal Meadows," and all agree with him that there is none on earth more beautiful.

The break between the two railroads of the Cibao looks but a step from the Cerro Santo. We were told in La Vega that this missing link is due to the exorbitant price put on certain cacao and coffee lands. We also heard that the ten miles of road between La Vega and Moca is vastly superior to the average Dominican highway. If this is true, aeroplanes had better start up business. The road has such an unpleasant habit of running back and forth across the river, or perhaps the road is straight and the river does the "serpentine." At any rate, we were thankful to reach Moca and secure train connection all the way to the coast.

Moca was the home of the late Ramon Caceres, the Farmer President, who owned the largest cacao estate in the Cibao. Here he spent the greater portion of his time away from the cares of state. As its name implies, Moca is also known to



MUNICIPAL BUILDING, SANTIAGO DE LOS CABALLEROS, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

local fame as a coffee center. Although raised mostly for home consumption, \$250,000 worth of coffee was shipped last year. This was a big falling off from 1912, when over \$566,000 worth was exported. That old rascal, "Drought," was at the bottom of it again.

It is a short run by rail to Santiago, more properly, Santiago de los Caballeros, founded back in 1504 by special permission from King Ferdinand of Spain as a grant to *hidalgos* of noble blood—*hijos de algos*—"sons of somebody." The "de los Caballeros" made of Santiago "A City of Gentlemen" and the inhabitants still insist on their full title. Here are the most conservative and purely "Dominican" people of the country.

The city is an important tobacco center, the exports of leaf tobacco amounting to \$1,000,000 annually, shipped for the most part to Hamburg. This tobacco sells for about \$5 per hundred pounds. Some very good cigars are made in the country. The dried leaves of the Royal palm, called *guana*, are used as a protection for the tobacco as it comes into town from the country, packed in huge panniers swung on the backs of horses and burros.

In Santiago we ate our first cakes made from banana flour. The delicious flavor of the fruit is retained when dried and pulverized. There is surely a future ahead for this industry.



TOBACCO READY FOR SHIPMENT, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

With a modern evaporating plant all the "rejected for shipment" bananas can be promptly converted into "Fine Banana-Flake Breakfast Food—Delicious, Digestible, Desirable." Some enterprising Yankee ought to put it on the market. It should, at least, beat wooden nutmegs.

We were interested to learn that the Dominican Republic is one of the few places on earth which has amber in any great quantity, the bulk of the world's supply being found on the Baltic seacoast. Amber, which is simply fossilized rosin derived from certain coniferous trees, is found near Santiago in sandstone bordering the beds of streams, but the deposits have not yet been studied scientifically. So this country can furnish not only the wood for the making of a pipe and the tobacco to fill it, but can finish the pipe with an amber tip and supply matchwood on the side.

We enjoyed the forty-two mile railroad "glide" from the plateau down to the sea. A rack system is used on a portion of the line and its operation is most expensive, four locomotives being required to elevate a loaded train. This spells "rack and ruin" to the receipts. A longer route has been surveyed which will eliminate the cogwheel system. An American improvement company built the road over twenty years ago, Belgium furnishing the money and the Dominicans guaranteeing the interest. The improvement company made all the money, as it had an earning agreement with the Government, and Belgium had to whistle for her interest. Finally the improvement company was forced to sell out to the Dominicans.

We met an American on the train who had absorbed a lot of specific knowledge of the country during eight years' service on a sugar estate. He looked promising, so we attacked him soon after we left Santiago with the direct question "What is wrong, anyway, with this country?"

"With the country?" he replied. "Nothing. It's the people, the country is rich enough. It could support six million instead of a few hundred thousand. Why, over in the Cibao the soil is richer than the mud of the Nile! But you saw how few people cultivate it. Robinson Crusoe had more inhab-

itants on his island than they have in whole sections here. Trouble is, they all want to be President, even if they get shot for it. They certainly did need us Americans down here to count the cash. And, will you believe it, even with all the fighting going on this last year, the volume of business passed the record. Nature just produced the goods in spite of the Dominicans. Duties high? Yes, many imports are taxed eighty and ninety per cent and this puts a check on develop-



SOLDIER-POLICEMEN OF THE REPUBLIC

ment. I can't see why Uncle Sam doesn't have them reduce the duties. They are paying off the \$20,000,000 debt altogether too speedily. When it's all paid up, the American receiver will have to pack his grip and get out, and then the politicians will get their grip on the treasury and there will be a revival of the dear old business of killing each other."

In dealing with the Dominican Republic's affairs the United States authorities have a knotty problem to solve. It has developed that the Wilson administration is not fully satisfied with the policy of the last administration in virtually
 39 assuming a protectorate over the republic. President Wilson,

it is said, is not entirely in sympathy with the way in which Americans took control of the Dominican finances. Measures were taken whereby the customs revenues were apportioned so that certain "bad debts" were to be paid off, and it has been charged that some of the debts given preference were those of Wall Street financiers. This claim is always made.

Puerto Plata is wonderfully situated on a peninsula, with cooling breezes from either side. It is the chief commercial port of the Republic, but not so much of a city in appearance as Santo Domingo or Santiago. It does not look old, nor is it especially interesting, although it was founded in the sixteenth century and has played its rôle in the island's history. This poor city has hardly missed a single revolution and, in fact, has been the bull's-eye in all political disturbances. The people have become accustomed to small rations and the smell of gunpowder.

Monte Cristi, sixty-five miles to the west, is another coast port, where the climate is less tropical than at Puerto Plata, in fact it lies in a semi-arid belt which parallels the eastern border of the Republic. They are beginning to raise cotton here with promising results.

Halfway between Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi is the Mecca of Meccas for every one of us in the New World. Here, hidden in a deserted thicket, on a point where the Bajabonico River meets the sea, lie the ruins of the oldest Christian settlement in the Americas. This was Isabela, the first town which Columbus built.

We hope that some day a statue may be erected here in honor of the Great Admiral. In bronze he should stand through the years by the earth-covered fort of old Isabela, pointing westward where "the course of empire takes its way," though the time has arrived when the famous phrase should be altered to read, "Southward the course of empire takes its way," since nearly all the best and cheapest lands in the world now lie south of the United States, not west.

REPUBLIC OF HAITI

Area, 10,204 square miles, a little larger than the State of Maryland—Population, 1913, estimated at 2,500,000, majority negroes—Chief resources, tobacco, sugar, cacao, cotton, coffee, timber, agriculture, have copper, iron and coal, but are little developed—Total exports, 1912 (latest obtainable), \$17,285,485; imports, \$9,876,555—Debt, gold, \$24,362,699, paper currency, \$15,514,812—Army, 1913, about 25,000—Navy, 4 small vessels—Railway, 350 miles building; telegraph lines, 124 miles—Capital, Port-au-Prince, population, 100,000—President, General Orestes Zamor.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

WHILE Haiti is not a United States colony and is not so closely connected with the American Government in a financial way as the Dominican Republic, its relation to our country is such that a description of it will, no doubt, be of much interest.

As far as we are aware, Haiti's story has never been really staged in a literary sense. There is so much action that it would require three rings and several side shows to do it justice. It certainly lends itself to a black-face tragedy or a melodrama with blood and thunder in every scene. There would be enough material left over for a first-class minstrel show and a gorgeous costume piece. But, as a motion-picture film, it would hardly get by the censor.

Since 1804, when the slaves slashed their way to freedom and launched a Black Republic, twenty-three rulers have essayed the rôle of "leading man" with disastrous results. Three were shot, two were poisoned, one was dynamited, one suicided. This accounts for seven. Eleven were driven into exile, two died in office; only three left the presidential chair personally intact. Rather a poor record to hand to a life insurance agent, for instance.

This fertile country, where the white man is not allowed to own land, is an interesting study. Its childlike people have been bullied, ridiculed, exploited and maligned in turn, through the years. Once it was the richest of French possessions, the most productive bit of earth for its size on the globe. Negroes by the thousands were imported to toil on the white man's sugar estates. Then came the era of bloodshed, the battle of the slaves for freedom, led by the really noble Toussaint L'Ouverture, the greatest man the black race has ever produced. Trapped by the French, L'Ouverture died in a European prison, and his savage general, Dessalines, led the slaves to victory. No less a man than Rochambeau, commanding the flower of Napoleon's army, lowered the colors of France.

Born in Africa, or the offspring of savages captured in the jungles of the Dark Continent, the Haitians were ill-fitted for self-government and have been left to work out their own salvation. The world has not held out the helping hand.

Our steamer arrived at Port-au-Prince at daybreak, and we wish we could say that the town at near view looks as well as it does from the sea. Terracing up the mountain side, framed in verdure, no Caribbean city is more beautifully situated. Docking at the best pier in the West Indies, we passed a well-built customhouse, but from there on we seemed to note only the things that were missing.

It is all very well for them to remind one that \$200,000 has just been spent on street improvements; that there is an electric plant; a new system of water works; a cathedral costing half a million; a national bank; schools, colleges and hospitals. The



STATUE OF DESSALINES, PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI.

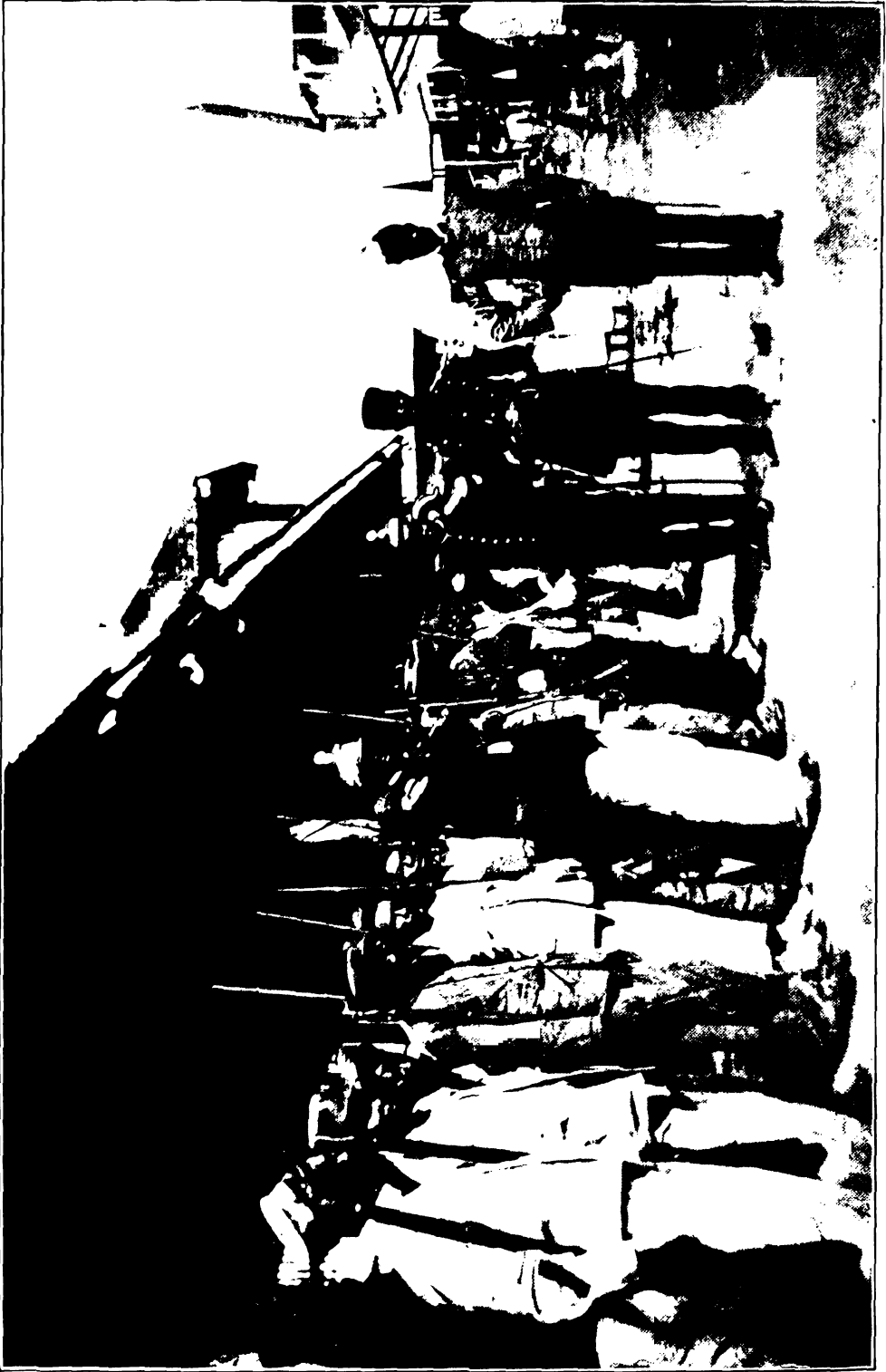
Haitians deserve credit for all this. But the traveler sees only the dirt and squalor and feels that he has strayed into the back yard by mistake. If one can stay in a villa up on the hills, where the aristocratic Haitians live, one is all right. If one must stay at a hotel down in the town, where microbes fly merrily about in the dust of unsprinkled streets, one is all wrong. There are 100,000 people in the capital, blacks, mulattoes and about 500 foreigners. White is not a fashionable shade. The national motto is "Haiti for the Haitians."

"Generals are thicker than flies down here," the steamer captain told us, and on the very first street back of the waterfront we met a batch of officers, dazzling beyond description, their multi-colored uniforms heavily incrustated with gilt. We followed some tattered soldiers to a public square. They did not seem in the least belligerent. Some sprawled in the shade chewing sugar cane; others accosted us with the one scrap of English on the tongue of every Haitian private, "Give me five cents."

There are over 20,000 of these ragamuffins under arms and probably 6,000 bedecked officers. The privates receive prac-



TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN PORT-AU-PRINCE.



A COMPANY OF HAITIAN SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS.

tically no pay, but pick up a little cash when off duty by doing odd chores. We saw six of them washing bottles in a soda-water factory. Much of the national vitality is lost in this irregular army, useless to repel invasion, always making trouble at home. As the President is usually a military chief who happens to get possession of the troops, bayonets have an important bearing on his tenure of office, and as a German merchant expressed it, "Here in Haiti you can do about anything with a bayonet excepting sit on it."

"But why under the sun do they have so many generals?" we asked.

"Well, you see it's an old custom," he said. "They were always afraid the French would come back and take the country. So they decided to have a skeleton army in the background with plenty of officers in the front row and call in the field hands in case of trouble. They all want to be generals. A general can rent soldiers out for all sorts of work and keep half the money. A big politician managed to get a general's commission for his prospective son and heir, some years ago, but the child turned out to be a girl."



PORT-AU-PRINCE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

We photographed a good many generals and believe that the camera is the most effective weapon that can be used against them. It always brings them to a halt and a heroic pose.

In spite of their early hatred of the French, the Haitians speak the tongue of their former masters and are very fond of high-sounding Latin names, "Bonaparte" and "Voltaire" being great favorites. They draw on mythology, on the sciences, in fact, they will soar to any height. We met a "General Neptune" and a "General Oxygen." Perfectly good names, we suppose. We did not meet a "General Debility."

A number of fairly creditable Government buildings face the Champ de Mars, the main square of the capital. Here is the platform, with the Royal palm, typical of every Haitian city, called the "Altar of the Country." It seems to be a sort of national shrine. Ornamenting the railing of the platform are busts of heroes, L'Ouverture, Dessalines, Pétion and others, and, what strikes the traveler as strange at first, all the marble faces are black.

A tragedy in the Champ de Mars was the blowing up of the presidential mansion in 1912, killing Chief Executive Leconte and 600 others, a very terrible affair. A new Haitian White House (or perhaps we should say say "Black House") is to be erected on this site.

The Simon administration ended in ignominious flight across the Champ de Mars to the pier, when the President and his followers sought refuge on the island of Jamaica, the adopted home of dark gentlemen in trouble. Simon had planned to leave on a gunboat, but all were out of commission, so he boarded an American schooner.

Haiti has had sad luck with her navy, and is at present all "black and blue" over her efforts to make real tars of her dusky landsmen. The last coffee bean was expended in purchasing a fleet of broken-down tugs and yachts, all of which apparently yearned to become submarines, some with complete success.

The *Conserva*, purchased on the bargain counter in Brooklyn, sailed for her new home on a foggy morning. She



SCREENING COFFEE IN THE STREET, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

was a leaky tub, and after passing Sandy Hook was never heard of again. So far as is known, not a soul survived.

The old yacht *Earl King* was also a New York purchase, and under the proud title of *Liberté*, lasted a full year before blowing up with seventy unfortunate Haitians.

Some speculators unloaded the antique Italian cruiser *Umbria* on President Simon, and a native engineer soon had her ready for the junk pile. The engineer's previous experience had been on a narrow-gauge railroad. The first officer had formerly occupied the position of *chef* at a hotel in Port-au-Prince.

The gunboat *Centenaire* was sent to Jamaica for repairs and condemned as worthless. *The Seventeenth of December*, a large yacht of American construction, got as far as Haiti on her maiden voyage and broke down. The gunboat *Ferrier*, formerly the \$1,000,000 yacht *America*, after lying in pawn for months in the Delaware River, waiting in vain for necessary repair funds from Haiti, was at last sold to the University



THE NEW MARKET, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

of Pennsylvania and sent up the Amazon on an exploring expedition. Here it was finally abandoned as unseaworthy

Uncle Sam at last showed pity and allowed Commander White, engineer officer of the United States Navy, a year's leave of absence to undertake the reorganization of the "Black Armada." All his Yankee ingenuity will be required to doctor up Haiti's ocean cripples and he certainly will be handicapped if the Haitians are able to translate his name!

If you want to see the people of Haiti at their liveliest, take your smelling salts and sally forth to the marketplace. You will find one market well housed, where the food is shaded from the fierce tropic sun, and another, more popular, in an open square. Here the glistening white cathedral with its stately spires seems out of tune with the surroundings, as it towers above overladen donkeys, sun-spoiled products and a chattering, perspiring crowd of blacks.

As we stood on the cathedral steps looking down on this motley array, two Haitians of the educated class passed by engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of a certain drama just produced in Paris. One carried a well-known French periodical under his arm. The other, my guide informed me, was a poet of local fame. In spite of the extreme heat they were attired in top hats and frock coats, the necessary essentials for every Haitian who wishes to be taken seriously.

The American legation, although situated in town instead of up in the pure air of the hills, is a pretentious building. The new American minister, Mr Bailey Blanchard, will probably have a villa on the heights, at some distance from the capital, where the full beauty of the island and the remarkable situation of Port-au-Prince can be appreciated.

A Government proclamation issued during our visit stated that a loan of \$1,500,000 was to be negotiated for further public works. The Haitian capital has been improved greatly in recent years. In time, if the revolutionists will permit the good work to keep on, it may live up in a half-hearted way, at least, to its charming environment.

CHAPTER LIX.

PEOPLE, TOWNS AND RESOURCES.

LIKE a pail overflowing with blackberries is Haiti, the Ebony Land. There are 2,500,000 inhabitants, 240 to the square mile, a population seven times as compact as in the United States. The Black Republic is an earnest contestant in the race of nations for density of population, led only, in the New World, by Porto Rico, Salvador and Barbados. Eighty per cent of the natives are full-blooded negroes, the remainder mulattoes. Whites are such a negligible quantity as to show hardly a trace in the analysis. The inky-hued have always shown aversion even to the mulattoes, and very few Haitian Presidents have exhibited a tinge of the deadly white on the pure black of their escutcheons.

When roused by the fear of recurrent white domination, these happy-go-lucky children of nature revert to savagery, fighting to preserve for their own this one little isle of the earth where they are working out their dusky destiny

"Are Americans popular down here?" we asked an educated Haitian who spoke English fluently

"Black ones might be, if they came," he answered, "but they seldom do. The Americans we usually see are the promoters who come to get Government concessions for railroads and municipal improvements, and this always means another mortgage on our coffee crop. If you want the truth, the Stars and Stripes were formerly much respected, but, about six years ago, a revolution broke out up the coast at St. Marc, and several of the leaders, when pursued, sought refuge in the American consulate. The Haitian Government cabled Washington and Washington replied, ordering the consul to give up the rebels. They were taken out and shot and the bitterness of their sympathizers has grown with the years."



AN OLD FRENCH AQUEDUCT, HAITI.

We found, in spite of much ill feeling against Americans and whites in general, that we are doing business in Haiti. The McDonald Syndicate has a big railroad concession; A. M. Archer has but recently restored the old French irrigation system near Port-au-Prince for the Government and installed electric plants in a number of cities; Berlin & March, an American firm, have the street-paving contract in the capital, and American companies are cutting and exporting hardwoods and developing a copper mine.

United States firms also manage to supply the bulk of Haiti's needs, selling them about \$6,000,000 of their average annual imports of about \$9,000,000 per year, while Great Britain, France and other countries trail behind in the race for trade. Not one of them has got into the million-dollar class!

Out on the country roads we noticed that most of the plump black *madames* and *mademoiselles* bringing produce into town were clad in blue denim, and curiosity led us to inquire where the cloth came from. A German merchant admitted with a show of feeling that it was not manufactured

in Hamburg "It is Yankee trash," he said. We learned later that the goods came from Massachusetts and outclassed everything of the sort that the Germans could produce in color, wearing quality and price.

Last year we sold the Haitians 150 typewriters and 2,000 sewing machines. And wonder of wonders, we sold them 2,500,000 fishhooks! Every native gets one American hook per year, so the European merchants will begin to say that we win the trade by "hook or crook," with an accent on the crook! But this is mere trade jealousy and we will keep on fishing

Haiti's exports last year were about \$18,000,000, but Uncle Sam, after looking over the stock, decided there was very little he cared to buy. He did select some logwood to



BUSY DAY AT A HAITIAN LAUNDRY



A SAND-BOX TREE, HAITI THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL TROPICAL TREES.

use as a dye, a few goat skins and 1,000 tortoise shells—the whole lot worth only \$350,000. All the rest went to Europe, over two-thirds to France. German merchants formerly made fortunes in handling Haitian products. There was no magic in it. They bought on the bargain counter, and poor Haiti, spending every cent in sight, has only been able to import half the value of her exports.

The coffee bean is the mainstay of the country. Over 50,000,000 pounds were exported last year. The soil of the island is so rich that scarcely any effort is required to produce this "national meal-ticket." Trees planted 300 years ago by the French are still bearing, although Mother Nature begins to cry for assistance and crops are diminishing. Brazil became for a time a fairy godmother to all the little coffee-producing countries of the world by maintaining prices with Government assistance, so the value of Haiti's output gradually increased in spite of diminished production, until we tried to run South America by mixing in Brazil's business, and, not understanding the situation, lost friends. Since then, the coffee price has

weakened. Women do the picking and are far more industrious than the men, but the really busy ones of the island are the bees. They manage to supply enough honey for local demand and 200,000 gallons for export; just as a side line, they produce 100,000 pounds of beeswax.

In Port-au-Prince we passed a shoe factory and stepped in to look it over. We were surprised to find such a well-equipped plant. Only native workmen are employed, two hundred of them. One proprietor tans his own leather and is able to produce a finished shoe at a lower price than French or American importations. Of course our shoe machines were used.

The capital has five miles of steam tramway and is the terminus of railroads extending in three directions—westward along the coast to the rich vale of Leogane, eastward across the fertile plain of the Cul-de-Sac to the great lakes on the Dominican frontier, northward toward St. Marc.

We rode out to Leogane with the American construction superintendent. The road, he informed us, was built by the Plains Railway Company, Haitian, German and American interests, and cost \$12,000 a mile. It has paid from the start. The vice-president lives in New York. The line taps ninety square miles of the richest soil of the Republic, a plain sloping gradually to the sea, well watered by three mountain streams. We found sugar, cacao and cotton under cultivation. Haiti exported 12,000,000 pounds of cotton and cotton seed last year. The fiber is not so long as that grown in the United States, but could be greatly improved by proper seed selection. Cheap land and cheap labor make this branch of industry remunerative on a large scale, but the area is limited.

On the parent railroad of the country, we traveled from Port-au-Prince up to the border lakes, crossing the richest large area of the Republic, the locally famous plain of the Cul-de-Sac. In Haiti the term "plain" is used simply to distinguish between the general mountainous character of the island and the stretches of more or less level land. "Haiti" is an old Indian name meaning "High Land." They tell a story of how King George III. asked a British admiral how the island looked.

"It looks just like this," he answered, as he crumpled a piece of paper and threw it on the table. In fact, a good part of the country seems to stand on end, not having room to spread.

The Cul-de-Sac Railroad is a very light-weight affair, but has been highly profitable, as it taps the garden of the French Colonial *régime*. Then the whole plain bloomed throughout the year under irrigation, and the reconstruction of the French aqueducts, long ago fallen to



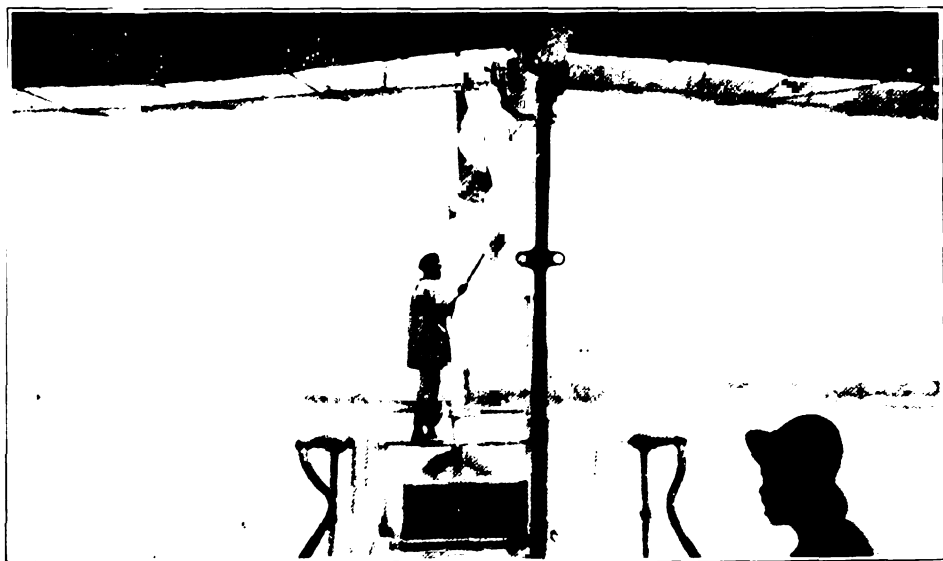
decay, is the most important work, in many ways, undertaken by the Haitians. An American engineer, A. M. Archer, received \$200,000 from the Government for the work. He rebuilt the dam, one hundred and eighty feet

GLIMPSES OF THE RESTORED
FRENCH IRRIGATION
SYSTEM

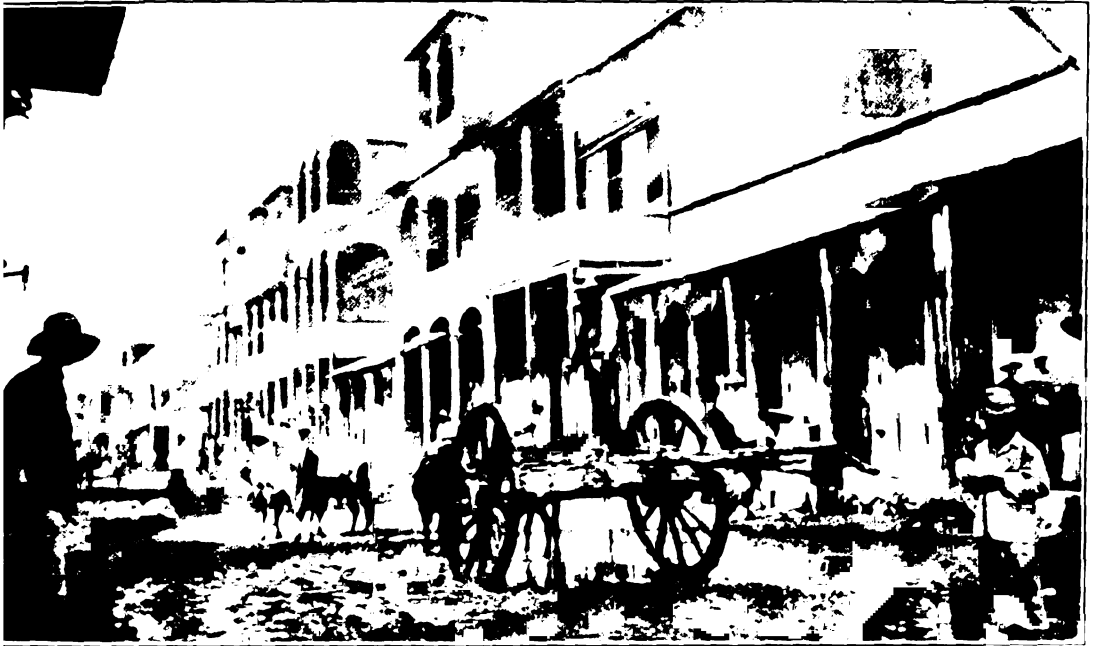
in length and twenty-seven feet high, and cleared a main canal twenty feet wide, extending ten miles across the plain. A second canal is sixteen miles long. Water is fed into the lower channel by means of a 2,800-foot siphon. Much of the old French construction was utilized. This work restores cultivation to a tract parched in the dry season, and sugar and cotton plantations have come into their own again.

Our train climbed one thousand feet in the twenty-eight miles between Port-au-Prince and Lake Saumatre, but seemed much higher above sea level, for the woods bordering the lake are rather of the temperate zone. The pine tree flourishes here, and two years ago revolutionists destroyed a profitable sawmill. The owners, the Peters Brothers, although born in the country, were British subjects, so it was the captain of a British warship who collected the indemnity, not very long ago, after threatening to blow up Port-au-Prince, if it was not forthcoming.

The view from the heights above Saumatre is marvelously beautiful. In the distance we could see the twin lake, Enriquillo, extending into Dominican territory. At our feet, the Cul-de-Sac was spread out like a map. It was a first-class geography lesson. A good hotel would make these heights a popular summer resort for the upper-class Haitians, who now stick close to their villas on the hills above Port-au-Prince.



SIGNALING IN THE PORT OF JACMEL, HAITI.



A STREET IN AUX CAYES, SOUTHERN HAITI

The McDonald Railroad, now building, will traverse the country from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haïtien, a distance of two hundred miles, with branch lines into the interior. The valley of the Artibonite, the largest river of the island will be tapped. Stretches of the road are already constructed, the one up the coast from the capital now reaching L'Arcahaie, an important banana plantation.

We never saw elsewhere such a forest of bananas as at L'Arcahaie. The fruit is the staple article of diet of the peasants, and they give you raw bananas for breakfast, fried bananas for luncheon, banana-flour cakes for dinner and fried plantains in between meals. These plants are staples of the tropics. It was from here banana plants were taken to Africa.

No railroad as yet connects the capital with the towns of Aux Cayes and Jacmel, on the south coast, but the Dutch steamers on their voyage between New York and Amsterdam touch here, as did the French and formerly German lines bound from Jamaica to Porto Rico. From the sea these towns are picturesque, but on landing we found them very dirty and



NATIVES AT A WELL, AUX CAYES, SOUTHERN HAITI.



CAKES AND GLASSWARE FOR SALE,
AUX CAYES, HAITI

unsanitary They export much coffee, cotton and dye-wood, and the few foreigners engaged in business look a woe-begone, homesick lot. One cannot imagine a worse fate than to be stranded in Aux Cayes, which is also called Les Caves and just Caves.

The traveler who sees only these coast towns of Haiti forms a poor and a partial impression of the country as a whole. Fortunately for our opinion of the Hai-

tians, we visited interior villages where the people are far more cleanly, where we obtained a very different idea of the independent black man and his future than can be gained among the shifting cosmopolitan population of a port. Though Haiti as a subordinate unit among the nations of the earth is undesirably defective both in organization and people the fact must not be overlooked that here is the first attempt of black men to conduct a civilized government. When it is considered that not so very long ago this line of human beings were jungle-men, afterward debased by years of slavery, one must admit that they are doing very well. Here, at least, they have not the white man's competition to meet, an inexorable force that scientific men have asserted must ultimately wear out and destroy the black race wherever it has been injected into the main human stream. Hence, the Haitians are to be congratulated, and who knows but that this little Republic may, through example, prove to be the ultimate salvation of the colored race? We hope so.

CHAPTER LX.

THE REAL HAITIANS.

WE NEEDED no alarm clock the day we started on our saddle journey from Port-au-Prince to Cap Haitien. Every morning, bright and early, at the witching hour of four o'clock, the bugle wails forth from the Champ de Mars. The racket continues for a half-hour, so it is hardly possible to indulge in further sleep.

This particular morning the bugle call was augmented by the cries of an angry populace and, rushing into our riding togs, we ran down to the street, expecting to find a dress rehearsal for a first-class revolution. The excitement was due, we learned, to the noncompliance of the Syrian merchants of the capital with a recent presidential decree. It seems they had been ordered to take out a well-nigh prohibitory license before conducting any further business. The time limit had expired, and the several hundred big-eyed Syrians were a badly scared lot that morning, as the Haitians had decided to eject them, bag and baggage, from the country.

The French minister now came to the rescue, filing a protest against their banishment, and troops were called out to maintain order. Many of the frightened merchants sought refuge in the French legation, others boarded a German steamer bound for New York. We learned afterward that our port doctors found a case of leprosy aboard, and had the ship fumigated and the party isolated. But just what to do with them became a problem. Haiti would not welcome their return, while Uncle Sam did not intend to include lepers in the list of Haitian imports. They were finally sent back to Haiti and placed under the protection of the French minister.

In our journey across the island, we followed the right of way and completed portions of the McDonald Railroad, being



BRINGING VEGETABLE ROPE TO MARKET.



A RURAL FERRY IN HAITI.

built with New York capital. This concession has caused great uneasiness throughout Haiti, for, while the educated class realize that such a road means everything to the country, the masses see only the advent of the white man and are suspicious and distrustful.

It is a matter of history that the granting of a cabinet-wood concession to Americans caused the overthrow of President Nord Alexis, and President Simon's downfall was due to his friendly attitude toward foreigners. The original McDonald plan was most complete. It provided for the building of 350 miles of railroad, connecting the four principal seaports, at an expenditure of \$13,000,000. It was considered rather a juicy concession, but Wall Street expects that sort of thing in planting money in a turbulent land. The bonds were issued for \$32,000 a mile, drawing a guaranteed interest of six per cent from the Government. A fifty years' lease of all unoccupied lands for ten miles on either side of the road, a banana concession; and the right to operate a steamer line between Cap Haitien and foreign countries without port dues were included in the framing of the concession. After much lobbying, the bill went through, and a year before our visit the construction gang arrived with full equipment and began the laying of 8,000 tons of fifty-six-pound rails. Of the 1,500 employés we found that 200 were Americans. In September, 1913, the line Port-au-Prince to St. Marc was opened to traffic.

From the banana plantation of L'Arcahaie, seventeen miles up the coast from Port-au-Prince, where we left the railroad, our trail led to St. Marc, the coffee port, a day's saddle journey. We say the coffee port, in speaking of St. Marc, for this brand of coffee has become so famous in Europe that it seemed to be shipped from every Haitian port. We found this a bit bewildering until initiated into the devious ways of coffee export.

There is no more attractive ride in the tropics than the one between L'Arcahaie and St. Marc. The road borders a sparkling, iridescent sea, shaded by overbranching trees. On the other side are coffee and cotton estates, terracing up the hillsides. In St. Marc there is neither hotel nor club. You can

sleep at the barracks, or pitch camp in the square. If you come with letters, perhaps some foreign buyer of coffee will take you in.

The second day's ride carried us on to Gonaïves, a logwood port, with an excellent harbor, and a very dry and healthful climate. Haiti has every variety of climate and scenery, from steaming tropic valleys to semi-arid plains. Gonaïves is overwhelmingly proud of being the birthplace of Haitian independence, but it is a squalid little town. It boasts a club, however, where the traveler is hospitably received. Here we lounged on a shady veranda overlooking the waterfront and watched men loading logwood, hides and honey—a unique combination—on board a New York steamer.

We chatted with a superintendent of construction on the McDonald Railroad and found him greatly impressed with the possibilities of the country.

"Fertile? Well, rather!" he said. "And I have no complaint to make against the Haitian workmen. They think thirty cents a day good wages. But, you see, they don't have to work all the time to keep alive. They can go out most anywhere and pick a mango or a plantain, and rum, coffee and cigarettes are absurdly cheap. This all makes for indolence, and a slipshod mode of living. Drink? Yes, they get away with a lot of *taffia*, the native rum, but they are more temperate than darkies I've employed elsewhere."

"What do you know about the Voodoo?" we asked the railroad man who had lived there long enough really to know the people. This horrible form of sorcery with its cannibalistic rites, brought over by the slaves from Africa, has long been a headliner in the newspapers.

"Oh, you hear about it all the time," he answered, "but usually from people who have never been out of the capital. I've traveled everywhere myself and have never seen it. I've watched a good many of the so-called Voodoo dances, too, but they seem to be just ordinary 'boozefests,' in the good old English of the States. The French-jabbering blacks just love to dance, and they do prance about outlandishly to the thump-

ing of a crude sort of drum. They keep it up all night. But I don't take much stock in this yarn of their eating little children. Perhaps, 'way back in the mountains, they may have an old-fashioned 'snowflake party' now and then, the sort their grandfathers loved, but I don't think they ever get beyond the sacrifice of roosters and an occasional goat."

And this is about all we could learn of Voodooism from any one who really knew the country.

The trail from Gonaïves to Cap Haitien on the north coast leaves the shore and strikes into the interior, across the mountains. Up, up, we toiled, from the cactus to the palm, from the palm to the pine, until we reached the wonderful valley of Plaisance, not only the gem of Haiti, but all tropical America. This is the botanist's Paradise. From pine-clad heights we dropped down into Nature's prize conservatory, massed with ferns, orchids, and every variety of climbing vine. The little rain-swept village of Plaisance is a revelation to the traveler, something distinctly different from the unkempt towns of the



SOLDIERS AND CHURCH IN PLAISANCE, NORTHERN HAITI.

coast. Here happy-faced, neatly-clad people were in every cabin doorway. There was none of that "back-yard look" we associate with colored folks of the poorer class. These were the real Haitians, we decided, the dignified, self-respecting country folk, untainted by a poor quality of white blood. In these natives of interior valley and highland plain lies, perhaps, the real hope for the Black Republic.

The way on to Cap Haitien follows the fine old French highway, amid such magnificent scenery as one associates with greater mountain ranges. In Plaisance we slept in the home of a kind French priest and next evening reached the Club Union in Cap Haitien, a very comfortable club where foreigners live, Germans for the most part.

Cap Haitien was the "Cap François" of the French, truly "The Little Paris of the New World," and today, in spite of years of devastation and degeneration, it is the most French of all Haitian towns in architecture. As we stood among the ruins of the crumbling palace back of the town, we conjured up brilliant scenes of other days, when Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, held court here, as the wife of the French General Leclerc. Her dissipations and follies and Leclerc's death from yellow fever are part of the tragic tale of France's lost garden colony.

Returning to Paris, Pauline cut her beautiful hair and buried it in her husband's casket. "What a touching tribute to wifely devotion!" some one remarked to Napoleon. "Oh, she knows that her hair is bound to fall out, since she, too, had the fever," said Napoleon, cynically. "She is quite sure that it will come in longer and thicker for being cropped."

Some miles inland from "The Cape," as the foreigners call Cap Haitien, is the African Versailles, the ruined palace of Sans Souci, built by Christophe, the Black Napoleon. After the death of Dessalines, the first Haitian ruler, the country was divided between two of his generals. Christophe, appointing himself "King Henry," ruled in the north.

Sans Souci, King Henry's royal palace, was furnished marvelously, in the best European style. Two American ladies



RUINS OF SANS SOUCI, PALACE OF KING CHRISTOPHE, AT MILOT, NEAR CAP HAITIEN.



RUINS OF THE "STAIRWAY OF HONOR," PALACE OF SANS SOUCI.

from Philadelphia came down to instruct the regal black princesses. High up on a mountain, overlooking palace, plain and sea, Christophe built the great fortress of La Ferrière, today the most remarkable ruin in the Western Hemisphere. Here galleries filled with hundreds of cannon looked down on the path of French ships and the might of La Ferrière towered across the sea. It is said that 30,000 men lost their lives in the building of this grim giant citadel, for Christophe was as cruel as he was strong. Those who could not do his bidding were thrown valleyward to their death.

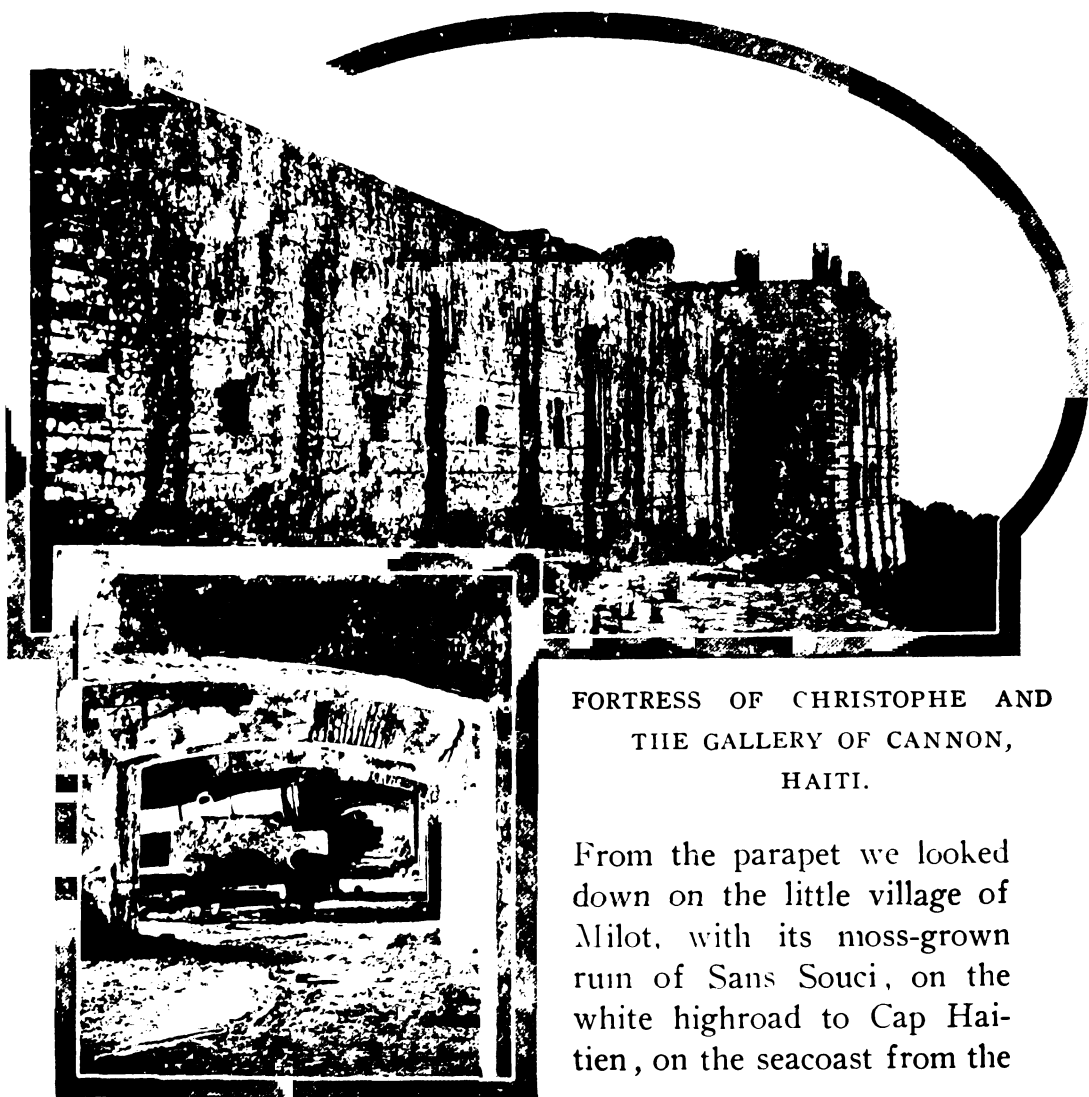
He copied his court life from the monarchies of the Old World, creating a full line of nobles. There was a "Duke of Marmalade" and a "Count of Lemonade" (names of Haitian districts). One poor man was forced to bear the title, "Count d'Coco." No doubt he was lucky to keep his "coco" on his neck!

Christophe did much to promote agriculture. He even brought plows from the States, and American experts to

operate them. He tried to educate his people, introducing the Protestant religion. Today the American Protestant Episcopal Church spends \$12,000 a year here and has fifteen colored clergymen. There are seventeen other Protestant missions in the country, 30,000 converts in all, out of 2,500,000 people.

After years of firm rule, in which he accomplished wonders, Christophe's luck turned. Escaping from revolting slaves, he suicided at La Ferrière.

We climbed up the fortress for the magnificent view and never have had a stiffer climb. It puts one in the Alpine class.



FORTRESS OF CHRISTOPHE AND
THE GALLERY OF CANNON,
HAITI.

From the parapet we looked down on the little village of Milot, with its moss-grown ruin of Sans Souci, on the white highroad to Cap Haïtien, on the seacoast from the

Dominican border to the island of Tortuga. From Tortuga came the buccaneers who first settled Haiti. There seem to be a good many blots on the country's escutcheon.

But taking it all in all—tragic past history, blood lines, racial prejudice—no doubt we fortunate, civilized Americans have been and still are a little unsympathetic in our attitude toward Haiti and the Haitians. After all, these people of



THE TREE UNDER WHICH KING CHRISTOPHE RENDERED JUSTICE.

the Black Republic are only children in the evolution of the races. Why not treat them with tolerance and kindness rather than with ridicule and contempt? Their lot is a hard one, and they will finally go down in the march of civilization.

The Haitian situation is one of Uncle Sam's problems. As a republic, Haiti is a derelict. Not long ago, Captain Charles Young, a full-blooded American negro, one of two of his race who ever were graduated from an American military academy, spent three years in Haiti as a military *attaché*. He went armed with a knowledge of French. His conclusion, after a thorough study of conditions, was that Haiti could never succeed in maintaining a stable government—that its only hope lay in intervention by the United States, with local control left in the hands of the Haitian people.

Often the eyes of the European countries are turned greedily upon Haiti, and this makes the responsibility of the United States more weighty. Unsettled political conditions following the death of President Tancrede Auguste caused a German cruiser, which was coaling at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, to be hurriedly dispatched to Port-au-Prince. This, of course, was a step to protect Germans in Haiti from danger in a possible revolution, but it illustrates the sort of problem which haunts Uncle



FORTRESS OF CHRISTOPHE AND SURROUNDINGS, HAITI.

Sam. Michael Oreste, the new President of the Republic, opened his rule with an energetic suppression of the disorders which, as usual, marked the change of administration. However, he held the office less than a year, being succeeded February, 1914, by General Orestes Zamor, who has a real job ahead of him.

Another issue at stake, besides the progress of the Haitians, is the maintenance of peace between Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Two peoples, alien in blood, traditions, customs, language, occupy the same little isle, and the border feud has waged through the centuries. Since the seventeenth century, when the Tortuga buccaneers who settled Haiti raided the cattle ranges of the Spaniards on the eastern side of the island, the hatred has grown and the border line has been in dispute.

The Dominicans have the greater territory, the Haitians the larger population. It is natural, then, that the latter should have encroached on Dominican soil. The Haitian borderlands are immensely fertile, while the Dominican frontier is semi-arid. Nature seems to have marked the boundary

After traveling through both republics, one forms the opinion that intervention is ultimately inevitable, if there is to be peace. But the administration of local affairs should be the people's. The strong must help the weak. The intelligent must educate the ignorant. And so we are compelled to prophesy that the responsibilities and assorted worries of Uncle Sam, self-appointed guardian of the lesser American republics, are bound to increase with the years. As a nation, we hope and believe, we will be equal to the great task that seems to be ours, and work out some fixed colonial policy. The past turbulent history of Haiti will surely be repeated in the Philippine Islands, should they be "turned loose" to struggle with the problem of attempting self-government.

CONCLUSION

My experience with and observation of the Red or Brown Men of every country of Asia, the Black Men of Africa, and the Red and Black Men of the Pacific and Atlantic Ocean waters, have convinced me that they do not comprehend the *Christian, civilized understanding and meaning of liberty and equality*, without which they are not fitted for self-government. My firm conviction is that these people are not morally or intellectually competent to rule themselves without continually resorting to murder, war, bloodshed and waste. If left to themselves they will be governed by a Dictator or absolute Monarch of medieval type and coming from among themselves. This means their ultimate extinction, as the American Indians were swept away by their own internecine wars and the natural growth of the superior white race.

Wars between white nations, in the long run, usually produce a better state of civilization, whereas wars between yellow and black peoples result in the lowering of the standards of such civilization as they may have had.

My belief is that God in giving the American Continent and European country into the hands of white men, purposed through them to produce civilization and the working out of His will, and that the United States of North America has only begun, in extending its colonial work, to advance along the lines intended by the Creator, and that no step should be taken by us in turning His and our wards back to their old state of darkness.

THE END.

INDEX

- ABACA**, 281.
Agana capital of Guam, 217
Agno, the, 294.
Agriculture, in Alaska, 60-69; character of soil, 60, 61, 63; government homestead laws, 61, 63; agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, 64-65, 66, 67, 82; in Philippine Islands, 259, 303, 367; in Cuba, 540; principal products, Alaska, 67-68; early agriculture in Hawaii, 138; in the Philippine Islands, 262, 343; in the Republic of Panama, 468; in Cuba, 537-539, 540; in Haiti, 595; fertility of the soil, 596; products, 608; Christophe's efforts to promote, 621.
Aguadilla, 408, 439.
Aguinaldo, 237, 291-294, 388.
Aguirre, 428.
Agus River, 369.
Agusan, 363, 367
Agusan Farm School Settlement, 367.
Agusan River, 367.
Ahern, Major, 377
Ah Fong Wing, story of, 164-167.
Aibonito, 455.
Alabang, 259.
Alaska, area and population of, 1; resources of, 1; climate and causes therefor, 3, 4; race source of people of, 6; evolution of people, manners and customs, 6-12; discovery, 13 history of the Russian occupation, 14-22; first permanent settlement in, 16; first survey, 17; the trading companies in, 16, 18, 19, 21, 25, 28; boundaries fixed, 24; purchase from Russia, 25-27; military government established in, 27; fur trading in, 28; civil government established in, 30; development of mining, 31-39 (see Gold), United States policy in, 34, 35, 39, 45, 46, 93, 101, 127, railroads in, 40-47; history of seal industry, 48-56; fishing industry in, 56-60; agriculture, 60-69; development of interior country, 69-86; principal coast cities, 92-108; created a Territory, 127; form of present government, 127-128; first Legislature of, 127-128; political parties in, 128; woman suffrage granted in, 128; recent laws enacted in, 128, 129; appropriations and taxes in, 128, 129.
Alaska Coal Party, 13-14.
Alaska Commercial Company, the, 28, 49.
Alaska-Gastineau Mining Company, the, 34.
Alaska Northern Railroad, 44.
Albatross, 212, 213.
Albay, 274, 279.
Alexis, President Nord, 616.
Algaroba, 194, 195.
Algue, Father, 245.
Almacen, 588.
Almiqui, 540.
Aloha, 210.
Amber, 592.
America, the, 602.
Amigos del Pueblo, 503.
Ancon (city), 472.
Ancon, 473.
Antilla, 554.
Antimonan, 263.
Anvik, 31, 84.
Anway, C. H., 95.
Aparri, 331.
Apayao, 324.
Apo, 314.
Apo (mountain), 381.
Aquarium, in Honolulu, 175, in Manila, 248.
Arayat, Mount, 294.
Archer, A. M., 605, 609.
Area of Alaska, 1, 41; of the Hawaiian Islands, 130; of the Philippine Islands, 211, 221, of Porto Rico, 406; of Canal Zone, 460; of the Republic of Panama, 460; of Cuba, 495, of the Dominican Republic, 566; of Haiti, 595.
Arecibo, 444, 452, 454.
Arecibo Pass, 452, 453.
Arecibo River, 453.
Arevalo, 347
Ashford, Dr. Bailey K., 432, 434.
Aux Cayes, 611, 613.
BAGOBOS, the, 366.
Bagsak, 386; battle at, 390, 391.
Baguio, 293, 294, 295, 297, 326; population of, 299; appearance of, 300; dog market at, 301; constabulary school at, 313.
Bahamas, the, 408.
Bahia Honda, 562.
Bajabonico River, 594.
Baker Island, 218.
Balboa, discovers western shore of Pacific, 132; parentage of, 134, misses Hawaiian Islands, 136; his vision of the Panama Canal and report to Spain, 469;

- Balboa—continued.
 in Santo Domingo, 570.
 Balboa (city), 482, 485.
 Baltimore, the, 286.
 Balut, 272.
 Bamboo, 332, 334, 335, 366.
 Banana flour, 591, 611.
 Bananas, 460, 465, 467, 468, 539, 563, 592, 611.
 Banaue, constabulary post at, 313.
 Bancas, 266.
 Banqueros, 266.
 Baracoa, 563.
 Baranof, Alexander Andrevitch, 18, 19, 21.
 Barnacles, 481.
 Barong, 369, 379.
 Barrio, 335.
 Basket weaving, Hawaii, 138.
 Batabano, 519, 522, 524.
 Bas Obispo, 478.
 Bataan Province, 319.
 Batan Island, 243.
 Batangas Province, 267, 269, 270.
 Beach, Rex, 80.
 Beltia, Cosme, 446.
 Bell, General, 269, 300.
 Bellamar, caves of, 530, 531.
 Benguet, 303, 305.
 Benguet Road, 293, 294, 295-301.
 Beriberi, 247.
 Bering Island, 14.
 Bering Sea, 4, 12, 13, 16, 40, 41, 57, 70, 101, 103, 134, 141.
 Bering Straits, 3, 4, 29, 41.
 Bering, Vitus, 13, 14.
 Bertolott, Father, 194.
 Betel, 273, 327, 395.
 Bicols, the, 283, 355.
 Billbid Prison, 335-342.
 Black, Commissioner George, 74, 76.
 Blanchard, Mr. Bailey, 603.
 Bocas del Toro (city), 465.
 Bocas del Toro (province), 467, 468.
 Bohios, 542.
 Bohol, island of, 221, 344.
 Bolo, 279, 302, 312, 319, 387, 388, 389, 391.
 Bombon, Lake, 269.
 Bonaparte, Pauline, 619.
 Bongao, 399.
 Boniato Summit, 549, 550.
 Bonnifield, 31.
 Bontoc, capital of Mountain Province of Luzon, 303, 308; character of, 308; prison at, 341.
 Bontocs, the, 306-309.
 Borneo, 221, 281, 383, 384, 393, 394, 397, 399, 400.
 Boundaries of Alaska, 24, 25, 69.
 Bremner, 31.
 Brent, Bishop, 254.
 Brice, Dr. J. W., 435, 436.
 Bristol Bay, 57.
 Broadbelt, Capt. William, 436.
 Brumbaugh, Martin G., 446.
 Bubonic plague, 364, 365, 431, 434-435.
 Bubud, 316.
 Bukidnon plateau, 366.
 Bulacan Province, 293, 294.
 Busbus, 387.
 Bureau of Science at Manila, 245-248, 280.
 CABANAS, 495, 499.
 Cacao, 460, 467, 495, 580, 585, 587, 589, 608.
 Caceres, Ramon, 577, 589.
 Cagayan Province, 329, 330.
 Cagayan River, 329, 331, 335.
 Cagayan Valley, 327, 329, 330, 335.
 Caguas, 454.
 "Calmaneros," 528.
 Calesa, 225, 227.
 Calle Colon, oldest street in Philippines, 351.
 Camaguey, Dr. Karutz at, 540; history of, 540; appearance of, 540.
 Camineros, 265.
 Campilana, 379, 389.
 Canacao Bay, 284, 286.
 Canadian Gold Mining Co., 74.
 Canao, 316, 317, 325.
 Cape Pillar, 134.
 Cape Prince of Wales, 3, 41.
 Cap Haitien, 614, 616, 618, 619, 622.
 Capiz, 348.
 Carabao, 227, 230, 233, 234, 258, 259, 260, 271, 294, 325, 334, 346, 350, 371, 372, 381.
 Cargadores, 303.
 Caribs, the, 408, 412.
 Carnegie Library, Honolulu, 152-153.
 Carpenter Rice Colony, 381.
 Carromata, 226, 227, 286, 287.
 Cascos, 233, 234.
 Casino, the, 444.
 Cattle in Panama Republic, 468; in the Dominican Republic, 588.
 Cavite (city), origin of name, 284; settlement of, 284; American history begins at, 284; population of, 284; location of, 284; naval station at, 286; Chinese blood in, 287.
 Cavite (province), 222, 284, 292.
 Cayes, see Aux Cayes.
 Cayey, 415, 455.
 Cayman Island, 528.
 Cebu (city), 344, 348, 350; rajah of Cebu and Magellan, 351; Holy Child of, 351; reminders of Spanish days in, 351; old and new Cebu, 353; nationalities in, 353-354; language in, 354; education in, 355-357; nearly destroyed by fire, water and wind, 357; water works in, 357; leprosy in, 358; climate of, 359; sanitary conditions in, 404.
 Cebu (island), 221, 270, 344, 380.
 Ceiba tree, 542, 552, 569.
 Celebes Sea, 368, 375.
 Centenaire, the, 602.
 Cerro Santo, 589.
 Cervantes, 304, 306.
 Chagres River, 478.
 Champ de Mars, 600, 614.
 "Chaparra," the, 536.
 Charleston, the, 216.

- Chia, 200.
 Chinelas, 235, 346, 360.
 Chirikoff, 14.
 Chisna, 31.
 Chistochina, 31.
 "Chit" system, 254.
 Christophe, the Black Napoleon, 619-622.
 Cibao, 585, 589, 592.
 Cienfuegos, 536.
 Cienfuegos Bay, 536.
 Circle, 31.
 Claims to Alaska, 16-18.
 Clerks' Club, Havana, 508.
 Cliff Mine, the, 35.
 Club Union, 619.
 Coal in Alaska, 1, 38, 41, 42, 70, 82.
 Coamo Springs, 455.
 Cobre, 552.
 Cock fighting, 256, 287-289, 503, 504, 546.
 Coconuts, in the Philippine Islands, 275, 280; in Porto Rico, 457 in Republic of Panama, 460 in Cuba, 563.
 Coco palm, 275, 277, 278.
 Coffee, in Porto Rico, 433, 452-454 in Panama Republic, 460, 467; in the Dominican Republic, 589-591, in Haiti, 607-608, 616.
 Colon, 465, 472, 482, 485.
 Colonos, 536.
 Columbia Club, the, 253, 254.
 Columbus, Christopher, 407, 408, 410, 439, 500, 522, 552, 563, 569; tomb in Santo Domingo, 570-572; beholds the valley of La Vega Real, 589; builds Isabela, 594.
 Columbus, Diego, 457, 572.
 Columbus Spring, 408.
 Conserva, the, 600.
 Consuelo estate, 581.
 Controller Bay, 13, 39.
 Cook, Captain James, 16, 17, 188; sails from Society Islands to Bering Sea, 134, discovers Hawaiian Islands, 141, death of, 141; monument at Kealakekua Bay, 141.
 Cook Inlet, 39.
 Cook Inlet Road, 46.
 Copper River, 100, 111, 113.
 Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, 44, 97.
 Copra, 217, 218, 274-275, 277, 279.
 Cordillera, 329.
 Cordova, 42, 44, 97, 100.
 Corregidor, island of, 222.
 Cortez, 545, 570.
 Cotabato District, 369, 376, 377, 378, 380.
 Cotabato, town of, 369.
 Cotta, 386, 390.
 Crater Lake, 388.
 Creel, Dr R. H., 434, 435.
 Cristobal, 482.
 Cristobal Colon, 524.
 Cuba, area of, 495, population of, 495, resources of, 495, imports of, 495; exports of, 495; railroads in, 495, 537, 542; gambling in, 503, 504-505, 546; negro up-
 rising in, 503, 563, negro political party in, 503-504; American tourists in, 505-507; drunkenness in, 508; intervention in, 509, 520, 526, 553, Government expenditure in, 511, Presidential election in, 511-512; base ball in, 512 tobacco industry in, 512-518, Government roads in, 520 typical scenery of, 520-522, money in, 522, is given title to the Isle of Pines, 526; language of, 528, 536; education in, 528, 548, Spanish-American War in, 533, 542, 562, middle class life in, 536-537 American fruit growers in, 537, 554 agriculture in, 537-538, 540, 557, 559-561, Ten Years' War with Spain, 546; Marti inspires outbreak against Spain, 549; war declared against Spain, 549; bloody years following 549; United States interferes, 549; destruction of the Maine, 549; United States liberates Cuba, 549, General Toral surrenders at San Juan, 552, sentiment for and against annexation, 553; American business interests in, 554-558; a field for sharpers, 558-559 colonists in, 559-562; tax conditions in, 561 trade in, 563; negroes in, 563-564.
 Cuba (city), see Santiago de Cuba.
 Cuba Railway the, 540-564.
 Cul-de-Sac, the, 608, 610.
 Cul-de-Sac Railroad, 609.
 Culebra Cut, 463, 470, 471, 477, 478.
 Cumbre, the, 531.
 Cyrus Wakefield, the, 286, 287.
 DAGUPAN, 294, 295, 296, 297.
 Daiquiri, 540, 557.
 Dajo, 386; battle at, 389.
 Damien, Father, 207-208.
 Dansalan, 370, 371, 373.
 Dato Mandi, 382.
 Dato Piang, 376, 378, 381.
 Datos, the, 370, 371, 376-382, 385.
 Davao, 369, 381.
 David, 465.
 Davis, General Geo. W., 410.
 Dawson, 16, 24, 43, 69, 70, 71, 74, 77, 95, 118, 119.
 Del Cano, 221.
 De Lesseps, Ferdinand, 471.
 De Ojeda, Alonso, 552.
 De Soto, Hernando, 497, 545.
 Dessalines, 596, 600, 619.
 De Veuster Joseph (see Father Damien).
 Dewey, Admiral, 142; sails into Manila Bay, 220 skirts province of Cavite 222; sinks Spanish squadron in Manila Bay, 284, 286, 291, 386, sinks the Velasco, 499.
 Diamond Head, 147, 171, 181, 182, 192.
 Dillingham, Commander, 579.

- Diomed Islands, 2.
 Dogs in Alaska, 107, 108; used as food by the Igorots, 301, 302, 303, 307.
 Dominican Republic, the area of, 566; population of, 566; resources of, 566, 580; imports of, 566; exports of, 566, 591; railroads of, 566, 581, 585, 587, 589, 592; location of, 566; handling of public funds in, 567; appeals to United States, 567; United States loan to, 568; smuggling in, 569; roads in, 572, 588, 589; types of people in, 572-574; wireless station in, 574-575; constitution of, 577; political corruption in, 577; administration of Heureau, 577; revolutions, the "national sport," 579; revolution of 1904, 579; labor in, 582, 584; Indians in, 584; negroes in, 572, 584; insects in, 585; amber in the, 592; wealth of, 592; duties in, 593; President Wilson's policy in, 593-594.
 Drake, Sir Francis, 136, 572.
 Duncan, Father, 88, 89, 92.
 Durian, 365.
 Dutch Harbor, 41, 101.
 EAGLE, 78.
 Earl King, 602.
 East Cape, Siberia, 2, 3.
 Easter Island, 136, 139.
 Echague, 335.
 El Caney, 550.
 Eldridge, Camp, 261.
 Enriquillo, Lake, 610.
 Esquimaux, origin and habits, 7; movement and development of the race, 8-12, 14, 18, 27.
 Estenoz, General, 503.
 Esteros, 233.
 Ewa, the, 191.
 Executive Building, Honolulu, 148-151.
 Exports, of Alaska, 1, 39; of the Hawaiian Islands, 130, 188; of the Philippine Islands, 211, 274, 328, 329, 349, 366, 377; of Porto Rico, 406, 448, 453, 454, 456; of the Republic of Panama, 460; of Cuba, 495, 517; of the Dominican Republic, 566, 581, 591; of Haiti, 595, 606, 607, 608, 613.
 FAIRBANKS, gold discovered at, 31, 46, 68, agricultural experiment station at, 64, 66, 82; center of placer mining district, 81.
 Fajardo, 428, 452.
 Faura, Father, 245.
 Felton, 557.
 Fernando, Marie Altesa, 294.
 Filipinos, origin of name, 221; classes of, 222, 229; part taken in government and education by, 242, 243; as teachers, 248, 356; manners and customs of, 272, 273, 332-336; Christian tribes of, 221, 283, 294, 326, 363; wild tribes of, 221, 303, 308, 326, 342, 362, 363, 366-367; American policy in regard to, 323, 326; language of, 357 (see language); self-government for the, 402-405; our responsibility to the, 405.
 Fishing, in Alaska, 19; salmon, 56-58; halibut, 58, 93; herring, 58; whale, 58-59; value of fishing industry, 59; in Hawaiian Islands, 176, 177.
 Fisherman's Point, 562.
 Flamenco, 484.
 Flecha, 360.
 "Floradora," 348.
 Floral Day and parade, Hawaii, 173, 174.
 Foraker Act, the, 414.
 Forests, of Alaska, 1; of Philippine Islands, 211, 377, 378; of Cuba, 562; of the Dominican Republic, 588.
 Fort Armstrong, 182.
 Fort de Russy, 182.
 Fort Gibbon, 80, 83, 84.
 Fort Kamehameha, 182.
 Fort Ruger, 181.
 Fort San Pedro, 353.
 Fort Shafer, 182.
 Fort William H. Seward, 95.
 Fort Yukon, 17, 41, 78, 79.
 Fox, 31.
 Fram, the, 588.
 Frear, Hon. Walter F., 144.
 Freer, Dr. Paul C., 280.
 Friar Lands, the, 258, 259.
 Frost Road, the, 45.
 Funston, General, 291.
 Fur trading in Alaska, 19, 28 (see seals).
 Furlong, 374.
 GAME, in Alaska, 121-126; varieties of, 121; laws governing, 121, 122; in Cuba, 539.
 Gangosa, 217.
 Gansas, 317.
 Gatun Dam, 479.
 Gatun Lake, 478, 479, 480.
 Gatun Locks, 478, 480-482, 485.
 General Roofing Company, East St. Louis, 435.
 George O. Robinson School, 445.
 Georgeson, C. C., 64, 65.
 Gibraltar, 489, 490.
 Gilheuser, Major, 369.
 Glaciers, the Childs, 100, 111-112, 113; the Miles, 100, 113; of Alaska, 109, 111; story of a live glacier, 111-112; as a menace to property, 113; The Columbia, 114, live and dead glaciers contrasted, 114.
 Glass, Captain, 216.
 Goethals, Colonel George W., 460; his work on the Panama Canal, 473, 476, 483, 484.
 Gold, discovered at Dawson, 16, 24; at Nome, 16, 29-30, 31, 103;

- Gold—continued.
 at other points in Alaska, 31;
 in the Klondike, 69, 71-74.
 Gold Hill, 477.
 Gomez, President, 505.
 Gonaives, 617, 618.
 Good News Bay, 31.
 Gorgas, Colonel William C., 473.
 Grapefruit, 406, 457, 526, 527.
 Great Seal Island Group, 48.
 Greek Catholic Church in Alaska, 19, 121.
 Greenheart, 588.
 Gua, 542.
 Guajirol, 542.
 Guam, cable station on, 211, 216;
 area of, 215; discovery by Magellan, 215; taken by United States, 216; government of, 216; capital of, 217; control of disease in, 217; progress of civilization in, 217.
 Guana, 591.
 Guanabana, 546.
 Guanica, 456.
 Guantanamo Bay, 554, 562.
 Guayama, 428, 430.
 Guggenheims, the, 37, 44, 47, 74, 97, 486.
 Guimaras Island, 349.
- HAINES**, Indian reservation at, 95; Fort William H. Seward located at, 95; scenery and roads surrounding, 95.
- Haiti**, Republic of, area, 595; population, 595, 604; resources of, 595; army of, 595, 597-600; negroes in, 595, 596, 597, 604, 613; exports of, 595, 606, 607, 608, 613; imports of, 595; railroads, 595, 608, 609, 611, 616-617; connection with United States Government, 595; slaves launch Black Republic, 595-596; Presidents of, 595, 599, 604, language of, 600; President Leconte killed and executive mansion destroyed, 600, the Simon administration, 600; navy, 595, 600-603; Americans in, 604-605, 606; reconstruction of the French aqueducts, 605, 609-610; cotton in Haiti, 608, 610; meaning of name, 608; government of, by negroes, 613; cabinet-wood concession to Americans, and results, 616; workmen in, 617; the Voodoo in, 617; the real people of, 619; reign of Christophe, 619-622; religion in, 622; our attitude towards, 623; German cruiser, dispatched to Port-au-Prince, 624; relations with the Dominican Republic, 625; buccaneers first settlers of, 623, 625; United States intervention inevitable, 625.
- Halcon**, Mount, 271.
Haleakala, 203, 204.
Halemaumau, 202.
Hamburg, 489, 490.
- Harrison**, Francis Burton, 211, 244, 245, 404.
Havana, 499, 530, 537, 543, 545; description of, 500-501; Spaniards in, 501; transportation in, 502; population of, 503; "color line" in, 503; clubs in, 507; Americanization of, 509-511; first settlement of, 522.
Havana Harbor, 495.
Havemeyer Corporation, 349.
Hawaii, island of, first inhabitants of, 136; Kamehameha, the Great, born on, 139, 147; area of, 199.
Hawaiian Islands, the, area of, 130; population of, 130; resources of, 130; origin of the people of, 136; early history and settlement of, 136; legendary history of first settlement, 136; Spanish records of, 137; early life and customs in, 138, 139, 178; Kamehameha, the Great, born on, 139; discovery of, by Cook, 141; Kamehameha ascends throne of, 141; Kamehameha unites all islands, 141; first American missionaries in, 142; British rule established in, 142; Hawaiian government restored, 142; last native king dies, 142; effect of Spanish war on, 142; annexation of, 142-144; present government of, 144; number and names of islands, 147, 211; disintegration of the native stock in, 148, 161, 162; Honolulu, capital of, 147-156, mixture of races in, 157-168; suppression of Japanese immigration in, 160; power of Asiatic element in, 160; importation of foreign labor into, 163-164; fortifications of, 168; sports in, 172, 173, 174, 176; extent of tourist travel in, 174-175; weather of, 175; language of, 179; principal products of, 188-197.
Hawaii-loa, 136.
Head-hunters, 303, 306, 307, 318, 319, 320, 324-326, 363.
Hemp industry, 274, 279, 280-283, 381.
Hidalgos, 591.
Hilo, 198; population of, 199; breakwater at, 199; situation of, 199, 200; threatened by volcanic eruption, 202; boarding school at, 203.
Hobson, 565.
Hong Kong (island and city), 490, 491.
Honolulu, capital of Hawaiian Islands, 130; population of, 130; location of, 141; annexation ceremonies at, 142-144; commercial relations with San Francisco and Seattle, 145; steamer lines to and from, 145, 146, appearance of and scen-

- Honolulu—continued.
 ery surrounding, 147; Americanization of, 148; business progress in, 148 public buildings of, 148-153; homes in, 153; gardens of, 156; streets of, 156; churches of, 156; Asiatic element in, 157, 158, 168; sanitary conditions in, 168; schools in, 151-152, 168; Kamehameha Day in, 169, 170 society in, 173, 186; Floral Day and parade in, 173, 174, aquarium in, 175.
- Honolulu Iron Works, the, 190, 193.
- Hookworm, driven out of Guam, 217; dethroned in Porto Rico, 422, 426, 427 431, 432-434, 453, 552.
- Howland Island, 218.
- Hudson Bay, 16.
- Hudson Bay Fur Company 16, 18, 25, 79.
- Hula dance, 148, 177, 178.
- Humacao, 428, 435, 437, 452.
- Hunt, Governor William H., 425.
- Hutia, 540.
- ICKIS, Professor killed by the Manobos, 367.
- Iditarod, 31.
- Ifugaos, the, 303 rice gardens of the, 309, 310, 311 manners and customs of the 311-318.
- Igorots, the, 299, 301-308.
- Ilagan, 335.
- Ilang-ilang, 346.
- Iligan, 368.
- Ilocanos, the, 332.
- Iloilo, appearance and location of, 344, population of, 345 statue Jose Rizal, at, 346 trade school at, 347, American history in, 347; shipping at, 348; railroad at, 348; sanitary conditions in, 404.
- Ilongots, the, 303, 322-324.
- Imports, of Alaska, 1 of the Hawaiian Islands, 130, of the Philippine Islands, 211, 332, 380; of Porto Rico, 406, 448-450; of the Republic of Panama, 460; of Cuba, 495, of the Dominican Republic, 566, 593, Haiti, 595, 605, 606.
- Indians, source, 6, 7, habits, 7, 8, history and evolution of, 8-11; religious beliefs, 10, 11 families and marriage customs, 12; the Shoshone War 24 the Modoc War, 24; treatment by United States, 27 28, Christian and Siwash Indians, 86; Father Duncan's Indians, 88, 89, law against selling liquor to, 103; Indian cemetery at Nulato, 109; in Porto Rico, 408, 422; uprising against Spaniards, 409, in the Dominican Republic, 584.
- Innoko, 31.
- "Inside" ship passage, 17-18, 97.
- Isabela, first town built by Christopher Columbus, 594.
- Isabela Province, 329, 330.
- Isle of Pines, 519, 524, 525; question of title to, 525-526, population of, 526; citrus fruits on, 526-527; origin of name, 527; climate of, 529.
- Iwahig Colony, the, 342-343.
- JACMEL, 611.
- Jai-alai, 504.
- Jajome Alto, 430.
- Jamalul, Kiram II (see Sultan of Sulu)
- Japanese Gardens, 156.
- Jaro, 346, 347.
- Jefes, 577.
- Jefferson School, the, 444.
- Jennings, Judge, 95.
- Jibaros, 419, 420-422, 424-427.
- Jinrikisha, 386.
- John Hay, Camp, 300, 373.
- Jolo, 350; principal city of Sulu Island, 383, Spanish troops leave island of, 386, American fortifications of, 386; walled Jolo, 387; American rule in, 388-391, town of Jolo, trade center, 398.
- Jones, Bishop William A., 417.
- Jones, Dr., killed by the Ilongots, 323-324.
- Juneau, capital of Alaska, 1, 58, 93; first Legislature meets in, 95, 127; population of, 95, Hon. J. F. A. Strong's newspaper in, 120 his home in, 120.
- Juramentado, 385.
- Jusi, 257, 345, 346.
- KAHANAMOKU, Duke P., 170, 171.
- Kahoolawe, island of, 147, 210.
- Kalakaua, 142, 151.
- Kalaniana'ole, Prince Kuhio, 171.
- Kalaniopuu, King, 141.
- Kalaupapa, 207.
- Kalingas, the, 303, 324.
- Kamehameha Day, 169.
- Kamehameha, the Great, birth of, 139, boyhood of, 139; ascends throne of Hawaii, 141 achievements of, 141, 142; statue of, in Honolulu, 142.
- Kamehameha School for Hawaiians, 152.
- Kamehameha II. and III., 142.
- Kanakas, the, 148, 162, 176, 188.
- Kantishna, 31.
- Kapiolani, 201.
- Karutz, Dr. Paul, 540.
- Katalla Road, the, 47.
- Kauai, 141, 147, 209.
- Kawaiahao, Church of, 156.
- Kawit, 284, 288; shell fishing at, 289-290, home of Aguinaldo at, 291.
- Kayak, 3.
- Kayak Island, 13.
- Kealakekua Bay Cook's Monument at, 141.
- Keithley, Camp, 369, 373, 374.

Kenai Peninsula, 35, 121.
 Kennecott, 44, 97.
 Kennecott Bonanza deposit, 37, 97.
 Ketchikan, 41, 42, 57, 58, 92.
 Kettle Hill, 552.
 Kilauea, 200, 201, 202.
 Killisnoo, 58.
 "King Henry," see Christophe.
 Klondike, The, 69, 70, 71, 92.
 Koa, 138, 172.
 Kobuk, 31.
 Kodiak Island, 16, 64, 65, 101.
 Kona Coast, 199.
 Kopoc, 377.
 Koyokuk, 31.
 Kris, 369, 379, 389, 399.
 Kukui, 197.
 Kuskokwim, 31.
 LACOSTE, 503.
 Ladrones, the, 215.
 La Ferriere, 621.
 La Fuerza, 497.
 Laguna de Bay, 258, 261.
 Lake Bennett, 29.
 La Laguna Province, 275.
 Lanai, 153.
 Lanai, island of, 147, 210.
 Lanao district, 368, 369.
 Lanao, Lake, 369, 370, 373.
 Lane, Franklin K., 126.
 Language, of Hawaii, 179, 210, in the Philippines, 222, 283, 339, 344, 354, 356; in Porto Rico, 441-443, 445; in Cuba, 528, 536; in Haiti, 600.
 L'Arcahaie, 611, 616.
 La Romana, 581.
 Las Pinas, ancient organ at, 285.
 Latouche (city), 100, 101.
 Latouche Bonanza copper deposit, 37.
 Latouche Island, 37, 100.
 La Vega, 588, 589.
 La Vega Real, 589.
 Laysan Island, 211, 212.
 Leclerc, 619.
 Leconte, President, 600.
 Legaspi, 221, 279, 347, 351.
 Leis, 174, 210.
 "Lelis" (see Heureaux).
 Lepanto, 303, 305, 306.
 Leper Colony, at Molokai, 198, 205-209, on Culion, 358.
 Leprosy, number of cases on Molokai, 205, "cold" and other cures for 206, contagious, 207, where found, 206, 207; in Guam, 217; in Cebu, 358, in Porto Rico, 431, 436-437, in Haiti, 614.
 Leogane, 608.
 Les Cayes (see Aux Cayes).
 Lewis and Clark expedition, 23, 25.
 Leyte, 220, 344, 350.
 Liberte, the, 602.
 Liggett, Lieutenant Winfield, Jr., 562.
 Liliuokalani, proclaimed queen, 142; deposed, 142, her present life, 151.

Limon Bay, 478.
 Lisianski Island, 211.
 Lorchas, 233.
 Los Banos, 260, 261, 263.
 Los Santos, 465.
 Lottery, 546.
 L'Ouverture, Toussaint, 596, 600.
 Luau, 178.
 Luneta, the, 228, 236, 251, 261.
 Luzon, island of, 220, 221, 267, 269, 274, 277, 279, 280, 281, 283, 284, 293, 309, 322, 325, 326, 329, 344, 347.
 Luzon, Mountain Province of, 301, 303, 305, 308, 341.
 MACABEBES, THE, 294.
 Machetes, 416, 424.
 Mackenzie, Alexander 18.
 Mackenzie River, 15.
 Macoris River, 581.
 Mactan, 351, 359, 360.
 Magellan, skirts the eastern shore of the Pacific 132 history of, 132-134, his grave in Philippines, 134, misses Hawaiian Islands, 136 discovers Guam, 215 lands in Philippines, 221 lands at Cebu, 350; Magellan and the Rajah of Cebu, 351; is killed at Mactan, 351, 353; his tomb at Mactan, 360.
 Maibun, 394, 396.
 Maine, The, 542, 549.
 Malabang, 368.
 Malaria, in Porto Rico, 431, 432, 437; in Panama Republic, 472.
 Malecon, the Havana, 495, 519.
 Malecon Drive, Manila, 224.
 Malolos, 293.
 Manigua, 542.
 Manila, population of, 211, 251; location of, 220 appearance from harbor, 224, waterfront at, 224, as a free port, 224, 225; birdseye view of, 228, the layer cake, 229, 234 Tondo, within city limits of, 229-230; the Walled City, 230, 231, 232, 233 life, manners and customs in, 230, 233-237 history of, 231, 232 American work in, 238, 240 Bureau of Science in, 245, 248, 280 schools in, 248; American life in, 249-258 clubs, in, 251-254 dress in, 254, sports and amusements in, 255, 257, 287-289, shops in, 257 sanitation in, 404.
 Manila Bay, 220, 258 breakwater and docks in, 224; Dewey sinks Spanish squadron in, 284, 286, 291, 386.
 Manila-Dagupan Railroad, 295.
 Manila Hotel (see New Manila Hotel).
 Manobos, the, 366-367.
 Marco Polo, 132-134, 221.
 Marcus Island, 218.
 Margarita Point, 485.
 Maria Cristina Falls, 369.
 Marti, Cuban patriot, 549.
 Martin, Charles, 267-268.

- Masbate, island of, 220.
 Matanzas, 530, population of, 533;
 United States battleships bom-
 bard, 533.
 Maui, island of, 147, 198, 203.
 Mauna Kea, 200.
 Mauna Loa, 200, 202.
 Mayaguez, 444, 454, 457.
 Mayaoayao, constabulary post at,
 315.
 Mayon, Mount, 269, 280.
 McCalla Hill, 562.
 McDonald Railroad, the, 611, 614-
 616, 617.
 McGrath, Camp, 270.
 McGraw, ex-Sheriff, 80.
 Menocal, General Mario G., 495,
 512, 561.
 Merrimac, the, 565.
 Mestizas, 234; costumes of, 235;
 life and customs of, 235, 236;
 346.
 Metlakatla, 87-88.
 Midways, the, 211, 213.
 Miles, General, 407.
 Military Road, the, 452, 454, 455.
 Milot (village), 622.
 Mindanao, island of, 220, 221, 342,
 350; area of, 361; connection
 with neighboring islands, 361;
 character of people, 362; pres-
 ent government of, 363; rats
 and the bubonic plague in, 364-
 365; wild tribes in, 366-391;
 Sultans of, 370, 380.
 Mindanao Macaque, 375.
 Mindanao River, 380.
 Mindoro, island of, 220, 269, 270,
 271, 349, 358.
 Mining, in Alaska, 31-39; 70-74
 (see gold); quartz mining 33-
 36, 81; iron, 33; copper, 33, 36,
 37, 38; tin, 33, 39; marble, 33;
 gypsum, 33, 39; iron, in Philip-
 pines, 294; copper, in Cuba, 552;
 iron in Cuba, 557.
 Miraflores, 478, 485.
 Misamis, 363, 364, 366.
 Missions, Methodist and Presby-
 terian, in Alaska, 23; at Nulato.
 109; Greek Catholic, 121; mis-
 sion schools at Baguio and Sag-
 ada, 306, 307; in Porto Rico,
 417.
 Missionaries, in Alaska, 19, 23,
 86; in Hawaiian Islands, 141;
 first American missionaries in
 Hawaiian Islands, 142; Oahu
 College founded by, 152; Ka-
 waiahao church built by, 156;
 Hawaiian language written by,
 179; missionary families, 192;
 among lepers, 208, 209.
 Moanalua (see Japanese Gar-
 dens).
 Moca, 589.
 Molokai, island of, 147; leper
 colony at, 198, 205-209.
 Mona Passage, United States re-
 jects annexation of, 583.
 Monte Cristi, 594.
 Montserrate, monastery of, 531.
 Morbard, Mr. S. O., 34.
 Morgan, Henry, 540.
 Morgans, the, 37, 44, 47, 97.
 Moro Province, 363, 368, 369, 382,
 404.
 Moros, the, 342, 350, 362, 363,
 367, 368-392.
 Morro Castle (Havana), 495, 497.
 Morro Castle (Santiago), 545,
 565.
 Mount St. Elias, 13.
 "Mouth of Hell," the, 576.
 Mulchatna, 31.
 "Mules," 482.
 Museum of Polynesian Ethnology
 and Natural History, 152.
 NABESNA River, 38.
 Naos, island of, 484.
 Napoleon, 619.
 Narra, 377.
 Negritos, the, 303, 318-322.
 Negros, island of, 221, 344; divi-
 sions of, 349; sugar industry
 on, 349.
 New Manila Hotel, 224, 227, 236,
 250, 251.
 Niihau, island of, 141, 147, 209.
 Nikolai, Chief, 37.
 Nikolai deposit, 37.
 Nipa, 230, 258, 263.
 Nipe Bay, 554, 557.
 Nizina, 31.
 Nome, 4, 16, 29; first judiciary
 established at, 30; gold dis-
 covered at, 16, 31, 103; build-
 ings at, 104; population of, 104;
 harbor at, 104; pier at, 107; the
 Kennel Club at, 107; dog rac-
 ing at, 107, 108; the Derby at,
 108; Hon. John F. C. Strong's
 newspaper in, 119; legislative
 district of, 128.
 Nome and Seward Peninsula
 Railroad, 46.
 Northwestern Fur Company, 18.
 Nueva Gerona, 525, 527.
 Nueva Vizcaya, 329, 331, 334, 335.
 Nulato, 109.
 Nuuanu Valley, 186.
 OAHU, sighted by Captain Cook,
 141; shape and appearance of,
 147; area of, 147; pronuncia-
 tion of, 179; coveted by many
 nations, 179, 180; fortification
 of, 180-183, 186.
 Oahu College, Honolulu, 151-152,
 168.
 Ohelo berries, 201.
 Olona, 138.
 Olongapo, 286.
 Omaja colony, 559.
 Opium, 400, 491.
 Opon, 360.
 Oriente, the, 545.
 Osmena, Senor, 358.
 "Our Lady of Cobre," 552.
 Overton, Camp, 368, 369.
 Ozama River, 566, 576.
 PAGO PAGO, 219.

- Pagsanjan gorge and falls, 266.
 Palawan, island of, 221; prison colony at, 342-343, 358.
 Pali, the, 186, 187.
 Palma, first president of Cuba, 549.
 Pampanga Province, 294.
 Panama, Bay of, 484.
 Panama Canal, the, length of, 460, 478; probable cost of, 460; number of people employed on, 460, 474; present condition of, 460-461; influence of on cities, 465; Balboa's vision of, 469; Spanish canal projects, 470; Spanish surveys for, 471; Pater-son's attempt, 471; DeLesseps' work on, 471; as a free port, 471 (see Panama Canal Zone); tolls on, 483; fortifications of, 484-486; effect on trade of, 484; im-portance of, 493.
 Panama Canal Zone, area of, 460; cost of, 460; importance of, 462; United States buys the, 472; sanitary measures in, 472-473; progress in, 484; fortifications in, 484-486; as a free port, 487-493; possibility of a world me-tropolis in, 487, 488, 489.
 Panama City, population of, 460, 465; buildings in, 467; founda-tion of, 470.
 Panama, Isthmus of, 460, 463, 470, 471, 475, 477.
 Panama Railway, the, 460, 472, 474, 479, 482, 488.
 Panama, Republic of, area of, 460, 463; population of, 460, 464; resources of, 460, 467, 468; exports of, 460; imports of, 460; a United States dependency, 462; topography of, 463; Panama of today and yes-terday compared, 464; army disbanded in, 464; government of, 465, 468; transportation fa-cilities in, 465, 467; North Amer-ican achievements in, 466-467; financial condition of, 468; task of United States in, 469, early history of the Isthmus, 470; foundation of Republic, and treaty with United States, 472.
 Panay, 221, 344, 345, 346, 348.
 Pangasinan Province, 293, 294, 297.
 Papa, 136.
 Paraiso, 482.
 Pargo, 546.
 Pasig River, 229, 232, 255, 258.
 Paterson, William, 471.
 Patillas, 416.
 Pato de Florida, 505.
 Patti, Adelina, 545.
 Pa'u, Hawaiian riding costume, 174.
 Paypaya, 367.
 Peace Tree, 552.
 Pearce, Rev. R. E., 445.
 Pearl Harbor, importance of, 179, 180; naval station and fortifi-cations at, 180, 181, 182, 183; de-scription of, 183-184; dry dock at, 184, 185; referred to, 190, 192, 562.
 Pearl industry, 396, 398, 460.
 Pedro Miguel, 478, 485.
 Pele, 201, 202.
 Peons (see jibaros).
 Perico, island of, 484.
 Peters Brothers, 610.
 Petersburg, 58; industries of, 93; halibut fishing at, 93; popula-tion of, 93.
 Petion, 600.
 Petroleum in Alaska, 39.
 Pfeuffer, F. L., 559.
 Philippine Islands, the grave of Magellan in, 134; number of, 211, 220; area of, 211, 221; pop-ulation of, 211; religion in, 211, 221, 352, 362, 383; resources of, 211; American occupation of, 220; location of, 221; discovery by Chinese, 221; visited by Ma-gellan, 221; origin of name, 261; conquered by Legaspi, 221, 347; character of people of, 221, 222, custom duties in, 224, 225, 257, 405; American accomplish-ments in, 238-249, 401-403; gov-ernment of, 241, 242, 243; edu-cation in, 243, 356, 401; revolt against Spaniards in, 261, road system in, 263; battle of Man-ila, 286; Aguinaldo leads revolt against Spain, 291; against United States, 291; defeated at San Fernando, 291; takes oath of allegiance, 291; the con-stabulary in, 244, 313-316, 399; prison system in, 244, 336-344; policy of the present adminis-tration in, 244, 402, 404; self-government in, 243, 402-405; present business conditions in the, 403, 405.
 Philippine Scouts, the, 373.
 Pictet, Professor Raoul, 206.
 Pierson, E. C., 559.
 Pilon, 350.
 Pina, 257, 345, 346.
 Pinar del Rio, 514, 519.
 Pineapples, 194; in Porto Rico, 406, 457; in Cuba, 527.
 Pinkham Lucius E., 144.
 Pizarro, 570.
 Plains Railway Company, 608.
 Plaisance, valley of, 618.
 Plaisance (village), 618.
 Poi, 138, 178.
 Point Barrow, 4.
 Polis Range, 313.
 Polynesia, peopling of, 136.
 Ponce, 428, 452, 455, 456.
 Ponce de Leon, 409, 410.
 Population, of Alaska, 1, 27, 41, of the Hawaiian Islands, 130; of the Philippine Islands, 211; of Porto Rico, 406, 422; of the Re-public of Panama, 460; of Cuba, 495; of the Dominican Republic, 566; of Haiti, 595.

- Porras, Belisario, 460, 468.
 Port-au-Prince, population of, 595; appearance from sea, 596; pier at, 596; municipal improvements in, 596, 603; dirt in, 597; government buildings in, 600; market place at, 603; American legation at, 603; shoe factory in, 608; transportation facilities in, 608.
 Porto Rico, area of, 406, 407; population of, 406, 422; location of, 407; appearance of, 407; discovered by Columbus, 407, 408; comes under American flag, 407, 413, 439; Spanish occupation and rule in, 407; natives found in, 408; early Indian uprising, 409; extermination of natives in, 408, 409, 410; Ponce de Leon begins colonization of, 410; natives given into slavery, 410; government, under Spain, 410, 411, 412; buccaneers in, 412; present government of, 413, 414, 415; constitution of, 414; self-government in, 413, 414, 415; politics in, 415, 417; religion in, 416-418; education in, 417, 439-447; character, life and customs of the people of, 418-428; results of American occupation of, 421, 422, 425, 431-439, 454, 459; disease in, 431-439; sports in, 446; resources and trade in, 448-459; wealth of, 458, Government Agency at New York, 458; future of, 458-459.
 Preston, 554.
 Pribilof Islands, the, 28, 48, 49, 53, 55.
 "Princessa," the, 379.
 Prince William Sound, 37, 100, 114.
 Prisons, in the Philippine Islands, 244, 336-344; in Cuba, 548.
 Puerto Galera, 271.
 Puerto Plata, 587, 594.
 Puerto Princessa, 343.
 Puerto Principe, 540.
 Punch Bowl, The, 181, 192.
 QUEZON, MANUEL, 404.
 Quiangan, 315.
 Quilez, 344.
 RAILROADS, in Alaska, 32, 33, 34, 40-47, 82; government tax on, 35, 101; Guggenheim and Morgan railroad, 37-38, 44, 47, 97; advantages of government and individual ownership contrasted, 127; in the Hawaiian Islands, 200; in Porto Rico, 406, 452; in the Philippine Islands, 294-295, 326, 348; in the Republic of Panama, 467, 471; in Cuba, 495, 537, 542, 554, 555; in the Dominican Republic, 566, 581, 585, 587, 589, 592; of Haiti, 595, 608, 609, 611, 616-617.
 Ramsdell, Ildo, 77, 78.
 Rampart, 31, 64, 66, 80.
 Rattan, 334.
 Reindeer, 114, 117.
 Rezanof, Baron, 21, 22.
 Rice, in Hawaiian Islands, 130, 195; in Philippine Islands, 211, 258, 259; rice terraces of the Ifugaos, 309-311, 332; Carpenter Rice Colony, 381; in Cuba, 539.
 Richardson, Colonel W. P., 30, 84, 100.
 Rio Grande de Mindanao, 377.
 Rizal, Jose, 237, 260, 261, 345.
 Rizal Province, 293.
 Rizal School, The, 261.
 Robinson, Judge, 445.
 Rochambeau, 596.
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 526, 552.
 Rowe, Bishop, 56, 118.
 Royal palms, 519, 576, 587, 591, 600.
 Ruby, 31, 84.
 Russell & Sturgis, 348.
 Russians in Alaska, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 36.
 Russian-American Trading Company, The, 16, 18, 19, 21, 28.
 SAAVEDRA, 469.
 Saetia, 554.
 Sagada, 306, 307.
 Sago palm, 364.
 Salcedo, 409.
 Samana (town), beauty of, 584; negro colony at, 584.
 Samana Bay, 582, 583, 589.
 Samana Railroad, the, 587.
 Samar, island of, 220, 344, 350, 361.
 Samoan Islands, 218, 219.
 Sanchez, 585, 587, 588.
 San Cristobal, 572.
 Sanderson, Mr. Harold, 459.
 Sand Island, cable station on, 213, 214, 215.
 San Fernando, 291, 294.
 San German, 457.
 Sangley Point, 284, 286.
 San Juan, capital of Porto Rico, 406, 419; statue of Ponce de Leon, at, 409; police headquarters, at, 415; army stationed in, 415; business conditions, 421; chief commercial center of Porto Rico, 450.
 San Juan Hill, 530, 542, 550; Roosevelt's charge up, 552.
 San Pedro de Macoris, 580, 581.
 San Ramon prison, 382.
 San Roque, 286, 288.
 Sans Souci, palace of Christophe, 619-621, 622.
 Santa Clara (city), 536, 537.
 Santa Clara (province), 535.
 Santa Fe, 527, 528.
 Santiago, 465.
 Santiago Bay, 542, 550; Hobson sinks the Merrimac in, 565.
 Santiago de Cuba, 530, 543; appearance of, 544, 545; famous buildings in, 545; a commercial

- Santiago**—continued.
town, 545; Adelina Patti makes debut, in, 545; the crew of the *Virginus* murdered in, 546; lottery in, 546, fish market in, 546; city prison in, 548 schools in, 548; the cathedral in, 548 famous men buried in, 549, battlefields around, 552.
- Santiago de los Caballeros**, 591.
- Santiago-Puerto Plata Railway**, 589.
- Santo Domingo**, population of, 566; location of, 566; age of, 566 founded, 569; famous men in, 569-570; tomb of Columbus in, 570; surrendered by Spaniards to French, 572, sacked by Sir Francis Drake, 572 recent improvements in, 572, ferry across the Ozama at, 576, market-place at, 576, hardwoods of, 588.
- Santurce**, 419.
- Sarah**, the, 83.
- Saturday Blade**, the, 29 its expedition up the Yukon, 77-78.
- Saumatre**, Lake, 610.
- Savannah land**, 559.
- Schofield**, General, 180.
- Schofield barracks**, 182, 186.
- Schools**, in Alaska, 121, in Honolulu, 152; at Hilo, 203; in Philippine Islands, 243, 401 in Manila, 248 in Calamba, 261 in Los Banos, 261, at Bagulo and Sagada, 306, at Quiangan, 315, in Bilibid Prison, 339; at Iloilo, 347; at Cebu, 355-357 mission schools in Porto Rico, 417, 439-447; in the Republic of Panama, 460, 466, 467; in Cuba, 528, 548; at Port-au-Prince, 597.
- Shwarka**, Lieutenant Frederick, 28, 29.
- Scotch Railway**, the, 585.
- Scott**, Colonel, 388.
- Seals** in Alaska, 48-56; destruction of, 49, 50; the "skin" corporation, 50; number left, 50, Government regulation of seal killing, 51, 53, 55; habits of, 53-55; value of fur seals, 55.
- Seventeenth of December**, the, 602.
- Seward**, 34, 42, 44, 45, effect of Government policy on, 101; population of, 101.
- Seward**, Secretary of State at time of Alaska purchase, 26.
- Seward Peninsula**, 29, 31, 35, 39.
- Shafter**, General, 552.
- Sharks**, 176, 398, 399.
- Shells**, used for window-panes, 227, 228, 289-290.
- Shumagin**, 58.
- Shushana**, the, 31, 97
- Siasi**, 399.
- Simon**, President, 600, 616.
- Sinamay**, 257.
- Singapore**, 489, 491.
- Sisal**, 196, 533.
- Sitka**, establishment of, 18; destruction and rebuilding, 18, Russian capital of Alaska, 18 referred to, 19, 26, 27, 64, 95, 96, 97.
- Skagway**, 17, 28, 42, 43, 95; population of, 96; newspaper established in, 118.
- Slavery**, in the Philippines, 320-322, 350, in Porto Rico, 408, 410; in the Dominican Republic, 584.
- Smith**, ex - Governor - General James, 342.
- Smuggling**, in the Philippine Islands, 399-400; in the Dominican Republic, 569.
- Society Isles**, 134.
- Soy beans**, 196.
- Spanish-American Iron Company**, 540.
- Sponge industry**, the, 522-524.
- Spreckels**, Claus, 179.
- Squirrel Creek**, 31.
- Stacker**, Ruth Wayson, 170.
- Stanford**, Admiral, 185.
- Staunton**, Father, 306.
- Stellar**, Dr., 14.
- Stevens**, Judge R. N., 30.
- Stewart**, M. L., 336, 341.
- Stikine River**, the, 93.
- St. Lawrence island** of 13.
- St. Marc**, 608, 616.
- St. Michael**, 28, 29, 68, 77, 78 harbor of, 102; bears trained to drink beer at, 102-103, breeding ground for birds at, 126.
- St. Paul Island**, 48, 49, 58.
- Straits of Magellan**, 6, 10, 492.
- Straits Settlements**, 491.
- Strong**, Hon. J. F. A., 118-121.
- Success**, the, 436.
- Sugar**, in Hawaii, 130, 188-191, 456; sugar cane brought early to Hawaii, 138; sugar industry on Negros, 349; methods of making sugar, 349, 350 effect of Payne tariff on sugar industry 350, centrals in Porto Rico, 428, 456; sugar in Porto Rico, 456 in Cuba, 456, 522, 533-536, 540, 554, 555-557, in Republic of Panama, 460, 467 in the Dominican Republic, 566, 580-581; in Haiti, 595, 596, 608, 609.
- Sugar Planters Association**, the, 189, 190.
- Sugbu**, 351.
- Sultan of Brunei**, the, 393.
- Sultan of Johore**, the, 393.
- "Sultan of Sulu, The," George Ade**, 386.
- Sultan of Sulu, The**, 383, 385, 392-397.
- Sulu Archipelago**, 221, 383 Spain establishes protectorate over, 385, 393, 394, smuggling in the, 399.
- Sulu Island** (see Jolo)
- Sulus**, the, 383, 388, 389, 391, 392, 395, 397-401.
- Sumatra**, island of, 134.
- Sumay**, 216.

- Surgidero, 522.
 Surigao, 363.
 Surin, 503.
 Surra, 247.
 Survey of the Pacific Coast, 17
 TAAL volcano, eruption of, 267-270.
 Tabacalera Company, the, 330, 331.
 Tacotna, 31.
 Taffia, 617.
 Tagabi, 312.
 Tagalogs, the, 221, 235, 346, 355.
 Tanana, 36, 80.
 Tanana River, 39, 46, 80, 81, 83, 119.
 Tancrede, President, 624.
 Tao, 262, 328.
 Tarlac Province, 291.
 Taro, 184, 188.
 Tartanilla, 344.
 Tawi-Tawi, 399.
 Thlinkits, the, 19.
 Three Friends, the, 406.
 Tierra del Fuego, 6, 10, 134, 492.
 Timarao, the, 271.
 Tingulians, the, 303, 324.
 Tobacco, in Hawaii, 197; in the Philippines, 327-332, 335; in Porto Rico, 454-455; in the Republic of Panama, 460, 467; in Cuba, 512-518, 522, 533; in the Dominican Republic, 566, 580, 591.
 Tondo (see Manila).
 Tongas, 27.
 Toral, Spanish general, 552.
 Toro Point, 485.
 Torrey Barracks, 375.
 Tortuga, island of, 623.
 Totem poles, 11, 12, 92.
 Treadwell Company, 34.
 Treadwell Mine, the, 34, 95.
 Trinidad Valley, 303.
 Trocha, 542.
 Tuba, 277, 278, 366.
 Tuberculosis in Porto Rico, 432, 437.
 Tuguegarao, 335.
 Tulay, 387.
 Tutulla, 218.
 Typhoons, 224, 245, 246, 357.
 UMBRIA, the, 602.
 Unalaska, 41.
 Unalaska Island, 101.
 Unga Island, 35.
 United Fruit Company, the, 465, 467, 468.
 University of the Philippines, 248, 261.
 Urdaneta, the priest, 221.
 VALDEZ, 100, 114, 128.
 Valdez Creek, 31.
 Valdez district, 35.
 Vancouver, George, 17.
 Vedado, 519.
 Vega, the, 585, 587.
 Velasco, 499.
 Velasquez, Diego, 548.
 Vergne, Dr. R. C., 437.
 Vicars, Camp, 369, 374.
 Vintas, 400.
 Virginus, the, 546.
 Visayan Islands, the, 344-361, 364.
 Volanta, 530, 531.
 Volcanoes, 198-205.
 Volcano House, 200, 201.
 Voodoo, the, 617-618.
 Vuelta Abajo, 497, 514-515.
 WAIKIKI, suburb of Honolulu, 171; surf riding at, 171-172; canoe-surfing at, 172; The Outrigger Club at, 172; The Mountain Club, at, 172.
 Wakea, legendary founder of Hawaiian Islands, 136.
 Wake Island, 218.
 Walled City, the (see under Manila).
 Wandering Minstrel, the, 214.
 Water buffaloes, 195 (see carabao).
 Wauke tree, the, 138.
 Wells-Fargo express office in Alaska, 79.
 "White Channel," the, 72.
 White, Commander, 603.
 White Horse, 43, 70.
 White Horse Rapids, 70.
 White Pass, 69, 95, 118.
 White Pass and Yukon Railway, 43, 69, 96.
 White Pass Route, 28, 29.
 White River, 38.
 Whitman, Marcus, 23.
 Whitney, Lieutenant, 391.
 Willow Creek, 31, 35.
 Wood, General Leonard, 386, 550, 562.
 Woodford, 557.
 "Wood's Folly," 550.
 Wrangell, 27; a "wide open town," 92; population of, 92; resources of, 93.
 YAGER, ARTHUR, 406.
 Yakataga, 31.
 Yakutat Road, The, 46.
 Yauco, 456.
 Yellow fever, in Porto Rico, 431; in Republic of Panama, 472.
 Yentna, 31.
 Y M. C. A. Building in Honolulu, 153; in Manila, 290.
 Yuca, 539.
 Yukon Gold Company, 74.
 Yukon River, 28, 39, 40, 43, 70, 78, 80, 81, 84, 86, 109, 119.
 Yukon Territory, 24, 29, 43, 69, 74, 76, 77, 95.
 Yukon Valley, 2, 40.
 Yumuri Valley, 530, 531.
 Yvonet, General, 503.
 ZAMBOANGA DISTRICT, prison in, 342, 369, 382.
 Zamboanga (city), 382, 386, 387.
 Zamor, General Orestes, 595, 625.

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